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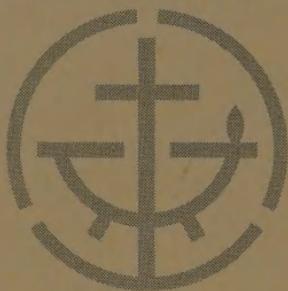


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IN THE SHADOW OF THE WALL

HARRIETTE B. GUNN





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In the Shadow of the Wall



HARRIETTE B. GUNN
Frontispiece

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IN THE SHADOW OF THE WALL

BY

Harriette B. Gunn

Author of "In a Far Country", "Fragments of Poetry", Etc.



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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to the Rescue Workers of America by the author, whose high privilege it was to labor for twenty-five years within the "shadow of prison walls." Happy all who, unheralded by Fame, labor to upbuild the Kingdom of God in the hearts of men,—and verily they shall not lose their reward.

"The more we feel the high stern-featured beauty
Of plain devotedness to duty,
Steadfast and still,—not paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For Life's ungarlanded expense,
In work well done, through the unwasted years."

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

FOREWORD

As the traveler, after ascending a lofty mountain height, looks back, and recalls the incidents of his journey, so, also, the writer, looking back over many long years of experience in Gospel rescue work, in the prisons of Iowa, has recorded in these pages recollections taken from the storehouse of Memory. The heights that have been attained along this life-journey are now in the dim distance, like

"Mountain ranges overpast
In purple distance fair."

But those scenes can never be forgotten, and cherished reminiscences, here and there, like blossoming "forget-me-nots," shed sweet fragrance along the sometimes rugged way. To no nobler purpose could life have been devoted, and it is to show the great interest and importance of the rescue work "behind the bars" that this book has been written. It also shows what can be accomplished by Divine help and blessing.

Were John Howard alive to-day, he would rejoice over the development of the prison reforms he inaugurated. He would be surprised at the Prisoner's Aid Societies, the Parole Boards, the Hope Halls, and the International Prison Congress, meeting annually, to discuss prison problems, and the many changes of the new system of prison management. Praise God for the humanity that now exists.

That the retrospect of prison life and work, given in this volume, may awaken greater interest and a greater knowledge of this department of humanitarian service, is the prayer of the author.

H. B. G.

Spokane, Washington.

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CHAPLAIN GUNN OF IOWA
Frontispiece

In the Shadow of the Wall

CHAPTER I

THE CALL TO A LIFE SERVICE

The glad holiday season was over, and kindly greetings had once more been exchanged. The echoes of the joyous angel music and sweet Christmas carols still lingered on the air, and the sunshine resting on frost-jeweled trees and the broad snowy landscape seemed a continuance of that glory which, streaming through Heaven's gate at this happy season of the year, sets all earth's wintry skies aglow.

A young minister had returned home after a visit to the State Legislature of Iowa, where he had been on an important errand. His wife met him at the door with the eager question, "Have you succeeded?" Stooping to kiss her and smiling brightly, he replied:

"Yes, I have secured the position. My petition had more signatures than any of the others that were presented, and this enabled me to win. Let us thank God that the place so greatly desired and needed is ours, and that I am appointed chaplain of the Iowa State Penitentiary. It seems almost too good to be true. I want you to find work also, and assist me in every way possible."

"Oh, I am so happy!" exclaimed the eager listener. "And when are you to begin?"

"Not until September. Time must be granted the present chaplain to find another position. The new warden will not take charge until the 1st of April, and that will be only five months to wait, and the time will pass quickly. We can be preparing to move to our new field of labor, which I fear in some respects you will not altogether like. It will be quite different from

the pastorate and the traveling I have done during the past three years."

"Oh, do not fear for me," exclaimed the young wife, "as I am only too glad of the opportunity to do some real missionary work. I feel sure I shall like it better than being a pastor's wife. It will take the place of the foreign missionary work I have always wanted to do."

She said no more, but there was a great gladness in her heart which words could not express. The daughter of a missionary, born in far-away India, she had desired much to return and continue the life-work of her parents. But circumstances had prevented, much to her disappointment; and now God's will for her seemed plainly revealed,—that instead of going abroad she should remain at home and do the no less important work of ministering to the spiritual needs of these outcasts. By granting success to her husband's petition for the place, God had opened the way; and, kneeling down, she prayed that she might prove a true "helpmeet," and consecrate all her energies to this service.

During the hours of that night the young woman had a vision which gave an incentive to all her after life, and was treasured among her most sacred memories. She seemed to have passed beyond the bounds of time and to have entered the city "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Its gates of pearl stood open, and throngs were passing through them, all going in one direction. As she gazed upon the scene, a voice beside her said:

"They are gathering homeward from every land. Follow me, and you shall hear the greetings of the King to these redeemed ones of earth."

Silently she followed her angel companion along the golden streets and beside the River of Life, on whose banks bloomed flowers immortal, and the Tree of Life also spread abroad its foliage. Entrancing melody

filled the air, and ever and anon loud bursts of hallelujahs swelled into a grand chorus from worshiping hearts afar. There were no shadows, for there is no night there to darken the radiant sky, nor any sadness, for grief is all unknown. It was an atmosphere of ineffable peace, and a scene of transcendent glory. A voice whispered to her inmost soul, This, this, is Heaven; this, the place prepared by infinite love for the ransomed of the Lord to enter, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.

They now approached a throne upon which was seated ■ Figure so glorious that attendant angels veiled their faces, crying, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty." On the right hand of the throne stood the form of the risen and glorified Redeemer, welcoming those who had entered the gates as they paused and knelt before Him.

Among the shining ones assembled on these plains of light there was a throng in robes of such dazzling whiteness and with faces so seraphic that she asked the angel guide, "Who are these arrayed in white robes and with palms in their hands?"

The angel answered gently, "These are they who come out of great tribulation and gave their earthly lives for the cause of their beloved Master. God has wiped away all tears from their eyes, and they now rejoice that they were counted worthy to suffer for His name."

We now saw a company approaching with faltering steps and tear-stained faces, but the look of pain and suffering vanished as their Lord said tenderly, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it," and placed a victor's crown upon each drooping head. And these who had been recently put to death in a dark corner of the earth, because they refused to deny their Redeemer, passed on to join the martyr throng beyond.

A dark-browned group next approached the throne, and, smiling benignly upon them, the Master gave

words of welcome, saying, "In the uttermost parts of the earth ye believed on Me and forsook the worship of your idol gods. And thrice blessed are they also who, obedient to My last command, have gone to the uttermost parts and there proclaimed My gospels." And, lo, these who were once heathen also passed on to join that "great multitude that no man can number, redeemed to God out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation."

Then a goodly number rescued from the slums of great cities drew near. Some had been snatched from the horrors of drunkenness, others, destitute of all the necessities of life, clothed, warmed and fed by the hands of Christian love or charity. To the devoted workers who had helped and accompanied them hither the King said, "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was naked, and ye clothed me." And now fresh arrivals swelled the number, and the Master continued, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in," and, smiling with approval on those who brought them and had befriended the homeless and solitary and rescued little orphan children, "Sick, and ye visited me," his gaze resting on those who had sought out beds of pain and given many a cup of cold water which would not lose its reward.

And now came a class different from any that had preceded it. There were faces that bore the marks of sin, but in this heavenly radiance they were transfigured to a nobility and beauty becoming those who had become "new creatures in Christ Jesus." The Master's look was full of divine compassion as he uttered the words, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Then, turning to those through whose self-forgetful efforts these erring ones had been reclaimed from paths of sin, he spoke these words of commendation: "I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of

the least of these my brethern, ye have done it unto me."

And as, rejoicing, these ransomed ones also passed onward to join the bright assemblage on these plains of light, that voice of wondrous sweetness spoke again, saying, "Blessed are they that sow beside all waters, for they shall come rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them."

Then as these words died away, the vision slowly faded from view, but its influence would abide forever and inspire to more earnest efforts in seeking to recover and restore to God's image those who had gone astray.

CHAPTER II

IN THE SHADOW OF THE WALL

The months sped swiftly by, bringing September,—the time when the duties of the new chaplain were to begin. During the last week of August he went to the city of Fort Madison, Iowa, to preach on the following Sabbath. His family were to follow, a week or two later.

But, alas! the "best laid plans of mice and men gang oft agley,"—and an unforeseen occurrence called him home, and prevented his return to the new field of labor for more than a month. After his first service in the chapel that Sunday morning, a telegram was handed him, announcing the dangerous illness of his youngest child, a little one of eighteen months, and the idol of her parents. She had been taken ill with diphtheria, and the doctor requested him to come at once. Returning by the first train, he took a place beside the cradle, and remained in the sick room for weeks. The precious little life hung in the balance for days, and the sinking spells became so alarming it seemed as if the disease, of a most malignant type, would end fatally. Only the most devoted care and nursing saved the child. But at last the weary vigil was ended, and the life that had so nearly ebbed away was spared.

God had a wonderful work for this little child to do in future years,—when from the lecture platform she would influence thousands to nobler life and endeavor, and also through her books and other writings inspire young womanhood to lofty ideals.

And now the little family began to prepare to remove to the new home and work. This was more difficult with the invalid baby to care for, as she had lost the use of her limbs, and was unable to walk all that winter. About the middle of October they arrived at

Fort Madison, which was to be their home for many years.

As soon as they were settled in a pleasant house, the wife and elder daughter of ten visited the prison buildings, to become familiar with their new surroundings.

Ascending the hill leading to the prison, they arrived at the entrance, and were admitted within the great iron gate by the turnkey. They found the inner enclosure adorned with flowers and vines, whose beauty and fragrance did much to cheer the sadness of the place. A fountain played within this wealth of verdure, and rare roses vied with each other in luxuriance of bloom. As the prisoners passed ⁱⁿ and fro to their work, their eyes could rest upon these sweet blossoms which seemed like

*“Some flowerets of Eden, still left from the Fall,
But the trace of the Serpent was over them all.”*

Clustering around this floral oasis are buildings which are used as shops, where the men are taught various trades, such as the manufacture of chairs and farming tool implements. There was also formerly a shoe industry which was removed elsewhere.

The dining room and chapel occupy a large building, and adjoining this are the kitchens and bakeries for the hundreds of inmates. The number of loaves of bread turned out daily from the huge brick ovens would surprise the visitor. The apparatus for washing dishes rapidly and the large coffee boilers were indeed a novel sight. In the dining room, the long pine tables were scrubbed to a snowy whiteness, and the dishes of heavy ware are kept spotlessly clean.

Other buildings contain the library, hospital, school rooms, laundries, machine and triphammer shops, and the tailor shop. Thus the prison is a miniature world in itself, with hundreds of feet traversing the long flights of stairs leading to the numerous shops. Dur-

ing the week the hum of machinery is continuous, and almost deafening; but on the Sabbath the quiet and hush are impressive. And around all this stretches the high gray wall, suggestive of the stern penalties of the law and imprisonment.

The chaplain's wife and daughter returned from their visit to the prison much interested in what they had seen and heard. That evening he describel the mode of life at the penitentiary, and the different occupations of the inmates, with which he had become familiar. His wife inquired whether it was not depressing to come into contact with the prisoners and see so much gloom and misanthropy?

"It made my heart ache when going through the shops to-day," she continued. "Some faces looked so defiant and sullen, and some so hopeless, as if they could never smile again. How blessed if you can bring Christ into these darkened lives!"

"We will try," he responded. "My sympathies are frequently greatly aroused, and I find it hard to witness the results of wrongdoing all around me. I could not endure such an environment were it not for the help and comfort I can give."

"An incident occurred to-day that touched me deeply. A man came to the prison to give himself up, but without a sheriff accompanying him. He said that he was a Congregational minister, and had been sentenced for one year, for obtaining money under false pretences. He and his family did not want the disgrace of his wearing handcuffs, so he started at once for the prison, without waiting for the sheriff to bring him. He was ready to begin serving his sentence at once. The warden told the poor man he could not be taken in without commitment papers, and therefore must wait until the arrival of the sheriff. So he was obliged to stay outside of the walls until the next morning, when he would be properly admitted. He talked with me awhile in my office. He was heartbroken, and said,

the year before him in such a place seemed like an eternity. He had been in sore need of money, and under the stress of temptation had taken a small amount, been discovered, and sent to prison. He had not meant to do wrong, but must now take the consequences. It was an awful blow, and he and his family felt the disgrace keenly:

“ ‘Can I ever preach again?’ he cried mournfully. ‘Am I shut out forever from serving my Master?’

“ ‘Nay, my brother,’ I replied. ‘He who forgave and restored the deeply sinning Peter is the same to-day. Let us kneel and together implore His compassion and forgiveness, and ask that you may yet be used in His service.’ And there, upon my study floor, we sought the Throne of grace and found comfort in this hour of sorrow and humiliation.”

CHAPTER III. LIFE IN PRISON

The chaplain and his family became gradually accustomed to the routine of life at the prison: They learned that the rising bell rang at six in the morning, to summon the slumbering inmates to their daily tasks. They first marched to their respective shops, where they washed, and then proceeded to breakfast. After breakfast they returned to the shops, where they work under the contract system, manufacturing chairs and farming tool implements. At noon the bell again rang, and all repaired to the dining room for dinner, and partook of a simple yet substantial meal, with appetites sharpened by toil. They then returned to their work, where they remained until called from labor by the welcome sound of the bell—which rings at six in the summer and five in the winter. They again went to the dining room, where a simple supper awaited them, after which they retired to their cells and were allowed to read and write until the lights were extinguished at ten o'clock. Such is the weekly routine of work in this prison of Iowa.

It is well for the men that there are occasional breaks in the monotony of these daily occupations. The Sabbath brings a welcome change and rest, and the Gospel services, both morning and afternoon, are hailed by many.

The observance of holidays also gives relief. At Easter time a special service is held, and appropriate music and an Easter sermon are given. The chapel has been tastefully decorated for the occasion by plants and flowers from the prison greenhouses, and the gloom inside the walls is scattered by echoes from outside, of the joy and gladness of the resurrection morning. The choir of picked voices has been trained

for weeks on the Easter anthems which fill the chapel with melody. Musicians from the city assist, and besides the fine singers that tender their services, an orchestra of various instruments furnishes a pleading accompaniment. The jubilant strains of "Hallelujah, Christ is risen," and the refrain softly chanted, "He is risen, weep no more," stir every heart. The joy of earth and Heaven over the awaking and resurrection of the Divine One casts a glory even over the shadow of the wall.

Memorial, or Decoration, Day is also observed by cessation from labor, and services in the chapel in memory of the heroic dead.

The Fourth of July is another holiday, when a good speaker is procured, and patriotic songs are sung in the morning, in the chapel. The men are allowed, after the service, to have the freedom of the yard until dinner,—a privilege they greatly enjoy, after the close confinement of the cells and the shops. There is always a display of bunting, and the star-spangled banner flutters in the breeze on the top of the highest buildings.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union hold yearly a beautiful service in early June, called the Flower Mission. This sweet Christian charity resulted from the loving thought of Miss Jennie Cassidy, and is now a nation-wide observance. Under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. noble women, with the interests of the men at heart, meet at this time to bring and arrange flowers in small bouquets, with Scripture texts attached by dainty ribbons. Flowers have a language all their own, and, though voiceless, often appeal to the heart as strongly as a spoken word.

A flower oft can touch a heart
That would its feelings hide,
Can wake sweet memories of home,
And find the angel-side.

The State superintendent of the Flower Mission usually gives an address, and appropriate singing is interspersed. Then comes the distribution of the flowers, and only one man was known to refuse the dainty gift when offered him, for generally they are glad to accept these fragrant reminders of home and love. They come to Sunday school in the afternoon with their nosegays pinned upon their jackets, thus showing their appreciation of the gift. And this sweet charity sprang from the loving thought of a lifelong invalid, Jennie Cassidy. She originated the plan of sending flowers to the jails, hospitals, and prisons of the city where she lived, and since her death the women of the W. C. T. U. have continued the work and made it nation-wide, fulfilling her wish that "something bright and something white and something sweet" are carried to these places, with their messages of comfort and cheer.

And when Autumn comes, with its rich harvests, changing leaves, and brilliant colorings, Thanksgiving Day is welcomed. Again the prison choir have met in many rehearsals to prepare the songs which swell triumphantly through the chapel, while the men there assembled listen also to a discourse on the bounties of the year and causes for gratitude. Thus in gray November the dullness of the season is brightened for those inside the walls as well as for those outside.

A real Thanksgiving dinner is provided, which consists of chicken, mashed potato, cranberry sauce, vegetables, hot rolls and coffee, cake, mince pie and pumpkin pie, all which constitute a menu good enough for any table, and is a great treat to them, for they are not accustomed to feasting. And then in bleak December comes the glad Christmas-tide, the most enjoyed of all the festal days, and is indeed the holiday par excellence.

The glory that was never seen on sea or land seems again reflected below, and, streaming through Heaven's

opening courts, sets all earth's wintry skies aglow. Even the "shadow of the wall" grows luminous with rays from the Star of Bethlehem, and echoes of the joyous angelic anthem again are wafted through the blue ether, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men." The choir catch the glad spirit of the day, and render selections of music in the chapel which cause dull eyes to brighten and hard hearts to soften, and lips used only to profanity join in the words of Handel's glorious strains, "Joy to the world, the Lord is come," and also in the song that follows, "Hark, what mean those holy voices!"

The chapel has been decorated with evergreens and holly, to commemorate the birth of the Christ Child, and resembles a bower of verdure. A feeling of "good will" seems to prevail throughout the institution.

For days previous boxes and packages have been arriving for the prisoners, addressed to the care of the warden, from friends who have not forgotten them. These contain various gifts, and frequently good things to eat, such as cake and candy. Especially are the "mothers' boys" remembered. Some prisoner who has not been included in the list of recipients is, nevertheless, made happy by a gift from the Christian Endeavor Society, who send beautiful wreaths of holly, with Scripture texts attached, printed on attractive cards, and tied with gay ribbons. This noble Society takes a great interest in both the prisons of Iowa.

Washington's birthday is also a holiday, when again they enjoy the freedom of the yard,—and this completes the list of festal days. It is well for the men that they have these breaks in the daily monotony: for

"All work, and no play,
Makes Jack a dull boy."

CHAPTER IV.

THE LIGHT BEHIND THE BARS

The prison would be a darksome place, were it not for rays from the Sun of Righteousness that penetrate the gloom. He who said, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me," exerts the wondrous power of His cross upon these who have fallen by the wayside, and constrains many to arise and go unto their Father. Often has the sweet Gospel invitation sounded down the aisles of the chapel:—

"Sinners Jesus will receive,
Sound this word of grace to all
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who stumble, all who fall.
Sing it o'er and o'er again—
Christ receiveth sinful men;
Make the message clear and plain,
Christ receiveth sinful men."

The calm of the Sabbath morning rests like a benediction over all, as after breakfast the men are marched into the chapel, while a voluntary is played upon the organ. Often has the writer ascended the prison hill in winter, just as the sun was rising over the bluffs along the river, and thanked God for the privilege of bringing the Gospel to the sore in need. And the prayer arose that as the glory of sunrise dispelled the mists of night, so the light of divine truth might scatter the darkness from the minds of these wanderers from the right pathway.

The morning service begins with song and prayer and an anthem after which the chaplain gives an earnest discourse, to which many of the men pay good attention. The closing song follows, and then those who do not wish to remain to the after service with-

draw and return to their cells, but frequently three hundred remain to the after meeting, which is called the "social meeting," and is thrown open to all who desire to take part. The chaplain comes down from the pulpit and after a few opening remarks gives an opportunity for testimony and prayer.

And there is no delay, for those who have remained are in earnest and are either Christians or inquirers concerning the way of salvation. Men spring to their feet all over the room or fall on their knees to pray, sometimes three or four at once, for the moments are precious and fleeting, and not one must run to waste. The chaplain rises and beckons here and there to those who have signified a wish to pray and speak, and remains standing until all have had a chance to take part.

Eternal destinies of precious souls hang upon these moments and the deep solemnity prevailing reveals the presence of the Spirit. In answer to the prayers and efforts of the chaplain there are conversions every Sabbath morning, and were this not so the devoted servant of God would be greatly disappointed, so strong is his faith in this wonderful meeting. It is pathetic to hear a man, with tears rolling down his cheeks, exclaim, "I'm glad I came to prison, for otherwise I would never have found my Saviour. I had rather endure this disgrace than continue on in wrongdoing."

No one can remain unmoved listening to these heart-confessions; and surely there is "joy in the presence of the angels of God over more than one sinner that repenteth." The riches of God's grace in plucking "brands from the burning" are never more fully realized than in places like this, and the value of the rescue work so dear to the heart of Him who came "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

During the hours between morning service and the Sabbath school, the chaplain devotes the time to visiting the cells and conversing with the men on religious subjects. Three ranges of cells are traversed and each

inmate given an opportunity to state what he desires, and often they give some message for their mothers which they wish the chaplain to send. An assistant accompanies him carrying a basket of religious literature, donated to the prisons of the country by Mr. Moody, in the celebrated colportage library which he founded.

Many booklets containing the Gospel message find their way to the cells in this manner, and are read in that leisure time by men who otherwise would not have done so. It was an arduous task to go up and down these ranges, but to this earnest man of God it was a joy to minister to the spiritual wants of those under his care, and bodily fatigue was forgotten. Truly to him his Lord could say, "I was in prison and you came unto me."

The prisoners remain in their cells after morning service until the dinner hour, after which they again ascend the stairs to the chapel for Sunday school. The attendance here is voluntary, so a part of them prefer to return to their cells rather than go to study God's Holy Word. Three hundred or more generally attend and are seated in classes of thirty to forty in a class.

There are some regular teachers who are seldom absent, but there are not enough to supply the demand; and, although volunteer teachers are sought among the visitors present, not a few classes are compelled to sit without instruction, trying eagerly to catch a word here and there from the lips of the nearest teacher. I have often spoken louder than was necessary for my own class, in order that some of these might hear the lesson. Ah, is it not pitiful that Christian people seem unwilling to forego their ease and rest on Sabbath afternoons and come to the aid of these in sore need of instructions from God's Holy Word? The prisoners feel this lack of interest in them and remark on the indifference of church members.

The international lessons are studied, and the super-

intendent is a man from the outside, chosen for his fitness and consecration to the work. The music is an attractive feature and draws many visitors. Special anthems and solos have been prepared by the choir, and all present join in singing selections from Gospel hymns, so honored and used of God in the evangelistic services of Moody and Sankey. This has been for years the special song book in both prisons of the State.

It is a noble tribute to the memory of these great evangelists that the large income derived from the sale of these books was devoted by them to the cause of Christ, and used wholly for the advancement of His kingdom. These beautiful Gospel hymns seem doubly precious on this account. Many a lost sheep within the walls has listened to the song of the "Ninety and Nine," and with penitence for its wanderings been sought and found by the Good Shepherd. The special favorite is the hymn "Whiter than Snow," and, whenever given out, voices all over the chapel joined in singing this impressive prayer song which, if uttered sincerely, would surely reach the ear of infinite love and pity:—

"Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

Many interesting incidents occur in the Gospel work in the prison. Some of the scholars in the Sabbath school are densely ignorant, while others are well informed and some even college graduates. Hence a teacher must be thoroughly prepared on the lesson, and also familiar with the Bible.

The superintendent, one Sunday, lacking teachers, looked over the row of visitors before him, and, observing a fine looking gentleman with dress suit and diamonds, asked the stranger to take a class that was without a teacher. Accepting the Bible and lesson help that were handed him, he arose pompously and walked over to the waiting class. Opening the Bible,

he looked for the place of the lesson assigned for the day. It happened to be in the Book of Acts, but, beginning at Genesis, he fumbled through the Old Testament to find it. This was too much for his scholars, many of whom knew the location of the books of the Bible, and concluded that they knew more than their would-be-teacher.

So they at once began to ask hard questions, until, confused and embarrassed, the unhappy man was unable to reply. Growing very red in the face he stammered out a few mumbled words, and then, telling his amused auditors that he remembered an important engagement for that hour, he turned abruptly and left the chapel, to the surprise of the superintendent. The men informed the chaplain later of his true reason for leaving, with evident enjoyment. Another visitor, when asked to make some remarks to the prisoners, prefaced his speech by saying, "I'm very glad to see you all here to-day." The smiles on the faces of his audience awoke him to a sense of the blunder he had made.

In a class I was once teaching I noticed a man leaning eagerly forward to listen, who looked as if he had never heard these things before. The lesson was on blind Bartimaeus, and, as we read his touching appeal, "Thou Son of David have mercy upon me," the man exclaimed abruptly, "Teacher, who was this David?" Seeing he was in earnest, I gave up the lesson for a time, and, like Philip of old, with the Ethiopian eunuch, "preached unto him Jesus." Raised in the city slums where this dear name is never heard, what wonder that this was a strange yet welcome message to his ears. Alas that there should be such hungry souls and lack of knowledge of the way of salvation in a Christian land!

In contrast to this appalling ignorance was the self-assurance and fancied knowledge of a man in another class. He was a confirmed skeptic and regarded Bible facts as unworthy of his credence. When the lesson

happened to be on the resurrection, one Sunday, he boldly denied the reality of it as an historic truth.

"You Christians always take for granted whatever you find in your Bibles, but I require evidence that it is true. I demand that you bring me some outside proof of the resurrection apart from the Bible story, before I will admit that Jesus Christ arose from the dead on the third day."

"Very well," I said, "I will bring you outside evidence next Sunday."

He had challenged me before the whole class, only a few of whom were Christians, and I must keep my promise to him, to maintain before them the credibility of the Word of God. Returning home, I went to our library and took down the two volumes of Josephus, hoping to find there what I wanted. I found a plain statement about a man called Jesus of Nazareth, whom the Jews crucified and put to death, and who on the morning of the third day arose from the tomb as he had said he would. The following Sabbath I took the volume by Josephus to the class, and before commencing the lesson read aloud that passage. After the silence that followed, the infidel had manhood enough to admit before the class: "I was mistaken. I now believe that the story of the resurrection really happened."

I became discouraged with the class, for there were other hard men to deal with, who scoffed at the Gospel message. They were often rude, but I would not report them for punishment, as that would only gain me their dislike. It was surely stony ground. Perhaps, Jonah like, I fled from duty by taking an easier class later, but felt reproved for my lack of faith in the injunction, "Cast your bread upon the waters," and forgot all about the "many days." For a letter came from an Iowa town, written to me by a member of my former class, saying that he had served his time and gone out recently. He had been kindly received by Christian

people in his native town, and was going to make a profession of religion on the coming Sabbath. He wished me to know, that while I was trying to disarm the skeptic, and reply to the other objectors, he had listened quietly to the truths contained in the lesson, and been led by them to the Saviour. He had felt sorry for me with that troublesome class, and indignant at their rudeness. My forbearance and patience had impressed him, and helped win him for Christ. I thanked God for this sheaf for the heavenly garner that I had not expected to gather from this unpromising field of labor.

CHAPTER V

HOW WE RESCUED THE "DOWN AND OUT"
THE MISANTHROPE WON

There is no line of Christian service more replete with interest than the Gospel work carried on within prison walls. The results show that the age of miracles is not past, and they win the Master's special commendation; for while on earth He said, "I was in prison, and ye came unto Me."

It was the writer's privilege to engage in this Christly service for nearly twenty-five years; and now, before Life's sunset tints the evening sky, and the "night cometh when no man can work," I desire to relate still other experiences which are treasured among my most precious memories.

I had charge of the music for the chapel services, and one day I noticed in the choir a young man who was strangely silent and sullen, refusing to answer any of my questions. We ascertained that he was a newcomer, and had been allowed to go into the choir because he said he could sing. He seldom joined in the singing, however, and the chaplain wanted to remove him. But, hoping to obtain an influence over him, I begged that he might remain. Even letters from his mother he refused to read or to answer. One came to the chaplain from the poor woman, begging him to urge her boy to write her. He showed me the letter and asked me to have an interview with Robert, and try to persuade him to read it. I accompanied him to his office, and the young man was sent for and entered with the usual sullen look upon his face. I handed him the letter, but he shook his head and looked gloomily out of the window.

"Your mother is breaking her heart over you, Robert," I said slowly, "and I think you are treating her

cruelly. She is your best friend on earth, and you may count me as another friend. We both desire your welfare, and want to help you if you will let us. Throw off this mask of indifference, arouse the manhood within you, and begin by reading this letter from your sorrowing mother." Again I handed it to him, and this time he took it, turning away to hide his emotion. I prayed earnestly that, as he read the touching appeal, his heart might soften and his moroseness disappear. No sound broke the stillness in that room until, with tearful eyes, the boy exclaimed, "My poor, poor mother! God forgive me for the anguish I have caused her."

"Then will you not write her?" I asked eagerly. "The chaplain will send her any message you desire sent until the time set for writing letters comes."

"Yes, I will write her a good long letter myself, to atone for my neglect and stubborn resolve to let her hear no more from me." And he wiped away the tears which now were rolling down his cheeks. "Thank you, dear lady, for getting me to read this letter and opening my eyes to the folly of my conduct. Henceforth I will act differently."

"Tell me your story, Robert," I said, drawing up my chair beside him. "Let me know how you got into trouble, and I can better understand how to sympathize with you and advise what is best to do." Reluctantly he complied, while I prayed for wisdom from above to help me deal with him.

"I was a happy, innocent boy at home in an Ohio town, until, at the age of fourteen, I went to live with my aunt, in Iowa. She asked my mother for me, and promised to take good care of me, not allowing late hours or bad company. But, alas, my aunt did not keep her promise, and before I was sixteen I had learned to smoke cigarettes, drink and swear; and the bad boys I went with often took me to saloons and I became intoxicated. My aunt now tried to restrain

me, but it was too late, and I laughed at her entreaties.

"I had a chum, Harry Lee, whom I loved dearly, and we were always together. He was a better boy than the rest of us and would not drink or swear, and I sometimes wondered at his liking me. One evening he asked me to take a buggy ride with him, and after supper we started along a country road for a town not far distant. I had been drinking that afternoon and was not myself, and, when a slight dispute arose between us, I became angry and, pulling out a small revolver, fired at Harry, not realizing what I did. He fell from the buggy with a groan, and a dreadful fear sobered me. Stopping the horse I knelt down by poor Harry and tried to staunch the flow of blood from his side and begged him to speak to me. But in vain, for it was a mortal wound, and he soon ceased to breathe. I stood there alone in the moonlight, a murderer, for I had killed my friend, and, oh, what remorse filled my soul! I drove back to town and gave myself up to the officers of the law. I begged them not to let my mother know of my crime, and brooded over it night and day while waiting in jail for my trial. The time appointed came, and I sat in stony silence awaiting my sentence. It came at last and was considered a merciful one, for, on account of my youth, it was called manslaughter, and sentenced me to prison for twenty years. It seemed an eternity, and I was so young,—only seventeen. When I entered the prison, my heart seemed to turn to stone and all interest in life was left outside the walls. I mourned continually over the untimely death of poor Harry and felt I could never forgive myself or obtain God's forgiveness for my great sin. I wanted to be left alone, and became, as you see, a misanthrope, hating everybody. This is my sad story."

"My poor boy," I replied, "you have done yourself a great injury by thus brooding over your crime. You have grown morbid and do not look at things aright. If truly repentant, you are not beyond the pale of God's

mercy, and can yet recover your lost manhood. Let us kneel down together and ask divine pardon for the sin you so deplore, remorse for which has so blighted and darkened your life." And we knelt down together and sought and obtained forgiveness of Him who never turns a suppliant away. When he arose, a new light was in his eyes and renewed hope in his heart, and he returned to his cell a changed man. To all he met in the prison he seemed like a different person, replying pleasantly whenever addressed, and they wondered at the change. But I knew that the touch of a loving sympathy had opened that closed heart, warming it to renewed life, and making "Chords that were broken to vibrate once more." When the time arrived for writing letters, he wrote his mother a long affectionate one, and requested her to come and see him as soon as she could arrange to do so. The happy woman came at once, and, on seeing her son wept for joy over his loving greeting.

"I had lost my Robert for two long years," she exclaimed, "and now I have him back again. Although it is inside the bars, he is still my boy, as dear to me as ever." We entertained her at our home, and both were grateful for this kindness. There hangs upon my library wall to-day a beautiful motto sketched with India ink, in which Robert was the artist, bearing the inscription in large colored letters:

"Honest, Manly, Brave, and True; a convict's future motto for conduct.

Presented to his friend and teacher, in commemoration of courtesy shown his mother."

It is most highly prized, and often I thank God that I succeeded in winning Robert from his misanthropy. His voice was now heard in the choir, and he also attended Sabbath school regularly. He had at one time written a long, pessimistic essay on the theme, "Life is not Worth Living." He brought it to me one

Sabbath, saying with a smile, "I now find it worth living, and wish you would destroy this untrue statement."

He served his long term, shortened, however, by the "good time" he made in obeying the prison rules, and then went back to his home and mother, a truly reformed Christian man, and, although always saddened by the remembrance of his early wrongdoing, became her stay and comfort.

CHAPTER VI

"THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET"

The saving grace of God is often wondrously displayed within prison walls, and bestowed on the greatest of sinners. Such was the case of James Taylor, who had murdered his wife while intoxicated, and because the cruel deed had not been done while sober, he was sentenced for life, instead of being executed on the gallows. While lying in jail awaiting his sentence, Christian workers visited his cell, and endeavored to lead him to repentance, and acceptance of the Saviour. Full of remorse for his crime, he despaired awhile of obtaining forgiveness, and mourned day and night for the dear wife he loved and had not meant to kill. But gradually he began to listen to the sweet Gospel message, and was able to believe on Jesus as his Saviour. He became a penitent, humble Christian, and rejoiced in the grace which had plucked him as a "brand from the burning."

After his arrival in prison his conduct was so exemplary that he proved himself to be a changed man, who sought by word and deed to honor his new Master. After a time his health began to fail, and, unable to work longer, he was sent to the hospital. Consumption had made fatal inroads upon him before coming to prison, and he was not long for earth. But, as his bodily strength declined, his hope of eternal life grew brighter, and it was a pleasure to pause at his bedside and see his radiant countenance, and hear him exclaim, "Jesus is precious, and I can trust Him." He could truly say of his dear Lord,

"Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis Paradise if thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis hell."

His death was a triumphant one, and a scene never to be forgotten by those who were gathered at his bedside. A few of the Christian men in the hospital stood near, and, as the chaplain perceived the shadow of death upon his face, he began to read the Twenty-Third Psalm, ending with the comforting words, "I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever." A smile lit up the face of the dying man, and he whispered faintly, "Sing, 'Jesus, lover of my soul,'" and tried to join in the singing; but failing breath prevented, and he lay looking upward, while with hushed voices and tear-dimmed eyes they sang on,—

"Hide me, oh my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh receive my soul at last."

A look of ineffable peace transfigured his face, and soon the soul so nearly shipwrecked on Life's stormy ocean had gained the heavenly harbor, and been welcomed to the presence of the King. Though his sins "had been as scarlet," and even red as crimson, they had been made white by the cleansing blood of the Lamb, and henceforth this ransomed soul would forever sing the praises of redeeming love.

His example had been so worthy of imitation, and his passing away so triumphant, the chaplain felt it ought to be spoken of to his fellow-prisoners. On the following Sabbath morning a memorial service was held in the prison chapel for James Taylor, once a transgressor, but now a "sinner, saved by grace," admitted to the shining ranks above. And many among the audience who listened to his brief life story felt a desire to also arise, and go unto their pitying, Heavenly Father.

There was another gem that could be polished and made meet for the Master's use, hidden away in a darksome prison cell, waiting only to be found and

cleansed, to also shine in the Heavenly Kingdom in the day "when He shall make up His jewels." To discover and gather these hidden ones are the joy and glory of the "rescue work."

George Harris was one of these. He had been a professional highwayman, and, as he was considered a hard case, had been sentenced for twenty years. His sinful life had brought on bodily disease, and being out of health, he was listless and indifferent to all around him. He was at last induced to attend Sunday school, and, though very ignorant in matters of religion, he soon began to ask questions which led his teacher to believe that he was spiritually awakened. He was transferred to a class I taught later, and, feeling a special interest in him, I tried to make plain the way of salvation. But his mind was dark, and the effort to grasp the truth seemed fruitless. He grew despondent, and told me it was no use to try to be saved, for God did not hear his prayers. I could not give him up, and urged him to seek till he should find.

One Sunday he was missing from the class, and on inquiry, I learned that he had been taken ill. We sought him in the hospital, and found him lying on a cot looking wan and dejected, but his pale face brightened as I paused beside him and inquired, "How are you, Harris?"

"Very miserable," he replied, "and I am afraid to die."

"Oh, how I wish you were a Christian!" I exclaimed.

"I wish so too," he replied sadly, "but I do not know how to become one. You have told me how, but I do not seem to understand it. Do not trouble yourself about me longer, for I am a poor lost sinner, doomed to eternal despair."

Tearfully I left him, resolving to look for something which might make him see the way of salvation more plainly. I found in our library that precious little

book called "The blood of Jesus," and during my next visit laid it on the pillow beside him.

"This may show you the way better than I can," I said. He took it up eagerly, and promised to read it carefully and slowly; and I left him with the unspoken prayer that the Spirit would illumine the message in the book with saving and convincing power. But to my regret the light had not yet come when I went again to see him.

"Oh, how I want to find the way," he exclaimed, "but my mind is still clouded." Kneeling beside him, my heart filled with pity at his dejected appearance, I sang softly,—

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot;
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot
Oh Lamb of God, I come, I come."

A change came over his wan face, and, looking at me earnestly he whispered, "Ah, it is the blood that cleanses. I begin to see."

The next morning as we entered the chapel for the early religious service, he sent me a message, requesting that I would come to him without delay. I hastened to the hospital; and, on reaching his cot, he met me with a radiant face, and partly raised himself from the pillow on which the little book was lying open, saying, "I am so happy, for I found Jesus last night. I see it all so plainly now. Why could I not see it before?" The whole aspect of the man was changed, and the look of peace that transfigured his face can never be forgotten.

He lived for some time after his conversion, and passed away in prison, a trustful, rejoicing Christian. He had made a scrapbook while in his cell evenings, and had it in the hospital with him, and added articles occasionally. He desired me to have it after his death,

and on looking it over I found a sweet religious poem beginning—

“I see the lights of the harbor,
The heavenly harbor, at last”;

and beneath he had written, “I am not now afraid to die, and love to think of Heaven and of seeing Jesus.” What a transformation had taken place in this once wicked man, and once a “chief of sinners.”

CHAPTER VII

HOW JACK WAS CONQUERED

A man called Jack was an interesting character, in one of my classes, in Sabbath school. He was always present, and used to annoy me by his contemptuous attitude,—sitting with folded arms, and a sneer upon his face which betokened his opinion of the teaching, and utter disbelief in the Bible. I did not like to incur his ill will by reporting him, and decided finally to ignore him, and teach the men who were attentive and respectful. When, later, he was transferred to another company, we saw him no more, and I was glad that his bad example had been removed from the class.

Time passed on, and one Sabbath afternoon I was dismayed to find Jack in his old place in the class, his arms folded as usual, and the repelling sneer upon his face. I confess I was sorry, and what should I do? I had but a moment to decide, and breathed a prayer for guidance. As I took my stand before the class, an impulse came to me, as from above, to bid him welcome back among us. Approaching him with a smile and an outstretched hand, I exclaimed, "Jack, my dear boy, we are glad to see you, and are sure you will be a great help to us henceforth, and always know the lesson." The change that came over his face was wonderful. It seemed as if the manhood within him was awakened, and, unfolding his arms and looking earnestly at me, he replied:—

"I thank you, teacher, for your words of welcome, and will in future try to deserve them."

And he kept his word, for the crisis between doubt and belief in his soul was over,—the victory was won, and henceforth he would take his stand for the cause

of righteousness. Of him, as well as of others, it could be said:—

“Love was the mighty conqueror,
Love was the beauteous Guide;
Love with her beaming eye could see
He had an angel side.”

“Believe me, too, that rugged souls
Beneath their rudeness hide
Much that is beautiful and good;
We've all an angel side.”

Jack now studied the lessons, and became one of my most intelligent scholars, and answered questions promptly. His former disdain and surliness had vanished, and to all around him he seemed a changed man. Ah, I little dreamed that on a sorrowful day in the future, when, under the shadow of a great bereavement, I must bid farewell to the prison, Jack would manifest his regard for me in an unexpected and touching manner!

I was shaking hands with the forty or fifty men in my class, after teaching the lesson for the last time in Sunday school; and, when I came to Jack, he grasped my hand tightly, and would not let it go. With big tears rolling down his cheeks he exclaimed:—

“How can I say good-bye! And I declare I cannot bear to see any one else sitting at that organ.”

Poor Jack! His heart was tender after all, and he had an appreciation of my forbearance and deep interest in him. I told him that, if we both loved and followed the dear Saviour, we would meet in Heaven. The class, many of them with tears in their eyes, made me shake hands three times around before they let me go.

There are many sad tragedies resulting from intemperance, which cast their shadows even within the walls. It is estimated that three-fourths of the in-

mates of our prisons are there because of strong drink, as their crimes were committed when under its influence. And the men inside sometimes suffer from the effects of its ravages upon those on the outside, as was the sad case of Andrew Payne.

He also was in one of my classes, and was so dejected in appearance that he aroused my pity. Asking the chaplain the reason, he replied that he was a poor homeless man, and somewhat lacking in intellect, whose only friend on earth was a sister. She was a good Christian woman, and stood by him when all others forsook him. She was ready to take him to her home when he had served his time, and try to shelter him from any farther temptation. She was noble and true, and much esteemed in the community where she lived. "Try to do all you can to cheer and instruct the poor fellow, for he surely needs our help."

Making a special effort to arouse and interest "Andy," as he was called, I was glad to see his mind awakening to the truth taught in the Sunday-school lessons. He seemed no longer indifferent, and we were encouraged to hope for a speedy improvement. But one day we received a copy of the town paper where his sister resided, and were shocked to learn of a tragedy that had just taken place, and the great sorrow that had befallen poor "Andy." The paper had been sent to convey the tidings of the death of his dear sister, the only one on earth to love and care for him. She had fallen a victim to the fury of a drunken man, who had forced his way into her dwelling in the absence of her husband or any who could protect her. She had given shelter to a niece, who had fled with her two little children from the abuse of a drunken husband. The poor woman determined to seek a separation, and, learning of this, the husband drank himself into a rage, and sought the house where his wife had taken refuge. Obtaining admittance, he rushed to a room where he had seen her at a window,

and, aiming at her with his revolver, wounded her mortally. The children had hidden themselves, and he could not find them. He then looked around for his aunt-in-law, who, unable to help her niece, had retreated to her own room and locked and barricaded the door. Falling on her knees, she implored protection from the fury of the drunken brute, when he broke open the door, and, with an oath, shot her while kneeling, with the words of prayer upon her lips. He then shot himself, ending his worthless life, as well as that of his wife, and the noble Christian woman who had befriended her.

Later, the neighbors came to this scene of death, summoned by the cries of the little children, who had come from their hiding place, and were terrified by the silence and gloom. They discovered the dreadful tragedy and sent for the police.

There was no one now to write loving letters to Andy, nor any home to go to and be welcomed back, and his grief was great. We all tried to comfort him, but he felt friendless and alone in the world. It was indeed a sorrow caused by the Demon Drink, who has darkened so many homes and blighted so many lives. God speed the day when this giant evil shall be abolished, and prohibition has become nation wide.

CHAPTER VIII

THE MISSION OF FLOWERS

Of the purity and innocence of Eden, nought is left us but the beauty and fragrance of flowers, the smile of a babe, and the sweet melody of a bird song.

Fair relics of that Eden-time,
E'er pain and grief were ours.

Flowers play an important part in their influence over human lives, and, by the voiceless language all their own, find their way to the hardest heart and moisten eyes unused to show emotion.

Back of a newspaper office in one of our great cities was a restaurant, with a large garbage barrel in the rear. Little girls in shabby garments came daily hither, to search for dry bread and other morsels of food among the refuse piled up in the barrels. Sometimes they found withered flowers which had decorated the tables inside, and these they eagerly gathered, arranging them in drooping nosegays, which they offered to passers-by. The poor little bouquets brought in a few pennies, and occasionally the immense sum of a nickel. A rough looking man, who returned to his home in the fifth story of an adjoining tenement every evening, was frequently asked by the children to buy a penny's worth. One night he stopped and, to their delight, gave them a nickel for a pink rosebud, sadly faded. Holding it carefully in the palm of one toilworn hand, and carrying a large gunny sack with the other, he ascended the rickety stairs leading to his room and laid down the bag near a door on the landing, with the pink rosebud lying across the top. He gave a low knock at the door which opened a little, and a woman appeared as if expecting some one.

"I have come back, Susan," said the man eagerly, "I am here again, and let me in, my girl."

"Not unless you will behave yourself," replied the wife; and by her ungracious manner and the set look upon her face, he knew she was in no mood to be trifled with. The man pushed the door open and entered the forlorn looking apartment. The woman said nothing more and returned to her ironing, turning her back upon her husband. He sat upon a box by the stove awhile in silence, afraid of her sullen mood, and then began to say slowly:—

"You know you turned me out, Susan, over six weeks ago, because you called me a 'chair-warmer,' and said I was not willing to work, and you were not willing to feed me when so lazy. I left, and have tried hard to let the drink alone, and have now got a job. See." And he rattled some coins in his pocket. "If you want me back again, I will work and bring you my wages, and we can be real comfortable. If you do not want me, say so, and I will go and take to the drink again. Now which shall it be? Choose, Susan."

But the woman remained silent, moving the iron swiftly over the pieces. She would have been comely had it not been for her hard work and poverty. The man went on soberly:—

"I am almost glad, Susan, that our baby did not live, because we could not have brought her up right, with you and me scrapping, and I drinking. So it was better for our little gal to go. I saw a flower to-day that reminded me of her and you, when we were hitched up together for life partners. You was a fair looking girl then, Susan, and I loved you." He rose suddenly and went out of the room, returning with the pink rosebud which he held toward her, saying:—

"Take it, dear, to remember our little Floy, and the pink rose we bought to lay on her coffin. Maybe if we keep the posy, it will keep us from scrapping, and, when we look at it, it will make us treat each other

right. I know it will keep me from the drink. I am sorry I have been so dirt mean to you, Susan."

The woman had taken the proffered blossom, and was holding it wonderingly before her, while tears rolled down her cheeks. Her thoughts went back to the time, not very long ago, when the man before her had wooed and won her for his bride. They loved each other then, and their home, though humble, was happy, and happier still when Floy, their baby, came. Trouble began after the little one sickened and died. Dan got to staying out nights, and took to drinking; wasted his wages, and lost his jobs. She had to take in work and wash and iron all day long to keep the wolf from the door. But it might have been partly her fault after all, that Dan had become so different. She had scolded him, and at last had told him to go. If she had been more patient, perhaps, it would never have happened. Grasping the rosebud tightly, she approached her husband, and, laying her cheek on his rough sleeve, said, amid sobs: —

"Yes, Dan, I will keep this rosebud as long as I live." And, stooping over, she kissed him.

Thus the faded flower performed the miracle of reconciliation between husband and wife. The rosebud was pressed, and, mounted on a cheap card and framed, hung upon the wall as a reminder of their purpose in the future.

Within a dreary French prison at Fenestrelle was a captive, friendless and weary of life. He was the Count de Charney, imprisoned on a charge of conspiracy against the government. The hours and days were long without occupation, and this solitary confinement became insupportable. He had one rare privilege allowed him, of walking in the small paved courtyard daily, and this prolonged his existence. One afternoon, while pacing slowly back and forth with bent head, he noticed two of the stones in the court-

yard seemed displaced, and a tiny blade of vegetation was pushing its way to the surface. Some bird must have dropped the seed while flying over, and it had taken root in the scanty soil beneath. Full of surprise, he brought some water from his scanty allowance, and moistened the tiny stranger carefully. He hastened out the following afternoon, eager to see if the plant had made progress. He found it had pushed farther above the ground, and he watered it again. At noon the sun shone upon it for awhile, and soon leaves began to unfold, and it grew rapidly. He became so interested in watching the plant, his life seemed no longer dull. He now had an incentive to live, that he might care for this dear plant. He no longer wrote despairing sentences on the walls of his cell, such as, "There is no God; all is the product of chance." For he saw that this lowly flower, or plant, did not develop by hazard, but in accordance with a law that governed its unfolding. While sitting beside it, it led his thoughts from Nature up to Nature's God. Thus it became his teacher as well as his daily companion. And now a great joy came to him, for buds appeared, and soon sweet pale blossoms covered the bush, whose fragrance filled the courtyard. He counted thirty, and his pleasure in the lovely, blooming plant before him was unbounded. The jailer, who was kind to him, had given the flower a name, out of pity for its frailty. He called it *Picciola*, which in Italian means a poor little thing. He saw that the plant was protected from injury by placing a sort of fence around it, so as not to be hit by any careless passer-by, or dogs that sometimes went through.

But one day Count Charney saw that the plant was drooping, and, alarmed, he at once sought to ascertain the cause, and, stooping down, discovered that the stones between which *Picciola* grew were crowding her delicate stem and compressing the roots. The pressure must be relieved, or she would die. He could do noth-

ing until the jailer came at evening, when he would ask him to loosen the stones. But the jailer told him he could not meddle with them without the consent of the superintendent of the prison. He promised to ask his permission at once, and Charney, with an anxious glance at his pet, waited till morning. But, alas! the great man refused his consent, and the Count was in despair when told that the paving could not be disturbed. Must he see Picciola slowly perish? No. He would contrive a way to save her from death, even though the attempt might prove a failure. But it was worth trying. Across the courtyard was a prisoner who had often watched him when tending the plant, and to him he turned for help in this extremity. He had a daughter who was allowed to visit him, and he had seen her with her father only yesterday. The jailer had furnished him with rough crayons and paper to draw with, and, using these, he wrote a line or two to the old man across the yard asking if he would render him a great favor. His beloved flower was perishing from the cruel pressure of the stones around it, and the authorities of the prison would not remove them. The plant could not live long. So would his daughter be willing to start early in the morning to go to the Empress Josephine, the wife of Napoleon, and acquaint her with the facts about poor Picciola, the prison flower? Her majesty was a great lover of flowers, and might take an interest in the matter.

Count Charney wrapped the letter up carefully, and went out for his daily walk. No one was near, and he walked slowly by the old man's window until he appeared there with his daughter. Charney pointed mournfully to the now drooping plant, and held up the missive he had just written, and tied to a stone. He threw it up toward the window, though the risk of discovery was great, and they caught it. He waited while they read it, and was rejoiced to see them wave assent to his daring request. The following day, when

again walking in the yard, the old prisoner threw him a piece of paper, on which was written in a woman's hand, "I will leave early this morning to seek the empress, whose heart I hope I may touch, and cause her to interfere in time to save your flower."

A great hope sprang up in his heart that she might be successful, and he watered Picciola with redoubled care, but, alas! she did not respond to his efforts, and faded perceptibly. In anguish he entreated her to live for his sake, and he had now to prop her up, to prevent her from trailing on the ground.

The superintendent now visited that part of the prison soon after, and, coming to the courtyard, noticed the plant, now drooping sadly, and propped up with many sticks. "What is this?" he demanded of the jailer.

"A plant a prisoner has raised," replied the man, fearing the disapproval of his superior.

"It is worthless. Pull it up at once, and clear the place of such rubbish," ordered the superintendent.

"It is dying, why not let it alone?" pleaded the jailer, sorry to inflict this grief on poor Charney.

"Obey my orders," thundered the officer, "or you will be discharged." The props were taken away from the poor flower, and she was about to be pulled up from the ground, when two strangers entered, and handed a document to the chief officer. Surprised, he opened it and found an order from the emperor to remove at once the stones which were crushing the life out of the plant in the prison courtyard, and also treat with due attention the noble prisoner, the Count de Charney. The brave girl had performed her mission and saved the life of the prison flower. With the pressure removed, Picciola revived, and became more beautiful than ever.

And she accomplished even more, for the empress took a great interest in Count de Charney, for his wonderful devotion to the flower, and entreated the emperor

to pardon him. It was granted, and soon Count de Charney left the gloomy prison, bearing with him his beloved Picciola, transplanted in a large box, and accompanying him to his splendid chateau. He placed her in his own private study, and tended her himself, that no servant should touch her with profaning hands. For had she not been his companion, friend, and teacher, and also been the means of restoring him to liberty? He could never repay the debt he owed her.

As he was again a man of wealth, and needed a mistress for his fine chateau, he sought and won for his wife the young woman who had so bravely taken the journey to the empress. Through his influence a pardon was granted her father.

The Count offered Ludovic, the jailer, who had shown him much kindness and sympathy in regard to the flower, a home for the balance of his life, which he gladly accepted. And thus to the four persons who had suffered together at Fenestrelle, the prison flower brought much happiness.

CHAPTER IX

A HOPELESS CASE

No one could see any good in Jim Boardman, the "toughest" man in the prison. Even the Sunday school of the class, to which he occasionally came, admitted he must be an exception to the rule, that everybody has a tender spot somewhere. It had never been discovered in him, and so he was regarded as a "hopeless case," not worth the effort to reform. He was punished again and again for various misdeeds, until the guards grew weary of reporting him.

But perhaps this was why he was morose and surly, and inspired the hatred of the officers and his fellow-prisoners. He was transferred from shop to shop, making trouble in all, until he came to the marble shop, where was a German, called Hausman, for whom he had a special dislike. Hausman was very fond of flowers, and had asked permission to raise some in boxes placed in the large sunny windows of the room. He was allowed to do so, and soon plants of different kinds came up, among which he placed sticks, bearing the labels of their names.

One day, when the men had gone to dinner, Jim Boardman returned to the shop for his coat, and was alone a moment in the room. When the men came back, Hausman found that all his sticks had been pulled up and thrown down upon the floor. Enraged, he sought to discover the culprit, and, learning that Boardman had been alone in the room, charged him with the misdeed. Boardman denied that he was guilty of it, and the two men would have attacked each other had not the guards prevented.

Hausman watched for an opportunity, however, and flew upon Boardman unawares, fighting fiercely until

they were separated. This was too serious an offence to be overlooked, and they were tried and sentenced to be flogged.

It was three weeks before Jim Boardman was able to leave the hospital after the severe whipping he had received, but after his return to the shop he was more morose and ugly than ever. He had been unjustly punished, for it was found that a child of the warden, too young to know better, had entered the shop at noon and pulled up the sticks for mischief. The German, who was really kind-hearted, felt sorry that the poor fellow had suffered a punishment he did not deserve, and took an opportunity to tell him so, one day after work, while washing their hands together in the wash-room. He offered Jim his hand, in token of future friendship, which the latter took, and grasped warmly, surprised at this new sort of treatment. It was the first step toward the awakening of his better instincts, and the manhood slumbering within him. He now watched Hausman care for the plants in his window garden, and brought water for his use in watering them. A new impulse seemed to control him, and he forgot to be surly and troublesome, and all in the shop noticed the change and were glad to have peace. But, as the time drew near for Hausman to leave the prison, Boardman hung around him, looking at him wistfully, as if he wanted something. At last he expressed what was in his mind by saying, "Give me those posies when you go out," pointing to the window boxes. Hausman, surprised, made answer that he had already promised them to another prisoner. Noticing the longing in Boardman's face, he added kindly, "We will see about it." The shop officer advised him to give the flowers to Boardman, in order not to hinder the recent improvement in his conduct, and he became the happy owner of Hausman's lovely window garden. The heliotrope was now in full bloom, and under Hausman's careful tending the flowers of various colors

throughout the boxes presented a scene of beauty and fragrance which transformed the shop.

"They shall look still better under my care," resolved the man, who was no longer the "hopeless case" of the prison. He wrung the hand of the German in parting, and said brokenly:—

"You do not know, man, what you have done for me. I can never pay you back, but God bless you. I thank you for letting me count you my friend and helper when I had none. Good-bye."

That night Jim Boardman could not sleep. He lay on his cot with eyes wide open, and in the stillness of the cell house wrong wrestled with right in his soul. He had arrived at the turning of the ways: should it be upward or downward? What the sermons of the chaplain and the teachings in the Sunday school class could not accomplish was being performed by the Holy Spirit of God, ever waiting to bring a sinner to repentance. He had been reading in the Bible furnished by the State, before seeking his couch; but, without the Spirit's aid, his dark and ignorant mind could not have easily grasped the plan of salvation, revealed in the blessed Word. Suddenly a vision of the Christ in whom he had never believed seemed to appear before him, and a Voice of tender compassion said, "I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the valley. Believe on Me, and thou shalt be saved."

He arose, and, falling on his knees, prayed earnestly, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." And then the miracle, old yet ever new, took place in that dark cell, and the stony heart was taken away and a heart of flesh given, tender as a child's. By Divine grace, "that which was lost" was rescued, never more to stray.

By nature artistic, he was fond of decorating, and had made his cell attractive by adorning the bare walls with pictures taken from magazines and papers, and cuttings from marble left over in the shop. He now

rearranged the flowers in the window boxes with such artistic effect that all visitors admired them, and wondered at the taste displayed. "You must have a skillful florist here," they exclaimed.

He no longer inspired the hatred of his fellow-prisoners or was reported by the officers. His conduct became so exemplary that the warden made him a "trusty," and gave him entire charge of the flower beds in front of the prison enclosure. Working outside of bolts and bars, he made them a scene of beauty. When he had served his time, many who once hated him were sorry to see him go, and told him so. A position was offered him by a florist who had discovered his skill with flowers, so the way to congenial employment was opened.

In after years there was a successful florist in a Western city, who owned his own shop and home, and had a thriving business as a decorator, and also in the sale of plants and flowers. He was as straight as a string, and enjoyed the esteem of the whole community. Thus the blossoms in the window garden in the marble shop had found the "soft spot" in the heart of this former unpromising and almost "hopeless case," and won him from wrongdoing by their sweet and holy influence.

A flower oft can touch a heart
That would its feelings hide,
Waken sweet memories of good,
And find the "angel side."

CHAPTER X

"AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS"

In the model prayer bequeathed us by our Lord on the Palestinian hillside is an impressive clause, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." If we realized what this implies, we would not so often thoughtlessly utter this petition.

Within the prison at Fort Madison was a man on whom consumption was fast making fatal inroads. He was a life prisoner, but had become a "trusty," and hence was allowed the privilege of going outside the walls, performing light services in the home of the warden. The warden's wife and I had frequent opportunities to talk with him as he went about his tasks, and we both entreated him to come to the Saviour without delay, for we knew he had not long to live. But our efforts seemed unavailing, for his heart was hard and bitter toward his people. He felt they had sided against him during his trial and helped send him to prison, when otherwise he might have been cleared. He could never forgive them he declared, and such bitter resentment stood in the way of his becoming a Christian. We told him that the Word of God declares plainly, we must forgive, if we would be forgiven; but he shook his head and replied that there were wrongs beyond forgiveness. Sadly we left him, praying that he might yet be led to forgive those who had trespassed against him.

In contrast to the unforgiving spirit of this man, who found it so hard to forgive an injury, was the case of another prisoner, who had suffered from a still greater wrong and injustice. For he had served a prison term, convicted of a crime on circumstantial evidence, of which he was wholly innocent. During

this imprisonment he was led to Christ, and became a follower of Him who, amid the agonies of the Cross, exclaimed, "Father forgive them." He was not entirely bad, although he had been in prison several times, but after each release he always meant to reform. After his last term he had fallen in with evil companions, the ringleader of whom was an ex-convict he had known in a New England prison. He persuaded him to join the band in an attempted burglary, but, though looking on from a distance, and taking no part in the robbery, the officers of the law coming suddenly to the scene, he was arrested and held for the crime. The guilty ones escaped, but he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to another long term in the penitentiary. He had hoped that his pal would come forward and clear him, as even among criminals there is a code of honor,—not to let another suffer punishment for a crime of which you are guilty.

When again released, he made his way to the Far West, and sought honest labor. An old Scotch shepherd gave him employment as a "sheep herder," far up in the mountains, where he would be known as "Ranger Number Four." He had told the kindly old man the sad story of his life, and that he wanted henceforth "to be square." He was only thirty years old—life seemed hard and wearisome. He trusted that amid these wild surroundings no trace of the prison life would remain, and tried to pluck up courage to make a new start. He attended a mission, down in the valley below, during the long winter nights, and had been led to accept and love the Saviour. His heart was now at rest, and the bitter resentment against the one who had wronged him passed away. A sense of peace and security came over him, and as "Ranger Number Four," quietly caring for his sheep, he seemed another man.

Often after he had returned to his cabin and the sheep were safely gathered in the fold, he would look

upward to the heavens, where he hoped he had a place prepared; for, through God's pardoning mercy, his sins could no longer shut him out. His health was broken, and he knew he had not long to live. Oh if he could only die in these solitudes, away from the haunts of men, where the invigorating breezes of God's mountain land fanned his brow, and the sun shone brightly, and the nights were radiant with stars.

Then in the morning he took his sheep over the rocky paths to sheltered nooks, where they cropped grasses through the hours of day. His heart swelled with gratitude that he had been reclaimed, and had forsaken forever the paths of wrongdoing.

But let us return to the ringleader in the burglary where this poor fellow had been the innocent victim. Escaping from the clutches of the law, he continued his misdeeds and wandered over the country, until he reached the Far West. He was often in danger of discovery, but succeeded in eluding pursuit and arrest. But at last he narrowly avoided capture while engaged in robbing a bank. His pals were taken, but he made his escape once more by plunging into the river, which was not far distant, thus throwing the pursuing bloodhounds off the scent.

The old shepherd who had befriended "Ranger Number Four" was startled that evening by the door of his hut being thrust rudely open, and the entrance of a figure dripping with water and almost breathless with haste. Interrupting him in his evening reading of the Bible, the man gasped, "Water, water!" Hastily closing the door, and bringing a drink, the old shepherd extinguished the light as the loud baying of hounds drew near. A deathlike silence prevailed till the clamor of the pursuit passed by, and then, approaching the stranger, he asked the meaning of this sudden intrusion.

Although exhausted by his flight, the poor fellow faltered, "They were after me, and I had to jump into

the river to make a get-away. It was sure a close call. Will you hide me, sir?"

"If there is murder on your hands, you cannot remain under this roof, for it shelters no blood guiltiness. Tell me what ye are guilty of, mon?"

"Only burglary," faltered the man. "I was robbing a bank, when they caught me."

"Then ye may bide a bit," said the shepherd, relaxing from his sternness. "But I must ken your history, and tell me truly. Before you begin I must find some dry garments for you. And meantime draw up to the fire and warm yourſelf before the blaze." The kind old man went to a box beside the wall of his shanty, and took out a pair of woolen undergarments which he brought to the wet, shivering man and bade him put on. "They are good tweed flannels, and will hearten you up a bit. After you eat a bowl of warm soup I will bring you, you will feel like another mon. Then I will listen to your tale, and perhaps I can help you a wee."

So, while the night deepened, and the fire in the stove crackled cheerily, the fugitive told of his checkered career,—how Luck had always been against him, and he left one prison, only to enter another, until he had been nearly all over the country.

"I fear ye have been a sad sinner," exclaimed the old man; "but it is never too late to repent. If ye are willing to forsake your evil ways and be square, I can help you to earn an honest living. I am the boss shepherd of these mountains, and have men under me. Just now I am needing another mon, to care for the sheep on Range Number Five. I offer you the place, and work for fair pay, and up yonder ye never need think about the prison years. Ye can begin early in the morning, so think well of it, for it will be the makin' of ye I'm thinking." They retired to rest, and by morning the ex-convict had decided to accept the new work offered him; and, after a frugal breakfast

and the morning prayer, they started up the steep mountain trail together. The brightness of the morning and the solemn hush of the hills calmed the restless spirit of the stranger, and a new sense of God came over him. At the turning of the ways they parted, the old shepherd pointing in the direction of the hut of Ranger Number Four, while he himself would go elsewhere, to oversee the ranges under his charge. "God bless you, mon, and keep you square," were his parting words.

After some farther climbing the man reached the hut, or tiny shack of Ranger Number Four, and entering its one room, sat down to rest awhile. He was weary and hungry, and ate the lunch the old shepherd had given him. Looking around the room, he saw an open Bible lying on a rude stand in one corner, and remarked to himself, "Ha, a pious chap. I wonder how he got this job up here, and if I will fancy mine? Must be lonesome up here."

The old shepherd had told him to wait here until the return of this ranger, who would take him to Range Number Five, which was adjoining, and show him what to do. As the day declined, he heard the tinkle of a sheep bell, and soon the pattering of many hoofs, as the sheep were driven inside the fold. Then came a figure, approaching with slow and weary steps, as if carrying a heavy burden. Looking around on the darkening landscape, the man sighed heavily, and entered the shack. Upon seeing the stranger within, he started back, exclaiming, "How came you here? Great God, how happens this meeting?"

The intruder answered with trembling lips, and pallid face:—

"Dick Brownlee, is it you? Can you forgive me for letting you go to prison in my place?"

"Yes, Jack, for trouble enough is ahead, without bringing up old scores. I will tell you how I came up here, so far from the world we knew. I had reformed,

and, when I was looking for an honest job, I met the boss shepherd of these mountains, and he gave me this work as Ranger Number Four. It is an easy one,—taking the sheep out through the day, and bringing them back at night,—and I liked the peace and quietness up here, and no more temptation to sinning. I had a cough that was troubling me and felt ill from the confinement of the prison life. But this invigorating air has braced me up, though I feel I have not long to live, as my lungs are affected." And he coughed painfully. "Oh, if I could only die in this, God's mountain land, and feel that through Divine pardon I can enter Heaven, a repentant sinner,—it is all I ask. But, alas! I cannot now end my days here, for again I have sinned deeply, and the sheriff is seeking me, and ere long will arrest me.

"Last night, after herding the sheep safely, I went down to the valley for some things I needed. Before returning, I stopped at the tavern where some were gambling, and, while looking on, something tempted me to try my luck at the game. Soon after I commenced playing a voice sang out, 'Look out, that fellow is a jailbird.' All looked at me and stopped playing. The man who had thus given me away had seen me behind the bars, while serving that sentence in your place in the prison. My blood boiled, and, throwing down the cards, I rushed outside the saloon, where I found the one who had betrayed me to the crowd standing by the door. I drew my revolver and shot him dead, then dashed away in the darkness so rapidly, they could not overtake me, and were not sure who did the shooting. I reached my cabin, and have awaited my arrest; for I am afraid one man saw me shoot, and tried to follow me.

"Oh God, how I wanted to die in these mountains where all is safe and peaceful, and nearer Heaven! And now, to face a yelling crowd, and die at the end

of a dangling rope." He shook with emotion, and buried his face in his hands.

"Perhaps you have not heard of the murder," he continued, "but the sheriff and his posse are hunting me and I fear are on my trail; for, as I came back to-night, I caught the distant baying of his blood-hounds. They will find the way here, show me no mercy, and soon all will be over." And he shuddered again.

"Hark, do you not hear them?" And now the loud baying drew nearer, and his hearer, who had sat spell-bound and looked his dismay, rose suddenly to his feet, and, with ashen face, stretched out his arms, exclaiming, "Let me pay my dept to you, Dick. I will give my life for yours, and let you die in peace, as you desire, up here. Remain inside the shack, and I will go out and meet the posse, and divert the search from you. Ah, here they come. I must go and meet them. Good-bye, old fellow. This makes us square."

And, though the other man tried to restrain him, he darted outside, and ran swiftly across the intervening space to a spur of the mountain, and sprang upon a lofty ledge, where he was plainly visible in the fading light. The pursuers followed and surrounded him, calling on him to come down, or be fired on. He did not come down, and was shot at on the pinnacle which he had chosen as the altar of self-sacrifice. As the rifle shots rang out, he fell, and was picked up, a mangled mass, on the rocks a hundred feet below. It was a life gladly given for a life,—in payment of an unrequited debt.

CHAPTER XI

"A MOTHER'S BOY"

"When God would grant the choicest gift,
Sweeter than any other,
He set the Gates of Heaven apart
And gave to Earth a mother."

The proof that a mother's love is the most tender and unselfish of all affections is often found within prison walls. When a mother learns that a wayward boy of whom she has lost track is behind prison bars, her heart goes out to him with love and longing, no matter how far away or how great the crime committed. For he is still "her boy"; and, if a true mother, circumstances, however painful, can never quench the holiest love ever implanted in a human breast. No sacrifice is too great, no hardship too severe, if endured for the sake of her child.

There are a myriad glories of sunrise and sunset, radiant rainbows spanning the sky, fleecy cloudlets floating in the blue azure, fragrant blossoms, and joyous bird songs; but for each of us there is only one mother. The only person who does not stop working at the end of the eight hour limit for labor, nor demands pay for the work accomplished.

"There's not a word, no, not another,
That means so much as just this—Mother."

Surely we who know her priceless worth can echo this sentiment.

A young man of fine appearance once entered our prison, for only a short term of confinement. He made friends with no one, and said nothing of his past or his home or his mother. When the chaplain urged

him to write her, if he had a mother, he refused, saying he did not want her to know he was in prison.

Time passed, and he was suddenly taken ill. He grew worse, and the doctor said there was no hope for his recovery, and a telegram was sent to his mother, whose address he had now given, and he called for her constantly in the height of delirium. She came from a town in Northern Kansas, and before she could arrive he had passed away. The chaplain met the poor mother and took her to his home, but when, in reply to her eager questioning, he told her he was gone, her grief was terrible. It brought tears to the eyes of all who saw her, and she refused to take rest or nourishment. She only wanted to see her Charlie, so she was taken to the chapel, where they had placed his casket. Her dear boy was laid out in a nicer suit than was customary for convicts. He was a fine-looking young man, and lay as if peacefully sleeping. A wreath of white flowers had been arranged upon the casket by the wife of the warden, and in the darkened room all was quiet and hushed. With a heartbreaking sob she sank beside the casket, crying, "Oh my boy, my Charlie, is it so I see you? Oh God, how can I bear it! Wake up, dearie, mother calls you, and mother needs you, oh, so bad. Mother loves you, dear, as ever. Don't you hear me, Charlie? Won't you open your eyes and look at me, Charlie, as you used to?" And she stroked the dark curly hair and the cold cheek of her dead boy, and still said, weeping:—

"I have come to take you home, Charlie, but, oh, not this way. Father is waiting to help me nurse you back to life again, and now we cannot." And from excess of sorrow she could say no more, and fainted away.

Loving hands lifted the unconscious woman and revived her in the house of the warden, and later she was placed in the warden's own conveyance, and accompanied the body of her boy to its last resting place.

Beside her were the wives of the warden and chaplain, and to them she said amidst her sobs:—

“Do you think I will see my Charlie again? They tell me he was bad. I cannot believe it, for he was such a good boy at home, and never did anything wrong, if he knew it was wrong. As soon as he could talk I taught him to pray, and then to read, and he learned so many Bible verses at Sunday school which he said over to me. Oh, no, no, my Charlie could never be bad. You were always a good boy to your mother, Charlie. Oh, Charlie, Charlie! And a passion of weeping convulsed her frame.

So to comfort her broken heart, we sang beside the open grave the tender strains of the “Sweet By and By.” And, as the words floated on the air,—

“There’s a Land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For our Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.
In the ‘Sweet By and By’ (by and by)
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
In the ‘Sweet By and By’ (by and by)
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.”

She grew calmer, and a ray of hope lighted up her features. The impressive burial service was read, and a prayer offered by the chaplain, and the simple rite was over. Yet she lingered, unwilling to leave the spot where lay her beloved one, once the fair, innocent babe she had nourished on her breast, and watched over in his boyhood days, and whom her fond heart would not believe guilty of the crime charged against him. The wreath of fragrant white flowers was placed upon the newly-made grave,—an unusual sight in a convict cemetery,—and we gently drew her away. The day following she began her sorrowful journey homeward to the waiting and anxious father, with only the memory of their boy to linger in their hearts and to weep over, until life’s latest hour.

Another mother's boy came to prison. He was so youthful and innocent in appearance that it did not seem possible he could have been guilty of any serious crime. He had been sentenced two years for an attempted burglary, and was the only one among his evil companions arrested. His mother followed him, heartbroken at this trouble which had befallen them, —a frail, sorrowful woman, who, through the chaplain's assistance, obtained a lodging not far from the prison, that she might be near "her boy."

"Robert is all I have," she said mournfully, "and I cannot be parted from him. When his sentence expires, we will go away together to some place where this disgrace will not be known. I will wait here patiently for the sake of my dear boy." So the long months slipped away, while she saw him as often as the rules permitted. The young man was a model prisoner, and became a favorite among the officers. He was converted under the religious influences existing, and soon desired to be of service to others, and help them find the way of Life. A Voice seemed calling him to the work appointed, and he listened reverently, replying, "Here am I. Send me." His education was limited, but he studied the Bible diligently, and sought instruction and counsel from his good friend, the chaplain.

The glad day of freedom came at last, and the heavy gates swung open to give him egress. His mother was beside him, smiling, and hopeful of his future. They had talked much together about where to go, and Robert longed to be where need was greatest. There were logging camps, and miner's diggings in the Northwestern mountains. But, after careful consideration, the chaplain advised him to go to Northern Manitoba and find work among the settlers, beyond the Great Marshes that extend this side of the high mountains. He could also tell them the sweet Gospel story, and win souls to Jesus.

So Robert and his now happy mother started for their unknown home with many a hearty "God bless you." The long train bore them onward, until at last they caught sight of the Marshes, stretching away for miles to the foothills of this wild region. It was a strange and wonderful scene, the acres of different grasses bowing and whispering in the steadily blowing breeze,—first the redtop, then, as the soil grows damp, the bluejoint, then tall reeds in the standing water, and, last, the wild cane that flourishes in the recesses of the Marshes. From the redtop and bluejoint grasses the settlers make their hay. It was a novel sight, and they had to walk a long distance, after leaving the train, before arriving at any of the scattered houses just beyond the Marshes. They secured lodgings in the rude farmhouse, and were thankful that the hard journey was over. Before retiring, Robert said to his wearied mother:—

"Fear not, mother, for, though our money is nearly gone, I am sure I can soon find a job among these woodcutters in the great forests around here. And I can also hire out in the haying season. I hope I can build a log cabin with my own hands and make a house for you and me, where you can be the homekeeper and mistress. But oh, I want most to be able to tell the people here about Jesus,—those that do not yet know Him."

"Yes, Robert, I will do all I can to make it homelike for us. You know Love can transform a cabin into a palace," was her answer.

The brave boy soon obtained work with a woodchopper, and assisted him in felling the huge trees of these primeval forests. He also helped, during the haying season, to gather the wild grass from the Marshes. The woodchopper gave him some of the logs he cut down, and ere long he began to build the little cabin which he desired for their home. He was a natural carpenter, and his employer showed him how

to construct the tiny building whenever needful. But he still heard the Voice and spoke a word for the Master whenever and wherever there was opportunity, and a religious interest sprang up among the settlers of this backwoods community. The shocked look upon Robert's face at outbursts of profanity had an influence over these rough men, and, whenever "Parson Bob," as they now called him, was within hearing, the oaths were not uttered. The chaplain had given him some Bibles, and with these he started a Sunday school, which had a fair attendance. God's day, heretofore unobserved, began to be kept sacred, and there was talk of starting a church by and by, even in this remote region. They came from a distance to attend the Sunday school, and stayed to the after meeting, where "Parson Bob" explained more fully the way of salvation from sin and its consequences. When the brief summer had passed, and Canadian winter set in with blizzards and snowdrifts, they still attended the Sabbath service at the unused building that served as a chapel. Though snow piled high and blocked up their rude pathways and forest trails, they pushed through somehow, and rarely missed being present. And thus the seasons passed and souls were rescued from Satan's power. Every one loved "Parson Bob," and none knew of his early misfortune.

But, alas! one fair summer day a sad blow fell on the scattered community. Robert was cutting down a tree, when suddenly it toppled over, crushing him to the ground. Some woodmen working near ran to his assistance and removed the heavy trunk from his breast; but he was unconscious, though still breathing. Sadly they lifted him, and bore their light burden to the little home, where the fond mother was preparing the evening meal. Her face grew white as the men brought in the seemingly lifeless form, and with a heart-breaking cry she gasped, "Robert, my Robert."

At the sound of the loved voice his eyes opened, and he feebly took her hand.

"Sing to me, mother,—you know it." And the pale lips whispered, "I was lost, but Jesus found me."

The poor mother took her dying boy in her arms, and, with her face pressed close against his, sang, with trembling voice, the words he loved so well:—

I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Found the sheep that went astray,
Threw his loving arms around me,
Brought me back unto the way.

"And you, too, mother darling," he faltered, "saved me from ruin. I owe it to your love and devotion. I will watch for you at the gates of pearl, 'over there'." And with a last gentle sigh he was gone.

The news that "Parson Bob" had been hurt spread rapidly among the scattered families, and all within reach hastened to his cabin to ascertain the truth of the report. When they saw the lifeless form upon the bed, and the stricken mother sitting silent beside her dead, they burst into lamentations, for their leader in all heavenly things. What could they do without their dear Parson Bob? One little girl sobbed out, "Who can tell us about Jesus now? And won't we have any more Sunday school?" Ah, his memory long would linger!

And so they tenderly laid him away in a grave beneath the whispering pine trees, not far from his cabin, that he had built for his mother and himself to dwell in, while he performed his ministry of love among them. As there was no minister present, the funeral service was simple. A Psalm was read, and a prayer offered by a rough back-woodsman, once profane and given to drinking, whom Robert had led to Christ, and it touched all hearts. The young Parson's favorite hymn was also sung,—"I will sing the wondrous story."

Before dispersing they asked the bereaved mother to

remain with them and keep on with the Sunday school and other Christian work her son had done. They would supply her wants, and see that she was cared for. They needed her presence, and would she stay?

Deeply moved, she consented to still tarry with them, and became the ministering angel of this wilderness region. She was not lonely, for Robert was ever near her in spirit, and she went often to the grave under the pine trees, where a wooden headstone had been placed and on which was painted in large letters,—

Our Parson Bob.

He showed us the way to God.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and forever."

And, as the fond mother placed wild flowers upon her grave,—often at the sunset hour,—she would look up to the infinite blue above, and then at the glories in the western sky, which seemed but a reflection of the glory beyond, into which her dear boy had entered, and where his crown would not be starless.

CHAPTER XII

A STREET ARAB TRANSFORMED

It has been seen that the love of a mother can lighten heavy loads, and assist in the transformation of character. But what of the poor boys who have no mother?

A boy of only sixteen years was sentenced to serve a term of ten years at the penitentiary, at Anamosa, Iowa, for the crime of arson, or setting fire to buildings. He was arrested in the company of other bad boys, who composed a gang of young criminals suspected of "breaking and entering," and burning the barns of adjacent farmers. The lad was so unkempt and ignorant and frail looking, he excited the pity of all around him. He was assigned to a class in the Sunday school taught by a devoted Christian woman, who felt a deep interest in this unpromising lad. As ignorant as a heathen, he had never heard of Jesus, and it was hard to arouse an interest. But, as she told him the sweet Gospel story, the dull face brightened, and his listless attitude was changed. Still he could not grasp the plan of salvation, and earnestly she prayed that light might dawn upon this poor darkened soul.

After he had been under her teaching a year, he was transferred with a company of other prisoners to the lower State Prison at Fort Madison. He was placed by the chaplain in my class in Sunday school, which was also the choir. He was well behaved, and much interested in the Sunday school lessons, and asked many questions. Yet he did not seem to quite understand the way of salvation, but lingered long on the threshold, fearing he was too unworthy to enter the Father's house. And still he longed unspeakably to

be admitted to its joy and service. And we found later, when the shackles of ignorance and vice were removed, that this young soul had fine instincts, and a noble ideal for its future life.

One Sabbath morning the men assembled in the chapel were singing—

“Sinners Jesus will receive,
Sound this word of grace to all,
All who stumble, all who fall.
Sound it o'er and o'er again,—
Christ receiveth sinful men:
Make the message clear and plain,
Christ receiveth sinful men.”

The Holy Spirit used the message in this Gospel song to open his eyes to the truth, and at that moment enabled him to accept Christ as his personal Saviour. The darkness rolled away, and he was filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. It was all so new to the poor neglected boy—this sweet story of Divine love and pardon and condescension—that it overcame him with wonder and gratitude. His slumbering manhood awakened, and, as his love to the Saviour increased, he felt a burning desire to preach the blessed Gospel to others. But how could he ever preach, so ignorant, and hardly able to read or write? He resolved to wait patiently, and do his duty in the prison, and perhaps some way would open. Meanwhile, he attended the night school open to all who wished to come, and learned all he could there. The chaplain also instructed him in the truths of religion, and he studied his Bible faithfully. They both prayed that friends might be raised up for this friendless one, and enable him to carry out his heart's desire.

At last the opportunity, anxiously awaited, came. A door was opened in a remarkable manner.

A benevolent Christian lady in Waterville, Maine, desiring to help some worthy prisoner, wrote to the chaplain at Fort Madison, inquiring if he knew of one.

The chaplain at once sent for young Ahrens, and, when he entered his office, exclaimed, "Johnnie, here is your opportunity."

He then read him the letter containing the offer of a home and chance to get an education. Both kneeled on the office floor, and thanked God that their prayers had been so signally answered. Then the chaplain said:—

"I will make immediate application to the Governor for a pardon; and, as a home is waiting for you, and also your behavior has been exemplary, I think he will grant you one. I am desirous to have you leave here as soon as possible, the close confinement of the shop is bad for you. A change of scene and fresh country air will bring the color to your pale cheeks, and restore your failing health."

"Do you think, sir, that I will ever be able to preach?" was his earnest question.

"Yes, if God will, my dear boy, and you improve the chances of study now offered you by this noble woman's liberality."

"I will surely try to, Chaplain. How soon can I go?"

"As soon as I can get a pardon granted. I will make application to the Governor to-day." And this devoted man of God wrote without delay concerning this young man, and hoped for a speedy answer. The Governor had a kind heart, and felt great confidence in the chaplain's judgment of prisoners, and did even better than expected.

He telegraphed that he would come personally to the prison and consider the case. There was no happier youth inside the Walls, and he was now sure of freedom.

But the Governor was detained by official business, and several weeks elapsed before his arrival. Young Ahrens bore the delay patiently, but his friends, the chaplain and the warden, were sorry to see him drooping day by day, and felt a real concern about him. At

last the Governor came, and was favorably impressed with the youthful prisoner, and gave him the longed-for pardon, with many good wishes for the future.

"God bless you, dear friends, who have been so good to me, and you also, you, my Sunday school teacher, who helped me see the light."

This he said to us, while weeping for very joy. We invited him to our home until he began his long journey to distant Maine. He shed tears when he parted from us and said we had saved him from a blighted manhood. He wrote us of his safe arrival at the new home, and of the kind welcome he received from the lady who had opened to him her doors. She treated him as a son, and would see to his education. In the Autumn he was to enter a preparatory school, and later the college located in the town where he was living. And at the end of his course in college, the Theological Seminary, and then ordination to the work of the Gospel ministry, and appointment to some place where he might work in response to the call first heard, when he gave his heart to the Saviour. It was a high ideal to which to attain, but he held it ever before him as an incentive to effort. He wrote us often, and was diligent and happy in his work and studies. In the summer time he obtained employment from neighboring farmers, and this outdoor work aided his seeming improvement in health and strength. We rejoiced that God had so signally opened the way for this dear boy, wronged and neglected in his early youth, to fulfill the desire of his renewed heart, and looked forward to years of usefulness before him.

But, alas! through a mysterious Providence he was destined never to stand in the pulpit and proclaim the blessed salvation which had rescued him. One bright Spring morning he was ploughing in a field, when suddenly, without warning, he fell unconscious beside his horses. He was picked up and every effort made to revive him, but death had resulted from heart

failure, and he was gone. The woman who had so befriended him mourned as if for a son. Alas! his health had been undermined while only a mere boy, by hard labor and confinement in the prison shoe shop, and this had brought on a weakness of the heart. We wept when the tidings of his early death reached us, for we loved him, and realized that a rare soul, saved by grace, had passed away. But perhaps in Heaven God had some special service for him to do, and summoned His young servant, not waiting for earthly training or entrance into the harvest fields below. It mattered not, for with him "it was well," and we thanked God that we had been privileged to lead this heroic young soul into the heavenly way.

CHAPTER XIII

"GOOD TIME," PAROLE, INDETERMINATE SENTENCE

It can no longer be said of those who go to serve behind the walls, that they who enter here leave Hope behind. For Hope is not excluded, but like a radiant star, lights up the darkness pointing to paths which lead to the restoration of lost manhood.

"Good Time," Parole, and Indeterminate Sentence, are all opportunities for the prisoner to retrieve his downfall, and shorten the term of his imprisonment. After the unfortunate one has been received within the walls, he or she, if a woman, is greeted by the chaplain with a handshake and word of encouragement, and invited to attend the religious services each Sabbath in the chapel. He is also requested to come to the night school through the week. Happy the man who avails himself of this assistance toward the path of rectitude. Some, alas! refuse, and are not reclaimed. They fail to grasp the meaning of the sentiment expressed by one who believed in the capabilities of the human soul.

"This external being is not you. It is not your real self. The glories of sunrise and sunset, the other beauties of Nature, the sweet melodies of violins and voices, the carolling of birds, the loveliness of maidens and wives, the splendors of architecture, the rich treasures of literature and painting,—all pale in comparison to the beauty of that inmost being, you, when transformed by the beauty of holiness." By "Good Time," words so welcome to a prisoner, is meant the shortening of his sentence by good behavior.

The deputy warden of each penitentiary is required to keep a book, in which to record the infraction of any of the rules of discipline or regulations of the

prison committed by any prisoner during the year. Should there be any such, it appears against the prisoner and causes him to lose his "Good Time." If however, he has kept all the rules, and been faithful in the discharge of the duties assigned him, he is granted the privilege of having one month taken off from the time of his sentence; so, if he has one year's sentence, it leaves him only eleven months to serve. When imprisoned for a longer term, an extra month is added to each year beside the original one month, and this goes far in the diminution of the length of sentence. This procedure stimulates the men to endeavor, and has a happy effect throughout the prisons of the land.

The Indeterminate Sentence is another helpful factor in dealing with the criminal classes. The law in accordance with which this merciful provision is made requires that, when any person has committed a felony of which he is convicted, the court imposing the sentence, of imprisonment in the penitentiary, shall not fix the limit or duration of the same, but the term of such confinement shall not exceed the maximum term provided by law, for the crime of which the prisoner is convicted. A shorter sentence may be imposed if the court so elect.

The Parole System is another beneficent factor in the reformation of the "down and out." After a prisoner has been received into the prison and served six months, he is interviewed in regard to his desire for a parole, and, if he wishes for one, a blank paper is given him on which to make a statement of his case, if able to do so, and, if unable, it is done by some prison official. These statements are preserved and shown to the Board of Parole at their regular visits to the prison. They investigate these cases, and granting of the parole is dependent upon the worthiness of the prisoner. If it is granted, the following conditions are imposed:—

First.—A prisoner on parole must not leave the State.

Second.—He must at once proceed to the place of employment previously provided for him by the Board, and enter upon the work assigned him. He must not leave such place or employment without the consent of the Board.

Third.—He must make monthly reports on the first day of the month to the Board, and state the amount of his earnings and savings, and what work he has done.

Fourth.—He must keep good habits,—avoiding bad companions, the use of liquor and cigarettes, saloons and places of ill repute, nor marry, without the consent of the Board.

Fifth.—He must regard himself as still under the custody of the warden and the control of the Board of Parole. The punishment, not the sentence, is suspended, and, if the parole is violated in any of these conditions, he forfeits his right to parole, and can be retaken and returned to the prison from which he came. The Parole Board can thus return him for any reason satisfactory to themselves. Thus his parole gives him freedom only as long as his behavior is correct. It is to the credit of the prisoners that few violate their parole. It is only the lower class of men who prefer to serve out their sentences and not enjoy their liberty, and go to meals all ready for them, at the sounding of the gong. This seems easier than the terms of the parole. Surely their latent manhood has not awakened if such a choice is made.

When a parole man has kept the conditions on which he was released for a year, and desires a final discharge, he informs the Parole Board, who have kept a careful oversight of his conduct; and, if they deem him worthy, a statement is sent to the Governor concerning him, with a recommendation for his discharge from farther liability under his sentence. It is usually

granted; but a close record is kept on the books of the Board, and also placed on file in the Governor's office, of every paroled prisoner.

Such is the parole law of Iowa,—a noble philanthropy, which raises a poor fallen man from the wreck of himself, and gives him a chance to again become a man. It exemplifies the spirit of the Master, who said to the sinning one of old, "Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more." How wondrous this Divine compassion that condemns not, but uplifts!

In that wonderful story, "Les Miserables," the unhappy ex-convict, Jean Valjean, is dragged before the Bishop whose silver plate he had stolen, and left alone with him by the police who had arrested him. The Bishop promptly offered him his fine silver candlesticks also, and addressed him thus:—

"Jean Valjean, my brother, you no longer belong to evil, but to good. I have bought your soul for you, I redeem it from black thoughts and the spirit of perdition, and give it back to God. I trust you absolutely with all I possess, and know you will be trustworthy."

A parallel case to the Bishop's has been found in far-away Japan. In that non-Christian land is the only Christian warden of offenders against the laws. He is not connected with the government, but performs a special labor of love, which is practically supported by the Emperor and Empress. He has dealt with six thousand "Jean Valjeans" instead of only one. Out of this number four thousand have been rescued and reformed, and put into positions of usefulness and trust. The influence which this plain, unpretending man has over wrongdoers is marvelous, and can only be explained by his possessing the spirit of his Divine Master.

His sympathy for the criminal classes was awakened while he was himself a prisoner. Possessed of literary talent, he wrote a treatise upon freedom, which dis-

pleased the government, and he was thrown into prison for several years. This confinement among prisoners aroused pity, and a zeal for their reformation. He opened his house to offenders of all kinds, and had them live under his roof as one family. They were restrained from wrongdoing by his gentle influence, and taught useful occupations. The house in which this large family resides was built by ex-prisoners, and the funds were obtained from a garden party given in the grounds of a wealthy Japanese nobleman. This volunteer warden could live in ease and luxury among his friends in the nobility, but he prefers to stay among his fallen friends and experience the joy of persuading them to turn from evil to good. In a single year he found places for over five hundred, and has had the pleasure of rescuing four thousand "Jean Valjeans." His power comes from his mighty faith in God, and his belief in the better impulses of his fellow men.

In early life he had studied the writings of Confucius, and believed in this pagan philosophy, but, on attending a mission school, became one of the first converts to Christianity. Is he not imbued with the spirit of his Master, who came "not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," and went about doing good? And is he not like the "Good Samaritan" who descended into the pit, and not only rescued the fallen ones within, but bound up their wounds, and provided for their support? Such a life work is noble beyond expression.

The same lofty ideal of transforming men is pictured by Harold Bell Wright, in his late book, "The Recreation of Brian Kent." The sweet-faced old school teacher, "Auntie Sue," took in and cared for the despairing young man, who, a fugitive from justice and a bank-robber, had sought to drown himself in the waters of the river which, deep and swift, flowed near her door. She sheltered him from the officers of the

law and nursed him through delirium tremens and the long prostration of energy that followed. She shared with him her home, and he worked her little farm, until, amid these quiet influences, his finer instincts awakened, and he became a man again. Do we not hear that Voice once more sounding down the ages,— “Neither do I condemn thee. Go, and sin no more.”

CHAPTER XIV

THE RESCUE OF A "NE'ER-DO-WELL"

Morning had dawned over the desert of Nevada. A man stood gazing over the desolate wastes of sand to where the sun, slowly rising, gilded the horizon. His gaze wandered to where the faint outlines of mountains rose against the sky, and his face darkened, as he said bitterly: "Ye lured me up to your ledges with the promise of gold, but ye fooled me; for, after the risk of getting there, I found none. It is yet four days' journey to reach the mining camp I left, and God only knows if I can get there alive. I had better count the cans of food and water left in the pack, and see if there is enough for Bess and me." Stooping down, he counted carefully and then sank down on the sand as if discouraged by the result. His eye fell on the mule, or burro, which lay dejectedly near him, and was the only one left of the half-dozen he had started with on this perilous undertaking.

"Hello, old Bess," he said. "You must not give up now. You and I will pull through together by sharing our rations: You shall have a good square meal when we get back to camp." He patted the head of the poor gaunt animal, and repacked the cans carefully. He was about to place them on the burro and resume their journey, when he caught sight of a moving figure out upon the sand, groping feebly over it with outstretched hands, as if in search of something. He hastened thither, and found the stooping form to be that of a young man, with staring, bloodshot eyes, and sun-blistered face. His tongue protruded from his lips, and as he perceived some one near, with a choking gasp he whispered, "Water." The miner ran to the

pack, and, taking a can of the precious liquid, poured it into the parched mouth. The sufferer seemed relieved by the welcome moisture, but soon lost consciousness. He did not respond to Benton's efforts to revive him, and yet he detected a faint breathing. Returning to the burro, he said, "No going on for us, Bess; for I cannot leave this poor fellow to perish." So saying, he tethered the animal and returned to his charge, who still lay unconscious on the sand. Bringing his coarse blanket, he laid it under the wasted form. From time to time he poured between his lips brandy, which he carried with him in a flask, and at last, when life seemed extinct, he opened his eyes and stared at Benton, but there was no light of reason in them. Again his hands moved feebly back and forth, as if groping for something. Benton ran to the store of cans and, procuring some soup, fed the starved man. He rallied from his stupor, and began to talk in snatches of wild delirium. Benton listened, hoping to learn who the stranger was, and of his past; but he could only catch the words "Father" and "Margaret." So passed that long day, and the next, and the next, before his life ceased to hang in the balance, and he became rational again. Strength returned in a measure, and he became able to tell his kind rescuer his name, —Frank Huntley, and that he was the son of a wealthy man in the East. He grew wild during his college days and forged the name of his father, for which he was sent to prison. His father obtained a pardon and he came West, to work in the mines of Nevada.

"I wanted to make good," he said, "and pay back to my good old father what I had taken from him. And Margaret, the girl who promised to marry me, is waiting, too, for me to 'make good.' Oh, I must make good, for their sakes. I did not mean to do wrong. I worked hard at the mines, but some ore was missing one day, and the fellows who were guilty of the theft accused

me. Though I denied taking it, they turned me out of the camp and carried me into this desert, where they left me to perish, had you not found me. Thank God for your assistance."

He sank back exhausted, and could say no more. He sank into the same old stupor from which the miner had aroused him. John Benton arose, and walked over to where the burro was tethered, and stood looking at him thoughtfully.

"Well, old Bess, we must get on again, soon. We have been on half-rations these days, sharing with the sick man, and I fear not much stuff is left. Let me look it over and see." He went to the pack and again counted the cans with an anxious face. "One, two, three, four,—and but little water left. We shall have to 'move on,' Bess."

He paced slowly back and forth, thinking, and at last said bitterly: "What is this man to me? Why should I stay here longer till we all perish from lack of food and water? He has no claim upon me. So come, Bess, we will start at once."

He placed the pack on the back of the animal and was about to mount, when a faint cry sounded,— "Water, water." Snatching up a can of the fluid, he hastened to the side of the man he had decided to forsake, and gave him the drink he craved.

"Thank you," he said gratefully, "you are so good to me. What would I do without you? I must get well faster, and not keep you waiting here."

With a pang of remorse for his intended desertion, the miner took off the pack and again tethered Bess. Returning, he sat down beside the invalid and fed him nourishing broth he had taken from the can and warmed. He grew rapidly stronger, and before night was able to sit up. The next morning Benton asked him if he felt able to start for the camp.

"We must not delay another hour," he said earnestly.

"Do you think you can make it, mon? You can ride on the mule, and I will walk beside you, and maybe we can reach the camp." And so they set out, a pathetic spectacle, moving slowly over the scorching sand. It was life or death with them now, and they dared not stop or falter. Only the smallest rations could be allowed, and all grew weaker. Once a desert sandstorm swept over them, and they had to lie on their faces, and cover Bess' head to keep her from inhaling the hot, poisonous sand. When the evening of the second day after starting arrived, they were about exhausted. When morning dawned, the miner, trying to arise, found he could not walk, but was only able to drag his legs after him, and they had no feeling in them, and his feet were too swollen to get his shoes on. He was stunned by this new calamity, for he could no longer walk beside the burro, and both men could not ride the poor animal, and she was weakening rapidly. How could he tell Frank Huntley? What could be done now in this emergency?

Huntley was not yet awake, for it was early and he would not arouse him. He crawled painfully away, a short distance; for he must have time to think it all over, and decide what course to take. He stopped near a slight elevation where a rock protruded from the sand, and raised himself to a sitting posture. There seemed to be a sunken ledge of rocks extending quite a distance below the surface, over which, for years, the sand had drifted. Beside him was a hole where a badger had made its nest, and, as he looked around, suddenly, his eye fell on a glittering fragment of metal at his feet, and, picking it up, his keen eye saw it was gold. The badger must have brought it up from below. But where? And he must find out where. Oh God, had he gone through all this danger and suffering in his terrible trip through the desert, to find at last the gold which now could be of no use to him? And he

wept like a child. But, as he sat there, a high resolve nerved him with endeavor. Rather than let the secret die with him, why not tell Frank Huntley, who was trying to "make good," and let it help him to pay back to his father the money taken wrongfully. Could he trust him with it? But he must first find if there was really gold below. He had lost his pick and shovel on the long weary march, and had only a coarse jack-knife; but he fell to work with feverish energy, and dug beneath the surface till he came to the sunken ledge where he found the nest of the badger. Searching underneath it, he saw a bed of quartz, imbedded with nuggets of gold. There was no telling how much gold lay concealed in the sunken ledges, but such a find could make his fortune.

He must live, and yet his life meant death to the other man, the man he had rescued from the desert. For there was not food enough left to last them two days longer, to say nothing of poor Bess, and Frank wanted so much to "make good," and there were his father and Margaret waiting for him. No, he was the one to stay behind and die. And yet it was hard to do this and perish alone of starvation and thirst. Would God give him strength for such a sacrifice?

He heard Huntley stirring, and called to him. He came over, and he showed him the badger's hole and the nest, beneath which lay the sparkling gold. Huntley was astonished, and the two shook hands joyfully.

"But why do you sit down?" he asked Benton, as he made no effort to rise.

"Because my feet are kind of used up," was his answer. "I cannot walk, Frank. Now come and sit down by me. I have something important to say." Wondering what he meant, the young man obeyed and sat quietly down to listen.

"Frank," he said slowly and solemnly, "our provisions and water are nearly gone, and there are still two

days' journey to the camp. My legs seem paralyzed, and I can walk no farther. You still have to ride on the burro, as you are too weak to walk; and, as we are in this fix, I want you to leave me here, and push on at once for the camp. Send help back to me at once, and I will try to hold out till it gets here. If the poor beast, so long only half-fed, fails you, get there somehow, if you have to crawl. I give you these directions how to find this spot, and keep and give to those who come to rescue me." And he handed him a slip of paper. "I will make you partner with me in this mine I have discovered, and we will stake our claim as soon as possible.

"Now hurry on, Frank, and never forget that I rescued you and helped you to 'make good.' Good-bye, and God bless you."

Frank Huntley remonstrated, and refused to leave the man to whom he was so deeply indebted; but John Benton stood firm in his determination to have this plan carried out. Otherwise they would all perish. There was no one waiting for him, as there was for Frank, and no one would miss him. "But stop, I will go back if you help me, and divide the cans remaining between us." He crept slowly to the pack, and took out several cans, leaving the rest. "These will be enough for me," he said; but he did not tell Huntley that they were empty, except for one last drink of water. Then he crawled back to the badger's hole, where the two men again shook hands and said good-bye. Lying back beside the hole as if to guard his treasure, John Benton looked up into the sky with a sense of infinite peace in his heart; for he had given his life for another, whom he deemed worthy of the supreme sacrifice.

Huntley rode onward with a troubled and anxious heart. It hurt him to leave the older man alone to suffer, and he had but little hope of ever reaching the

camp. But this forlorn effort was worth trying, and Benton's life was at stake. The heat and glare was terrible; but he rode on, faint and hungry, until the afternoon of the second dreadful day, when Bess fell exhausted on the sand, and soon breathed her last. He was but a short distance from the camp, and must he fail now?

He stumbled on, on foot, falling often from sheer weakness, until at evening he saw the lights of the mining settlement. He shouted feebly, but the faint call was heard, and men rushed to his assistance. He begged them to go instantly to a man dying in the desert of starvation and thirst, and gave them the crumpled bit of paper on which the direction to take was written. A relief party, with food and water, mounted fast horses and galloped away. He watched them depart, and then swooned away. He was carried to the rude hospital and carefully nursed until strength returned,—after his two terrible experiences in that desert country. A telegram was sent his father, and the old man came speedily to find his son, who had been lost, but now was found. Margaret also came, and was united to the lover for whom she had long waited. But they did not forget the man who died for them in the desert.

The relief party found the miner dead, beside the badger hole, and with a smile upon his face among the lines of suffering. The empty cans lay by his side. They buried him near, and marked the lonely grave, so it could be found. They saw not the hidden gold beneath the surface, so it was still a secret known only to Frank Huntley and his father.

One day, when quite recovered, the father and son rode to the sacred spot where Benton had made his noble self-sacrifice, and, kneeling by the grave, pledged each other to use the wealth he had found and given them, to noble purposes. They staked their claim, and

formed a company, of which the elder man was the president. The mine they opened and worked proved productive, and brought much wealth.

A costly monument was erected over the lone grave in the desert that could be seen afar, with the inscription:—

“John Benton, aged forty-four.
He gave his life, here, for another.

‘Greater Love hath no man than this: that a man lay down his life for his friends’.”

CHAPTER XV

OUR BROTHERS IN PRISON

In the wondrous discourse of our Lord concerning a judgment which was to come upon the nations, he said to the righteous, in commendation of their service, "I was in prison and ye came unto Me." When, surprised, they inquired, "Lord, when saw we thee in prison, and came unto thee? sick, and visited thee?" he replied,—

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me." He calls the outcast ones brothers, and shall we show less compassion than our Lord? Shall we look down with disdain on those, who yielding to temptation, have fallen by the way, and need a helping hand extended, that they may arise? It is diviner to pity and succor than to stand aloof and condemn.

There are four views of the purpose of imprisonment. The first view is to take revenge. "An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." If a man commits a crime, give him punishment equal to the offense. If any one kills another, take his or her life in return. This is according to the Mosaic law,—but we are not now living under the old dispensation.

The second view is to make imprisonment as hard as possible, in order to deter the offender from a repetition of the crime. But this plan does not bring about the expected results, and has passed into disfavor.

The third view is to segregate the prisoners, and keep them apart from others. This mode of dealing with them would protect society from this dangerous element.

The fourth and humane view represents the Christ ideal. Our Lord, in his public utterances in the syna-

gogue, once said, "I am come to preach deliverance to the captives," and again, concerning the sacred mission he was to perform, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance." And still again, He describes himself as the Good Shepherd, who leaves the ninety and nine in the fold, and goes to seek that which is lost or the one which has gone astray. No peril is greater than that which surrounds a lost sheep, and the Shepherd rescues the wandering one with infinite pity and joy. Forget not the declaration made by our Father above,—that He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. What wonderful compassion is revealed in these utterances, and how striking the contrast to the harsh judgments of the world!

In regard to the first view of the purpose of imprisonment, so much opposition has arisen these later years to capital punishment, that life sentences have frequently been given, in preference to taking the life of the offender.

The second view, that punishment should be made unendurable, is not only cruel in the extreme, but produces no good results. A prisoner harshly treated becomes sullen, bitter and hard, and breaks the rules of discipline.

Formerly prisoners had dark cells, or the "solitary," as it was called, where refractory ones were confined alone, on bread and water only, and, if especially bad, were hung up by the thumbs. Sometimes a ball and chain were fastened around the ankle, and the heavy ball dragged after him as he walked. This special disgrace was extremely mortifying to the unhappy prisoner. But severe punishment did not reform the criminal or deter him from future bad behavior. The theory that imprisonment must be made frightful did not work out well. It reduced a man to the level of his baser instincts, and sometimes reason gave way

under the intolerable conditions, and often resort was had to suicide rather than to endure it longer.

In that dreary French prison, the Bastille, the terrible results of merciless punishment were seen. When, during the French Revolution, it was stormed and razed to the ground, in its loathsome dungeons prisoners sentenced for life were found in a shocking condition. With no knowledge of the outside world, and in solitary seclusion, they had become idiotic. Some were shrieking maniacs, others, groveling in rags and filth, had forgotten how to talk. No wonder, when sounds of any kind had not broken the dreary silence for years! The gloomy structure, containing so much terrible suffering, deserved its fate of being torn down by the indignant people, whose relatives were perishing there.

A deplorable case of imprisonment was found in a prison in our own country. It became known that a man called Jesse Pomeroy had been incarcerated forty-three years in a dark, solitary cell without windows, and allowed to see no one or ever leave his cell. Much pity was awakened by the discovery, and efforts made to better his condition. It was proposed to put him in another cell where large windows furnished light and air, and he could watch his fellow prisoners in the yard outside. But, sullen from his treatment, he refused to leave his dreary cell unless he could have a pardon. "I want a pardon," he repeated, "a pardon, or nothing." A wealthy woman offered to give him a home as a domestic, as soon as he was pardoned. He had received a grievous wrong in this inhuman mode of punishment, even though his crime was great; for it dwarfed his soul and crippled his energies, making him the wreck of the man he might have been, and deprived him, until advanced in years, of a chance to "make good."

The third view—that criminals ought to be segregated to protect society—is also not sufficient to correct

the evil. No, the only way to protect society is to make a good man out of a bad one, and this can never be accomplished without the Christly ideal of good will toward them. And why deny the ability of the Divine grace to soften the hard heart and bring tears of repentance to eyes unused to weeping? Our Lord is able to save unto the uttermost; and not only the dying thief on the Cross, but the criminal in the prison, the poorest pauper in the slums, and the despised drunkard can all clasp hands and praise His saving grace and power.

It is related of Jake Parsons, a notorious drunkard, that he awoke one night after a drunken debauch, and saw the Saviour looking down upon him. His face was so pure and lovely and His gaze so friendly, it drew his heart toward Him, and he found he loved Him. Sin now seemed so distasteful that he resolved to forsake it, and grieve Him no longer by wicked deeds. He said to some one:—

“When I looked at Jesus, I was too happy to be afraid; but, when I looked at myself, I was too afraid to be happy.” The Holy Presence remained beside him until a change was wrought which showed in his after conduct, for he lived a blameless life for thirty-five years, until he fell asleep in Jesus, testifying to the last to the power of the great salvation, from sinful habits and drink. Well might these rescued ones sing:

“His blood can make the foulest clean,
That blood availed for me.”

Instances like this should remove all doubt that the Lord Jesus is an Almighty Saviour, whose atonement avails for all. And He is one with His Father, who created the universe.

When we look at Nature, and see how He evolves the diamond out of black carbon and soot, rich gems

like ruby and opal out of sand and clay,—if He can grow the whitest lily out of the blackest earth, why distrust His ability to transform, by His divine alchemy, the darkened heart to purity and cleanse it from sin's defilement?

Nay more. If man, created by Him, can produce smooth white paper out of black filthy rags and the dark log of a tree; if he can reproduce beautiful porcelain and useful and ornamental glass out of sand; if he is able to manufacture valuable products out of waste or refuse matter; if in paintings he can reproduce the beauties of sunsets, rainbows, mountains and flowers,—all these seem like miracles. And if, furthermore, he can hitch the forces of Nature to his chariots, and make them carry his commerce, and turn all the wheels of his machinery; if by harnessing the forces of electricity he can turn night into day, send messages with the rapidity of lightning across the continents and along the bottom of the ocean; if he can perform the wonder of the "wireless," throwing abroad waves of sound to be caught by delicate apparatus; if he can bring distance into nearness, and render voices audible from afar; if, by imitating the flight of the bird he can sweep the sky in the airplane, and also speed across the ground in swift self-moving conveyances; if by catching the sweet sounds of voices and melodies he can record them to be repeated whenever desired; if he has measured the depths of the earth, and discovered the physical laws that govern the great universe; and if, soaring beyond this little earth, he gazes through the powerful telescopes he has invented, and unfolds the mysteries of the heavens, and hears them telling the glory of God and his handiwork; has measured the infinite space and found the distance of the fixed stars, the motions of the heavenly bodies, and the velocity of light,—to accomplish all which seems almost superhuman, even in this twentieth century,—

it is because God endowed him with power and energy to act and create these marvels. He made him in his own image, and bestowed on him these mighty faculties of mind. Can we then doubt his Maker's ability to regenerate his soul, and make it meet for an inheritance in Heaven?

CHAPTER XVI

THE STORY OF A NOTED DESPERADO

Throughout the State of Iowa a man by the name of Polk Wells was known as its greatest criminal. He had been a cowboy in the Far West, an Indian fighter, a house-breaker, and had joined a gang of rough characters who became outlaws, and were guilty of many depredations. A heavy price was set on his head, and he was finally arrested and sent to Fort Madison for highway robbery.

He was born on a farm in Iowa and reared in the country, until, at fifteen years of age, he ran away from home. It was on account of a cruel stepmother, to whose unkindness he attributed his career of crime. He was under no religious influence, and left to grow up ignorant and untaught. He hired out to a farmer, until he earned enough money to buy a cowboy's outfit. He then went West, and roamed the broad plains for ten years. He saw much of the Indians, and became expert in fighting them, having killed over fifty Indians. He was on this account a fine marksman, and seldom missed his aim.

Returning to Iowa, he found his former home deserted, as his father had gone away. So he went to Missouri, and found work upon a farm. Here he met a girl whom he loved, and they were married. With money he had saved from his earnings he purchased a little home in Iowa, and settled down to regular habits and the support of his wife and baby. Unfortunately, through a technicality in the purchase, he lost the house and land, and they were left without a home. He was compelled to seek a way to earn their living. He took his wife, Nora, to a neighbor, where she could work for her board, until he could provide



POLK WELLS

for her again. He went away, uncertain what to do, and, alas, fell into bad company, learned to gamble and drink, and at last to commit crime. He joined a band of outlaws and grew so skillful in robbery that the officers of the law were after him and his partners in theft. He attributed his wrongdoing to the lack of religious training and watchful care in his early youth. Ambuscades were laid for his capture but he always escaped. Once, when he had gone near his former home to see his wife, he was nearly caught. It was rumored that he was in the vicinity, and a posse of men were stationed in an adjacent thicket. He heard of their coming, and fled in the opposite direction. Nora had begged him to desist from his wrong practices, and for the present, leave the country while in such danger of arrest. He promised her to stop, and leave the State, if he could make a "get-away."

When he ran to hide from the pursuing posse, he had left his horse, a fine blooded animal, grazing in the pasture. He could not escape without it. He bade Nora bring him the horse, if she could do so without betraying his whereabouts, and, kissing her hastily, departed. She watched him hide in a clump of bushes, and noted the direction. She then hastened to the pasture, caught and saddled the horse, and, mounting it, rode toward the place where the pursuers were concealed. With flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, she sat erect on the noble animal, unafraid. They hailed her as she passed by, and asked if she had seen a strange man they were hunting? She replied in the negative, and galloped on for some distance. Returning, she saw the pursuers leaving the thicket, as if they had given up hope of finding the fugitive. When out of sight, she took the horse to her waiting husband, and, bidding him farewell, watched him disappear rapidly in the distance. Then the plucky young woman returned to her home with the kind neighbor who had befriended her. Would he keep his promise

to her, and find some honest work to do and send for her? She hoped so, and prayed earnestly for the man she still loved.

The bandit was absent for so long a time, and without sending her any word, that she thought he was dead; and after waiting still longer, she decided to marry again. A neighboring farmer pitied and loved her, as she was an attractive young woman, and lonely, since her baby had died. She was thankful to accept his protection, and they were married, and lived on his farm, not far from her first home with Wells.

They lived together happily until, one evening, a horseman rode up to the door, and, without dismounting, inquired for Nora Wells. She came, and, although well disguised, she recognized Polk Wells. The glance of the new-comer fell upon the man who stood within the room, and he understood.

"Are you married to him?" he inquired sternly.

"We thought you were dead," sobbed Nora, "and, as I was alone, and lonely, I married this man."

"Are you happy with him?" was the next question.

"Yes, he is good and kind to me."

"Then stay with him, my girl. I am not good enough to be your husband, and cannot give you a home. I will make no trouble over this, so do not be afraid. I came here at a great risk to catch a sight of you, for I was hungry to see you; and now I must be off, for they are after me. Good-bye forever, Nora, but don't forget me."

He kissed her hastily, and was off as the sound of galloping horsemen became louder in the distance. He vanished in the fast gathering twilight, and escaped again,—a second "Enoch Arden," in self-sacrifice for the sake of another.

He had now joined the outlaw band of the Young Brothers, whose deeds were daring and desperate. He went to another part of the country, but was hotly pursued from State to State. Leaving Minnesota, they

crossed over into Iowa, and committed so bold a highway robbery that additional efforts were made to arrest them. A terrific fight took place between the pursuers and the bandits, in which part of the gang escaped. But Polk Wells was captured, after many bullets had been fired into his body. He was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the prison at Fort Madison for ten years. He was suffering from a wound in his leg, and other wounds, and was put in the hospital for treatment.

But his roving nature could not bear imprisonment, and he had not been there a month before he began to make plans for escape. He took two of the "trusties," or waiters, in the hospital into his confidence, and they contrived a way of escape.

The night guard was an elderly man by the name of Elder. He could be easily overcome and chloroformed, and then after gagging the other inmates of the room they could cut a hole in the roof large enough to crawl through and get away. They put this plan into execution, and one night Cook, one of the trusties, poured out a drink of wine which had been ordered for Polk Wells occasionally, and, approaching the guard, offered him the glass, saying he needed it more than Wells, as he did not seem to feel well this evening. Tempted by the liquor, and thinking it might "stiffen him up" a bit, the guard, neglectful of his duty, accepted the proffered glass, not suspecting that it had been heavily drugged by Cook, who, as a "trusty," had access to the medicine closet. The opiate soon took effect, and Guard Elder sank into a stupor.

"Now is our opportunity," cried Wells. "Quick, take this string and cloth, and gag the sick men in their cots, so they can make no outcry." A ladder was then brought and Cook, mounting, proceeded to cut a hole in the roof with some sharp instrument he had obtained, and, as soon as it was large enough, the three conspirators climbed the ladder one after the

other, until they got out upon the roof of the hospital. Polk Wells had much difficulty in mounting, on account of his wounded leg, but was assisted by Fitzgerald, the third one of the three escaping men, who climbed behind him. They descended to the ground by means of a rope, which they had secured and hidden. By the aid of the rope they also scaled the wall, and got away in the darkness unperceived. Murder had been committed, but they knew it not, for they only intended to stupefy the old guard until they could get away.

A dead silence reigned in the hospital. The sick men, gagged and bound to beds and chairs, were powerless to give the alarm, and gazed with horror upon the motionless form of the poor old night guard lying on the cot where the escaping men had placed him. Life was fast ebbing away, as the sickening smell of chloroform filled the room, from the cloths they had saturated with it and placed upon his face. At last one of the sick men, a little stronger than the others, moved his chair, to which he was tied, slowly across the floor, until he reached the alarm bell, which he pulled with all his remaining strength. It rang faintly, but was heard in the corridors below, and night guards came running up to find what was wrong in the hospital. They burst the door open, and saw the shocking scene,—the unconscious guard, the gagged and helpless invalids, the hole in the roof, the ladder, and the scent of chloroform. They rushed to the side of the guard, and tried to revive him, but in vain. The chloroform had done its work, and poor Guard Elder was no more. The alarm was given, and the sound of running feet was heard in all directions. The day guards were summoned, the church bells rung, and many citizens offered their assistance. Parties were organized to scour the woods and watch the trains; for they had removed their striped clothing and put on citizens' suits, which they had obtained secretly from the tailor's shop.

The three men separated, Polk Wells not being able to keep up with the other two on account of his injured leg. They obtained food at a farmhouse, saying they were on their way to a logging camp, and were out of provisions. This they divided with Wells, and went on, while he secreted himself in a barn, in a dark corner beneath some hay. His leg was painful and swollen, and he felt weak and discouraged. Why had he not remained in the hospital, where the wound could be dressed? And he had added another misdeed to his long list of offences. Could he have looked into Guard Elder's home, and seen his family weeping around the lifeless body of the man he had helped to murder, he would have felt worse. But he knew before long. The searching parties had been out two days without finding traces of the fugitives. On the third day a farmer going to a remote corner of his barn, thrust a pitchfork into the hay that was piled there, when a voice said suddenly, "Look out, don't hit me."

Throwing the hay aside, he discovered Wells crouching there, and too helpless to move, from the inflamed condition of his leg. He thought he was one of the escaped prisoners, and kept watch over him while he sent word to the pursuers who soon arrived and arrested the fugitive. Handcuffs were placed upon his wrists, and a litter improvised, upon which he was laid. Placing him in a wagon, which jolted him painfully, he was brought back to the prison, followed by a jeering crowd of men and boys. His comrades in crime were caught soon after. All were indicted for murder in the first degree, and held in close custody for trial. The trial came off soon, and it did not take long for the jury to agree on a verdict of "guilty." As the prisoners were led in by the sheriff, heavily handcuffed, they were objects of curiosity in the crowded court room. Many citizens attended the notable murder case. Polk Wells and Cook were given life sentences, but

Fitzgerald, because he had been led into the crime by the two older men, and had taken no active part in the affair, was given eighteen years. Wells expressed remorse over the death of the old guard, saying he had not meant to kill him.

Polk Wells—former bandit, and now murderer—resigned himself to his fate of lifelong imprisonment, but determined to try to make the balance of his life count for something, even inside of prison bars. He resolved to obey the rules, attend the night school, to help make up for his lack of early education, and to improve all the opportunities available. Three things only should occupy him,—the work assigned him in the shops, education, and religion. He carried out this purpose faithfully, and was, indeed, a model prisoner.

Soon after his arrival and escape and return to the penitentiary as a life prisoner, he came into my Sunday school class one Sunday, and after the close of the lesson one of the teachers said to me, —

“Did you know that you had Polk Wells in your class to-day?”

Startled, I made answer, “No. I would have been afraid of him.”

The following Sunday I had him pointed out, and was surprised to find he was not at all fierce looking, but mild and gentle in appearance. His subsequent life showed he was not wholly bad, but had redeeming traits of character, which under better influences might have made a noble man of him.

After some time, while attending the religious services, he professed conversion, and wanted to join a church. He received baptism in the prison chapel, and became a member of the Methodist church in the city. He was ever ready to testify for Christ before his fellow prisoners. He grew fond of reading, and drew out many books from the prison library.

He also learned to do skillful work in leather, and

made many ornamental articles for sale during his leisure moments, and also canes of all kinds.

The most ambitious effort of his later years was writing a book, containing an account of his life and early experiences in crime, and also his efforts at reformation and repentance of his misdeeds. His ignorance of textbooks was a handicap to the correct use of English, but the chaplain gave him instruction when needed, and, with his painstaking, the manuscript presented a creditable appearance. He was offered a thousand dollars for it by a publisher, but refused it, waiting for a better offer.

But at last, after years of confinement, came the end to this wanderer on Life's highway. The many wounds he had received in fighting against arrest, and the close air of the shops, tended to enfeeble him, and he was taken ill and ordered to the hospital. He remained there many weeks, and did not improve. When hope of recovery was gone, he asked the chaplain to write to his former wife, and tell her he had not long to live. With love for him still in her heart, she came at once, and nursed him tenderly to the last. She could not forget his magnanimity to her at their last meeting and farewell, and was glad she could be any comfort to him before he passed away. She shed tears of genuine sorrow when he breathed his last.

Gazing upon that quiet form and face so peaceful, we who knew him thanked God for the wonderful redemption through which, although no murderer has eternal life abiding in him, this soul was cleansed from iniquity, and the blessed promise fulfilled,—

“Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”

CHAPTER XVII

THE CALL TO A NEW FIELD OF LABOR

In the year 1886 the overcrowded condition of the penitentiary at Fort Madison caused the legislature of Iowa to provide for another prison, to be located in the city of Anamosa, Iowa; and, as soon as suitable buildings were erected, a part of the prisoners were transferred to the new quarters. Mr. Marquis Barr was appointed warden in 1886, and began his administration April 1st of that year. He was a personal friend of Chaplain Gunn, and offered him the position of chaplain in Anamosa.

Although he loved the Gospel work in the older prison, Chaplain Gunn felt this might be a call from God to some special labor, and he accepted the offer. The work was the same, with the addition of the Women's Department. His family were desirous of the change, as Anamosa was noted for its schools and churches, and also as a pleasant residence town.

He therefore resigned his position at Fort Madison, and on April 1st, 1886, began work at Anamosa. The religious services were the same, with the addition of another service at the Women's Department. There was also the night school. Chaplain Gunn remained here during Warden Barr's administration, and was recalled to Fort Madison in 1892.

In 1907 the legislature of Iowa ordered the penitentiary to be changed to a reformatory, where first offenders should be confined. A fire had occurred a short time previously, which had burned down the large building containing the chapel, the library, the dining room, kitchen and laundry, which made new accommodations necessary. The new buildings were begun under the supervision of Warden Hunter, who



St. George's Cathedral, Bangalore, India

deserves much credit for remodeling the whole institution. He planned the extensive improvements and additions, which made the former prison into a reformatory, spacious and elegant in its furnishings and appointments, and has been called the handsomest prison in the United States. It is beautiful in both its external and internal architecture, being constructed out of stone taken from the State quarry, where the men go daily to labor, under a strict guard. One of the chief attractions is a stained glass rotunda extending from the base to the top of the lofty central, or administration building, and a winding marble staircase leads to the dizzy height above. Concerts by the prison orchestra are frequently given on Saturday evening, which are greatly enjoyed by the townspeople, who are permitted to attend them.

The spacious chapel also contains stained glass ornamentation, and a large pansy, a beautiful floral design, decorates the wall just back of the pulpit. It seems like an audience room in a church, were it not that the iron bars at the windows remind one that this is a prison.

Adjoining the chapel is the library, where thousands of volumes are kept, and distributed to the inmates several times a week. This is a great comfort to the men, many of whom are fond of reading.

The school rooms are also of interest, where different classes are instructed under the supervision of a competent superintendent and by teachers from the outside. Those ignorant of rudimentary branches—and some could not read or write—were taught reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic, while those more advanced study algebra, geometry, applied physics, business correspondence, mechanical drawing and manual training. The manual training feature has had a wonderful development, and is very popular with the prisoners. The average attendance at the schools is from three to four hundred.

On the first floor are the offices of the warden and clerk. On the second floor are two large reception rooms, one furnished in red and the other in blue plush, and handsomely furnished. There are also a state dining room, a ballroom, and living rooms for the warden's family. On the third floor are the sleeping apartments, all furnished with every convenience and comfort by the State. Ornamenting every room is a border of stencil work, along the edge of the ceiling, all done by the prisoners under the direction of a foreman from the outside. It is a marvel of artistic beauty, and attracts the admiration of every beholder.

On each side of this central building extends a spacious cell house, where the convicts sleep and are locked up at night. Each cell is furnished with a cot, chair, and table, and a Bible, given by the State. The floor is bare, and the walls also, except where some of the men, more tasteful than the others, have hung up engravings and pictures taken from the magazines, to give the bare cell a more homelike appearance.

In the enclosure surrounding the buildings are a butter tub factory, cooper shop, machine shop, tailor shop and laundry. The large stone shed is a busy place, where many are employed, cutting the stone which has been taken from the adjacent quarry, and shaping it into blocks for building purposes and polishing them, to be ready for use.

The State quarry is several miles from the prison, and a detachment of convicts go there every morning to take out stone, which is loaded on trucks, and conveyed to the large gate in the wall, which is opened to let them through. A short line of railroad has been constructed to the quarry. The men remain there all day under a strict watch by guards placed in small towers overlooking the prisoners as they work, and who would shoot any that tried to escape. There is a building containing a kitchen and a dining room on the grounds, where good dinners are furnished them.

As all the buildings of the reformatory have been constructed out of the quarry stone, which is grayish white in color, resembling marble, and are also graceful in architecture, they present a beautiful appearance. And, wherever space admits, throughout the yard flower beds are laid out, and roses climb, throwing their fragrance on the air. The greenness and blossoms of this shrubbery vie with that of the other prison in beauty, but, alas, over all, with the blue heaven above, is the sombre shadow of the wall.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT AND THE
CRIMINAL INSANE

Beyond the south cell house is a wide enclosure, within which a building has been erected for the use of the female prisoners. It is provided with every convenience. It consists of a large central room, on three sides of which are the cells, where the women are locked up at night. Beyond this are the dining room, kitchen, laundry, and office of the matron, and also a large schoolroom. An exquisite order and neatness prevails through the building, which is under the careful supervision of a day and a night matron. A teacher comes also from the outside, and gives instruction in the schoolroom, which is furnished with rows of seats and tables, and serves as a chapel also, for the religious services on Sundays.

After preaching to the men, in the large chapel, the Chaplain repairs to the Women's Department and conducts another service there. A prayer meeting follows, in which any can take part. A Sunday school is held in the afternoon, in this same room, taught by devoted Christian women from the town.

A wide grassy yard extends around one side of the building, which affords exercise for the inmates, and which is always taken on pleasant days, under the care of the matron. The average number is from thirty to forty, and are from eighteen to eighty years of age. Their crimes are various,—from theft and immorality to murder. Thus we see that this department is a small world in itself, and furnishes many cases of interest. It is said that a bad woman is worse than a bad man, but this assertion would have to be proved.

A young woman of attractive appearance, and only

seventeen years of age, was sentenced for shooting her husband, who attempted to force her to a life of shame, in order to bring him money. She was liberated later, on account of her youth, and was befriended by kind people, who pitied the poor young girl, so sorely wronged by the one who should have been her protector.

A woman, disguised as a man, was arrested for theft, and sent to the prison for a term of two years. She was assigned to work in the shops, and locked up in a cell at night with a man who was a German. No suspicion was aroused for six months, until she was taken ill and sent to the hospital. Her real sex was discovered when the doctor told her to unfasten her clothing that she might be examined. A surprising revelation followed, which transferred her to the Women's Department.

In the Spring of 1918 the female prisoners were removed to Rockwell City, Iowa, during the wardenship of Mr. McClaughry, because it was deemed better for the male and female prisoners not to be confined in the same institution. In spite of strict watch care, means of communication were established through notes thrown, to the men, and also by them to the women. Hence arose a need for separation.

On account of the World War there were so many Federal prisoners that the building at Rockwell City became overcrowded, and in the Autumn of the same year they were returned to their former quarters in the reformatory. After the close of the War they were taken back to Rockwell City and the Industrial School.

Adjacent to the Women's Building is the one which shelters the criminal insane. Here are gathered those demented people who have committed crimes which exclude them from the ordinary asylums. The department is divided into three wards, one of which is for dangerous patients, the next for those less violent, and

the last one for the mildly insane. Experienced guards are required to handle these men, and it is often a position of danger.

A terrible event occurred when a dozen furiously insane men sprang upon the guard, stationed with gun in the ward, and bore him to the floor. They struck him savagely, with loud screams and curses, and would have killed him had not the outcry been heard below. Guards rushed up to ascertain the cause of the pandemonium, and found Guard Outland lying unconscious and bleeding on the floor. They grappled with the maniacs, and bound them fast, and order and quiet were restored to the ward, and precautions taken to allow less liberty to the dangerous class of men. It took many months for the injured officer to recover from the terrible onslaught.

Some pathetic sights can be seen in the mildly insane ward. Once, when entering the door with a party of visitors, we saw a man with his face to the wall. His hands were moving back and forth across it, as if playing a piece of music, and in perfect time. He seemed absorbed in this occupation and did not look up as we passed by.

"He thinks he is playing the piano," explained the guard, "and stands there, moving his fingers, for hours. He was a musician, and derives comfort from his imaginary instrument." Other inmates of the ward were engaged in apparently reading magazines and papers, but it did not seem to engross their attention. They were permitted to go to Sunday school in the chapel, accompanied by special guards, and were quiet and orderly. I was asked to teach them for several Sundays, not knowing that they were from the insane department, and noticed only that these men were unresponsive and hard to interest. One of the number served as Sunday school secretary, and kept record of the classes very well.

One of the most tragical crimes committed by these

demented men occurred in Eastern Iowa. A man by the name of Williams grew unbalanced, and finally became a religious fanatic. In a dream he thought God told him to kill his family. He must obey the Divine command, so one evening he entered the kitchen where his wife was preparing supper, and holding a young babe in her arms. He approached her, and with a knife he had held behind him stabbed her to the heart. She fell dying to the floor, and, as he had locked the door, the little children standing by could not escape or give an alarm. He killed them also, and then, kneeling down by the bodies of those whom he ought to have loved and cherished, he told God that the deed He had commanded was done. Arising from his knees, he laid down the bloody knife, and went to the nearest house, and said he had killed his family as God had told him to. He expressed no remorse for the lives he had taken, but seemed well satisfied. He was promptly arrested, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary, to the criminal insane department. And there he is confined, expiating the crime of whose enormity his crazed brain had no proper conception. How sad, and often terrible, when Reason is dethroned.

CHAPTER XIX

THE PRISON BABY

The saying that a bad woman is worse than a bad man has not been fully proved; but, if a woman, with her finer perceptions and instincts, can descend into depths of depravity, she can also mount to heights of self-sacrifice and unselfishness to which a man seldom attains.

Such an instance is found in the case of Margaret Oates, in her devotion to her husband. She assumed his guilt, and voluntarily went to prison to shield him from disgrace. She was detected in passing counterfeit money, arrested, and sentenced for a term of years. She was an attractive young woman of refined tastes and good education. She would not disclose where she obtained the money, and its source remained a mystery.

A band of counterfeiters had been making clever imitations of bills, and also had changed the denominations or amount of the bills, by putting one cipher after a one-dollar bill, which made it ten dollars, and one cipher after a ten-dollar bill, making it one hundred dollars, and also a hundred-dollars into a thousand dollar bill. So good an imitation was not easy to detect and quite a number of these bills got into circulation.

When arrested for passing counterfeit money, she took all the blame upon herself, and refused to implicate any one. She knew her husband was one of the guilty parties. She bore up bravely, and much sympathy was aroused in her behalf when, a few months later, a baby girl was born, whom she named Theodora. It was a beautiful child, and attracted the admiration of every one. The Prison Baby became a

great pet with the women prisoners, and a joy and comfort to its mother. She wrote regularly to her husband, and he wrote in reply; but she never disclosed the fact that he was one of the band of counterfeiters, and had given her the bogus money. For she loved him, and wanted to shield him from disgrace. So, patiently and uncomplainingly, she served out the sentence he should have served. Was not this heroic and unselfish on her part?

On Sundays, during chapel service, she sat like a queen among the other women, with Theodora, daintily dressed, nestling in her arms, the center of interest to all present. The women are allowed to remove their daily attire, and "dress up" in the best of whatever they own, on Sunday; and Margaret Oates, in a becoming white dress, and her dark hair tastefully arranged, looked like a picture, so youthful and fair. Little Theodora was to her truly "the gift of God," during these long, dreary prison days.

But suddenly the little one grew ill, and the prison doctor's skill could not save the precious life, which rapidly ebbed away; and soon the stricken mother knelt weeping by the lifeless form of her child, wondering why her only treasure was taken from her. The chaplain sent a telegram to the father and husband, and he came at once, and sought to comfort his poor wife, whom he had not seen since she was sentenced in court.

A touching service was held in the women's chapel, where the baby lay in a tiny white casket, covered with flowers, whose fragrance filled the room. The women were all assembled, and beside the matron, the warden and wife, also the Sunday school teachers and a few other friends were present. We sang the tender hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," the chaplain said a few comforting words, a prayer was offered, and then the last look was taken of the little sleeper, lying so peacefully in the casket. The women sobbed, for they

all loved the baby and would miss her sorely. Then the parents came, and, supported by her husband, the mother looked upon her darling with great tears rolling down her cheeks, and, stooping down, kissed the waxen face. The casket was taken to the carriage waiting outside, and Margaret Oates was permitted to go to the cemetery with her husband and the matron, to lay away her baby. Truly it was a sorrowful day in the Women's Department.

Several years later there was another prison baby. The case of its mother had been pitiful. She had followed a United States soldier from the Philippine Islands, and was of Spanish parentage. After arriving in this country, he married her, and they lived together for a short time. For stealing a horse and buggy he was sent to prison for a short term, and left her penniless and alone. She followed him to the prison town, and tried to get work in some family. But, alas for the rarity of true Christian charity, no one wanted her, and she had no money with which to get food and shelter; and in despair she committed a crime and was arrested for theft, having stolen something from a store. What a shame that the poor girl was driven to wrongdoing, to obtain food and shelter! The gray walls of the prison offered a refuge to her weary heart, and she wanted to go there and be near her husband, even though he was unable to help her. So she was therefore glad of her sentence, and even to give up her liberty.

She mingled with the other convict women until, a short time later, her baby was born, which like the other prison baby, became a great pet and comfort. She saw her husband occasionally, when the rules permitted; but, when his term was completed there, he was sentenced again for desertion from the regular army, and sent to Leavenworth, Kansas. He still wrote to her, however.

One day the women were all outside taking their exercise in the yard, and were playing with the baby, now a year old, throwing it up and down and catching it, amid its gleeful shouts, when one of them failed to catch it, and the baby fell, striking its head on the hard stone pavement. It went into convulsions, and in a few hours was dead. The mother was paralyzed by the suddenness of the blow, and seemed turned into stone. Word was sent us of the accident, and we hastened to the prison to console poor Rose, as she was called. We found her standing by the cold body of her baby, and looking down upon it with tearless eyes. When she saw me, the pent-up tears burst forth, and she wrung my hands, crying,—

“Oh, why did my baby die? She was all I had, since Ralph cannot take care of me.”

Another tiny white casket stood in the Women's chapel, the sweet baby face surrounded with flowers, the gift of the women and also the men, who had known her husband while in prison. Rose borrowed a black dress of one of the women, and sat alone beside the casket, as Ralph could not come from Leavenworth. And alone, with the matron, she followed her baby to its grave.

CHAPTER XX

THE FLIGHT OF ANNIE HOWER

Among the women in the prison was one whose case was truly pathetic. She had left behind her a crippled boy, about whom she worried constantly, fearing he was ill-treated by the family where he had been placed. She was employed as a "trusty" at the home of the warden, and was found very capable in the kitchen.

She had been sentenced for complicity in the murder of her husband, as she had assisted a doctor, by the name of Dietz, to make way with him and hide the body. They were both sent to prison for life, and the worse than orphaned boy placed in a family that agreed to take care of him.

But from Willie's letters his mother felt he was unhappy, and grieved because she could not know the truth. She had been made a "trusty," and allowed to work as a domestic in the house of the warden. She was found capable and faithful, but she cried so much that it was hard to have her around, and the warden's wife begged her not to be so melancholy. But she only cried the more, and it was about decided to put her back in the inside when an unexpected event happened.

An idea occurred to Annie Hower, while working at the warden's house, that perhaps she could escape and go to Willie, and take him to a place somewhere, so they could be together again. So while at partial liberty as a "trusty," she improved her chance to take a pair of sheets secretly from the laundry, and also stole a suit of men's clothing from the tailor's shop where she had been sent on an errand, and concealed them in a dark closet, until she would need them. She was now ready, and watched for an opportunity. It came before long, and she was on the alert to seize it.

A child of the warden's was taken ill, and Annie might be needed to help that night in the sick room! So she was told to remain in the outer hall of the Women's Building, so she could be within call. Accordingly, she was not locked up in her cell as usual, and was to wait outside it, on a lounge. She went over to the hall when it was dark, and took the hidden articles with her, putting them under the lounge. She felt this was her chance, and she must improve it. Lying on the lounge in the dimly lighted hall, she heard the ticking of the clock in the matron's room adjoining, and waited for her summons, but none came. It struck midnight, but still no call. She waited another hour, and then drew the package from under the lounge. She had determined to act before dawn began to break. But she had need to be careful, lest the matron hear her. Swiftly and noiselessly she cut the sheets into strips, which she tied together with strong knots, making a rope by which to descend. She put on the man's coat and trousers and wrapped up her discarded clothes in the paper which had been around the package. She was now all ready, for her perilous attempt. Cautiously she approached the window, but found it securely locked and grated, as she had feared, and she could not escape that way. But she discovered a small opening beyond the window, where she could barely squeeze through. She took a chair to the window, and prepared to climb up to the opening. She had fastened securely to her inside garments a little hoard of money, which she had made from the sale of fancy articles she had sold to visitors, and she felt to see if it was there, before starting on her risky undertaking. But she must hasten, for they might come any moment, and her male attire would give her away.

Reaching up from the chair, she grasped the edge of the opening, and drew herself upward. With great effort she crawled through, and found herself on a projection of the roof, quite a distance from the

ground. She fastened one end of the sheet rope to a corner of the projection, and began to slide down. She grasped at the knots to steady herself, and reached the stone pavement outside. It was dark, for no moon was shining, and only the street lights here and there showed the way. She drew a long breath of relief that no one was in sight. She walked rapidly away, and had gone a long distance before daylight. As the first radiance of dawn tinted the sky, she entered a small town, and stopped to get breakfast. She was faint and hungry from her exertion, but dared not stop to eat, for fear of pursuit. She bought some sandwiches to take with her, drank hastily a cup of coffee, and started again. She went toward some woods that offered her protection during the day; for she must hide through its hours, and not proceed until concealed by the friendly darkness. She found a grassy nook under the shade of noble old trees. She sank down, thankful to rest, and felt the soothing influences around her. The squirrels and rabbits were running past her, the birds singing glad morning songs, and sunbeams flickered through the green foliage, and there was a gentle murmur among the leaves. Overhead was the sky, blue with the azure of summer, and flecked by fleecy clouds. The calm beauty of Nature appealed to her heart, and she whispered a prayer to the Father above,—

“Oh God, forgive me. I am sorry that I have done wrong. Help me to find my poor Willie, and I will try to be a good woman.”

Surely that prayer in those lonely woods was heard and answered by One of infinite pity. She ate a few of her sandwiches, as she must make them last, and settled herself to sleep. As evening approached, she ate again and summoned her flagging energies for the long tramp before her. The night was dark and still; but on leaving the woods she followed the road, which she could barely discern. She did not know surely the

direction she was taking, but her aim was to get as far away from the prison as possible. The hours passed slowly by, and she grew weary, although she sat down occasionally on some fallen log to rest. She was a slender woman, not strong, and unused to walking far. But her mother love impelled her onward, and she must make her "get-away" successful. Anxiously she watched for the first gleam of morning.

As daylight dawned, it revealed a town whose outlines seemed familiar. The road had led there, but on entering it she found, to her horror, that it was the same town she had started from the morning before. She had gone around in a circle, and made no progress. What could she do now, for she was nearly exhausted. God help her, she would surely be found. Perhaps if there was a depot, she had better risk taking a train, as the pursuit might have died down. But she must first buy more sandwiches to eat on the way. She went to the counter, but, hearing a horse and buggy drive up, turned around to see the new arrival, and found, to her dismay, it was the doctor from the prison, who knew her well, even in her disguise. She gazed at him in terror, while, equally surprised, he walked up to her, and, laying his hand on her shoulder, said,—

"What are you doing here, Annie? You had better come with me."

Stupefied, the poor woman was led to the door, and placed in the buggy while the doctor drove rapidly back to the prison. The few people astir were startled to find that this was the escaped prisoner for whom a reward had been offered.

The chagrin of Annie Hower over her failure to escape was great, and her melancholy so increased that the authorities of the prison thought it best to do something for the unhappy woman before her reason gave way, and decided to send the chaplain to see Willie, and ascertain the truth concerning him. He found he was treated unkindly, and improperly fed, and

he cried often for his mother. So he took the poor crippled boy away, and brought him back with him to the prison. The joy of his mother was most touching, and she threw her arms around him in an embrace that seemed to say, "We must never be parted again." He was allowed to stay with her until a good place could be found for him, and so Willie went around on his crutches through the day, and was locked up with his mother in her cell at night, but did not care, for he was but a child of twelve.

Annie was now supremely happy and wept no more, for she had what she had longed for, and she was able now to care for him, and know he had enough to eat. To separate them again would be so bitter a trial to both, resulted in the case being brought before the governor, and he finally pardoned the mother for the sake of her crippled boy, who so needed her care and love. A place to work was obtained for the happy woman, and they left the prison together, to begin a new and better life.

And that this all-absorbing master-motive would bring about the re-creation of Annie Hower was the prayer of all who knew her sad story.

CHAPTER XXI

THE HAND-SHAKE AND THE FLOWER; OR,
THE WONDERS OF THE RESCUE WORK

There is no line of Christian service more replete with interest than the Gospel work carried on within prison walls. And the results show that the age of miracles is not yet ended.

The writer's experience with a man who was completely disheartened is one of her most precious memories. As leader of the choir, I was on my way to the chapel, for a rehearsal of the songs and anthems for the services of the coming Sabbath, when I noticed a man standing in an angle of the building, with his cap pulled down over his eyes, in an attitude of deep dejection. I made it a rule to speak kindly to every prisoner I met, so, stopping a moment, I extended my hand, and said, "Good afternoon, my friend." The poor fellow did not look up or take my hand. I did not want to leave him thus, and prayed silently for guidance, to enable me to touch this heart, closed seemingly to kindness. How I longed to win him for Christ! Taking a white rose from my belt, that I had picked from the rosebush on our porch, as I started for the prison, I offered it to him, saying,—

"Take this in memory of your mother." But he did not move or look up. I trembled lest my effort prove in vain. Again I spoke, "They placed flowers like these in the hands of my precious mother, when she left us for Heaven, and how she loved roses."

There came a quick change in his face, and a tear rolled down his cheek. Lifting his bowed head, and, taking off his cap, he took the sweet blossom and pressed it to his lips, saying,—

"I, too, loved my mother, and this flower makes me think of her, though dead for many a year."

The victory was won, and the hard heart melted. Grasping his hand, I asked him to attend Sunday school the coming Sabbath, and come into my class. Obtaining his promise to do so, I hastened on to the chapel, where the choir was awaiting me at the organ. True to his promise, he came to my class the following Sunday, and became an apt and interested scholar. Tears stood in his eyes, as at the close of the school, he said to me,—

"God bless you, dear lady, for persuading me to come. I should have missed a great deal, had I stayed away."

Time passed on, and the pathetic incident was forgotten in the multiplicity of duties. Two years later there came a knock at our door, and, opening it, we found a man standing without, with an eager look upon his face. From his cheap new suit we thought him to be an ex-convict, but did not at first recognize him, as his appearance was so changed. But he spoke quickly,—

"Do you not remember me? For I am George Hanley, to whom you gave the white rose two years ago. I came to tell you that your loving deed that day saved me, and made a new man of me. I had just come to prison, and felt bitter and despairing,—thought no one cared for me, and had determined to break the rules, and give all the trouble I could. Such was my mood when you passed by, and went out of your way to speak to me. I pretended not to hear, or see your offered hand; but, when you kept on talking, and held out the flower, I just had to take it, and was ashamed of my rudeness. I had resolved to commit suicide, if possible, for I felt my disgrace so keenly, and did not want to face the world again. My friends and relatives had deserted me and I was left alone; but when you, a lady, thought it worth while to address so dis-

consolate a wretch, I began to take heart again, and felt that, if I tried to 'make good,' life might yet seem worth the living. I kept my word to you and came to chapel and Sunday school, and there found the Saviour. I am going out to live a Christian life henceforth, and I can never forget you, dear lady, who showed me the way."

He bade us "Good-bye," and went forth into the world, to "make good"; and his subsequent life proved the thoroughness of his reformation.

Ah, did not the handshake and the flower find their way to the tender spot in the heart of this poor tempted soul, casting out despair, and awakening its nobler instincts and memories of mother? And have not Divine lips spoken, saying, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto Me?" And was it not worth while to help this young man find himself, and return again to the Father's House?

"Touched by a loving hand,—wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken, did vibrate once more."

"YE HAVE DONE IT UNTO ME"

It was only a hearty handclasp,
But it gripped the soul of a man
With the courage for fresh endeavor,
And started him out again.
Face to face with the same old problems
Of weakness and failure and loss—
But the strength of that hearty handclasp
Made certain the victor's cross.

It was only a smile in passing,
But it flooded a gloomy heart
With the sunshine of hope for the future
Wherein he had a happy part;
And the clouds had a rosy lining,
And the gray was turned all to gold;
For the smile gave a glimpse of heaven
And its wonders and joys untold.

It was only a word of greeting
In the press of the throng one day,
But it brought to a soul despairing
Strength and hope for the weary way.
It was only a cup of cold water
Held to lips that were parched with pain,
But by means of that Christlike service,
A lost soul found sweet peace again.

"It was only," we say, forgetting
That high in the courts above
The friendly word and the cooling draft
Are our ministry of love.
And the Master will say to the faithful
Who meet on the crystal sea,
"Inasmuch as ye did to the children of earth,
Ye have done it unto me."

—SELECTED.

CHAPTER XXII

OUT OF THE DEPTHS OF DEGRADATION

Intemperance is a prolific source of crime. It has been estimated that three-fourths of the inmates of our prisons come there through the effects of liquor. The demon Rum has caused more misery, poverty, and heartache than any other agency on earth. The fatal drink habit once established, a man will go any length to gratify his craving for the beverage that is destroying his manhood, intellect and soul. For the sacred Word asserts that no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God. Angels may well rejoice when such a one is rescued from the horrible pit into which he had fallen, and cleansed from the miry clay which had polluted his garments. Praise God that in the early years of this twentieth century so gigantic an evil is to be driven from our land, by enforcement of nationwide prohibition. It is a long delayed step toward the right,—and will decrease the population of prisons.

The value and glory of the rescue work consists in —like the Divine Pattern—going out to seek and save “that which is lost.” It counts no sacrifice too great and no labor too arduous, if only those who have gone astray can be brought back. And it enables even the besotted drunkard to become an heir of the grace of God.

A wretched outcast once came to the famous Jerry McAuley Mission in New York City, and took his seat among “the lowest of the low,” who congregate here for various motives. He had heard it rumored on the street that a bed and money for breakfast could be obtained by going there, although he did not know how; and to a famishing man it seemed attractive. When the invitation to go forward was given, he went

with the other wrecks of humanity around him, thinking only of the offered food and a place to sleep. He was penniless, and tired of lying on the bare ground.

His appearance was most repulsive, with hair and beard uncut, face and hands unwashed, his clothes only dirty rags, and his eyes glaring and bloodshot. He seemed more like a wild animal than a human being. He knelt beside the others, and, after the meeting, the superintendent assigned him a cot, in the rear of the building, and gave him a quarter for breakfast. He exclaimed, "I will come every night." He came for several nights, and always went forward at the invitation; but he made no progress, seemingly, in religious matters and cared only for the temporal aid received. His mind was wholly dark, and unable to grasp the truths of religion. At last the superintendent felt he was incapable of reforming, and it was no use to try longer. So one night, when he came in more drunken than usual, he came down from the platform, and pointed to the door. The drunkard looked up in surprise.

"Do you mean to turn me out?"

"I certainly do," replied the superintendent. "We have no room for such as you."

With a despairing look upon his face the man arose, and shuffled toward the door, reluctant to leave the only shelter he had found for weary years of beggary. He went forth into the cold, dark street no one knew where. His only home was the dark alley, and his food the bread of charity, and that was too often scant. He was sorry he had not pleased that man at the Mission who had told him to go. He remembered dimly about a God, whom it was now hard for him to understand about. Perhaps if he had understood, he would not have been turned out. No one cared for him, and it would be better to lie down and die.

Ah, from what heights this poor outcast had fallen, and it was the wages paid him by the demon Rum.

He had been a colonel in the Civil War, and stood high in the ranks of the Grand Army; earned a good living from his profession, the Law; owned a nice home; had a lovely wife and children, and many friends. And now—a penniless tramp and beggar.

The superintendent's heart smote him as he recalled the hopeless look on the man's face, as he obeyed his order to leave. God forgive him if he had failed in his duty to those his Master had bade him save. Even so repulsive a creature, who seemed almost beyond rescue, was one for whom Christ died.

As he fell asleep that night, a vision passed before him. He was across the sea, and seemed to be travelling on the "Jericho road" afar. All was quiet and peaceful in the still beauty of the Oriental night, when suddenly he heard faint moans coming from an object beneath a large tree by the wayside. The moon, bathing in silvery light the landscape, made all things visible; but ere he could approach it, a traveler drew near and, hearing the faint moaning, passed by on the other side. Another horseman came along, and also passed by on the other side.

And then came another, who, halting his steed, dismounted, and knelt down in the dust beside the sufferer, to ascertain his needs. The unfortunate one told him that he had been set upon by a band of robbers, who had stripped him of his goods and left him to die upon the road. The merciful Stranger took the head of the wounded man upon his knees, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and, when in a measure revived, he placed him upon his own animal, and walked beside him to an inn, whence he cared for him during the night. In the morning he bade the innkeeper care for him longer, and gave him some money with which to provide for the sick man's necessities, and promised more if needful. Then he went again on his way, but, as he passed by, the

dreamer saw a halo around his brow, and from his shining garment knew it was the Lord.

He fell on his knees before Him, and cried humbly, "Master, what lesson wouldest Thou teach me?"

The Divine One answered, "Go thou and do likewise. If you show mercy unto one of the least of these, you show it unto Me."

The vision vanished and the dreamer awoke. But he had learned his duty, and he must seek and succor the one he had turned away. He watched for him to come in that evening, and the next, and the next, but he did not appear. He prayed earnestly that God would direct his steps again to the Mission, for he knew not where to find him,—this poor wanderer of the streets. At last he came, and sat down in the back seat, as if afraid to venture farther. The superintendent told the assistant to open and conduct the meeting, and went down from the platform, to greet this sorry-looking specimen of humanity.

Grasping his hand warmly, he bade him welcome, and took him to a room in the rear, where he first gave him food, which he devoured like a starving animal. It was long since he had had a meal. The superintendent then got a tub of water, also soap and towels, and with his own hands washed the poor outcast. When the filth was removed, he put on him a decent suit of clothing, and then conducted him to a barber's shop across the way, where his hair and beard were cut. They then returned to the Mission through a back entrance, and, sitting near, the now transformed beggar-tramp listened to the rest of the service. He seemed moved, and after the meeting said to the superintendent,—

"Why are you so good to me? Since I began to drink, nobody cared for me."

"It is because the Lord Jesus died for you as well as for me, my brother," was the reply.

He was given shelter at the Mission until he was

restored to health and strength sufficiently to enable him to work again, and employment was then found for him. He came nightly to the meetings at the Mission, and went forward and knelt with the seeking ones. He longed for pardon and salvation from sin, but feared he had been too great a sinner. He learned that Jesus could save unto the uttermost; and one night, with a radiant face, he exclaimed, "I am saved, praise the Lord." He gave a wonderful testimony to God's grace in saving a wretch like him from out the gutter, and great tears rolled down his cheeks. The delighted superintendent came down and, throwing his arms around him who had once been so repulsive, embraced him as a brother in the Lord. With the sense of sins forgiven, and the new joy of salvation, his whole appearance was changed. His powers of mind and youth returned to him, and he looked and acted like a Christian gentleman, and became handsome and gracious as in his early days. One who had known him in the army said that Colonel G. was his old self again.

And thus marvelous was the rescue of one who had nearly perished, physically and spiritually, from the evil results of drink.

He lived a number of years afterward, and was exemplary in conduct and active in the rescue work at the Mission. He led many lost men to Christ, and was ever ready to testify for the dear Lord whom he so loved. And, when he fell asleep in Jesus, after a brief illness, his funeral service was held at the large hall in the Mission, where his voice had been often heard in prayer and testimony, after he had been so wonderfully saved. Floral offerings covered the casket, and those who looked upon the peaceful face within, and remembered the depths of degradation from which he had been lifted, thanked God that, though the Sacred Word declares, "No drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God," it also says, "And such were some

of you. But ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified, in the name of our Lord Jesus, and by the spirit of our God."

And thus, with glory from Heaven reflected in his face, was he made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

CHAPTER XXIII

A WELCOME PARDON

In the Women's Department at the reformatory at Anamosa were many interesting cases. One old lady of eighty sat always in a corner of the large living room, knitting, ever knitting. Visitors regarded her with curiosity, wondering what was her story, for there was an appealing look in her eyes which went to the heart of every beholder. She wanted something, this frail old lady, who sat so patiently in her rocking chair, moving with trembling hands the needles back and forth in her knitting. Sometimes the visitors would speak to her, and then she would raise her eyes from her work and try to smile, and answer them. But the attempt soon ceased, and her face settled back into the wistful look which had become habitual to her.

The matrons were very kind to her, and, when she did not feel as well as usual, would often make a cup of tea and bring it to her cell, and even allow her to sit up awhile in the rocking chair. When daylight came, she resumed her knitting, and day after day she watched the outer door, as if expecting something. She was looking for her pardon which the chaplain was endeavoring to obtain from the governor. It might come at any moment, so she must be on the watch for it. It seemed pathetic to see so old a woman locked up behind bolts and bars, when she ought to have the comforts of home and her children to care for her wants. Therefore, the chaplain had presented her case to the governor and urged the release of this aged woman from the close confinement of a prison; and this was why she always asked any official who

entered the Women's Department whether he had heard from the governor yet?

This was the story of Grandma Peters. With her husband and two sons she had lived on a small farm in Eastern Iowa. Here the boys had grown up, and Charlie, the elder, had married, and lived a short distance away. The work of the farm devolved on John, the younger boy, as his father was now a hopeless drunkard. The poor old wife and mother had to endure much abuse, whenever he came home intoxicated. Blows and curses were her portion until John could persuade his father to go to bed, and in the drunken stupor that followed quiet again prevailed.

On the night of the tragedy supper had been prepared as usual, and the now old and feeble wife sat by the open window, awaiting her husband and son. "Father" had gone to the village, where he always ended up with the saloon, and, as she looked out on the lovely summer evening, tears began to roll down her cheeks, and her son found her crying when he came from his work in the barn. He sat down beside her, and, taking her hand in his, said,—

"Brace up, dear heart, and do not be afraid. I will stand between you and father, and protect you if he is out of humor. You need me, mother, so I will not marry, until you are safe from his violence and this dreadful trouble is stopped. I wish every saloon could be driven out of our land, and misery like ours prevented."

"Oh, John, our home was once so happy, and your father so kind and industrious. You children used to run to meet him, when he came from work, and how he tossed you and Charlie up, and kissed you; for he was proud of his boys. We had plenty then, but now"—and she began to cry again, when suddenly the dreaded object came in view,—a man staggering down the road, cursing and muttering as he approached the

house. The poor woman shrank back with terror, but the son braced himself to meet the drunken man.

"You had better go out of sight, mother," he said quietly. "Father seems in an ugly mood to-night, and might hurt you." The woman went out, and the drunkard entered, walking unsteadily, and glaring at the young man, who, with arms folded, stood at bay. He demanded,—

"Where is the old woman?"

"She is out of your way, and you shall not abuse her while I am around."

"Tell me where she is at once, or it will be the worse for you," he muttered, approaching him in a threatening manner. "Now hurry and tell me."

The mother, fearing for the safety of her boy, came out from her hiding-place, and the liquor crazed man turned upon her in fury.

"I will teach you to hide when I want you," he roared. "Take this and this and this," and he kicked her brutally. John could not restrain him, for he was a stronger man than he, and seemed infuriated. He was attempting to choke his wife, when John snatched up a gun which stood in a corner, loaded. He had been using it to shoot hawks, which had been destroying the chickens. He aimed it at his father and fired, intending only to disable him, and prevent the killing of his mother. But the shot struck a vital part, and the man fell dead, losing his hold of the poor frightened woman. The two looked at each other, aghast.

"Oh John, what have you done?" wailed his mother. "You have killed father, and now they will either put you in prison, or hang you. And what will become of me?" John sat silent and stupefied by this new horror which had befallen them. His mother, almost distracted, wailed,—

"I'd better have been kicked and struck than to have your life ruined, my boy. I am old, and have not long

to live, but you are only twenty, with life before you. Oh my boy, my boy!" John shook off his stupor, and said soothingly,—

"This is no time to take on, mother, for we must act. Stop crying, and help me do things. Conceal that gun, while I put father on the bed. If we remove all traces of this trouble, perhaps it will not be discovered. We must hide the body, and I believe the cornfield will be the safest place."

He went out and selected a spot in the corner of the field, to which he carried the body and buried it. Then they went to see Charlie, and told him all about it.

"I did not mean to kill father," said John, "but you know how he abused mother when drunk, and to-night he was more ugly than usual, and I was afraid he would kill her, and I wanted only to disable him from doing her injury."

"I can hardly blame you," replied his brother, "but it is a sad affair. If discovered, you will be arrested, John, and it may go hard with you. Of course they will do nothing to mother, as she took no active part. Let us all keep quiet, and perhaps there will be no inquiry."

Several weeks passed by, and then their few neighbors began to wonder why "Old Man Peters" had not gone past, as usual, on his way to the village. Suspicion was aroused, and the sheriff informed, who sent several men to investigate. The house and premises were searched, and the body of Peters found buried in the cornfield. Mother and son were arrested, tried and sentenced for life, to the penitentiary. Grandma Peters was held as accessory to the murder, and sentenced along with her son, to the surprise of many. Such was the pitiful ending of this tragedy,—another result of serving the demon Rum.

It was felt by some that the sentence of the old lady was too severe, and therefore an effort was made to

obtain her release by a pardon from the governor. She was told, and her gratitude was touching. This was why she always asked if the governor had been heard from yet?

The chaplain did not cease his efforts until a pardon came, and the happy old lady was released, and left the prison, on the condition that her son Charlie would take care of her while she lived.

CHAPTER XXIV

SOME YOUTHFUL PRISONERS

Another farmhouse in Iowa was the scene of a dark tragedy. The farmer had lost his wife, who left him with a four-year-old boy, and soon after he married again. The stepmother was never kind to the child, seeming to dislike him, and he grew to hate her for her cruelty. Naturally affectionate, she repulsed him whenever he approached her, and forced him to do work too hard for a boy of his age. If he appealed to his father, he always sided with the stepmother, so it was no use to complain. He brooded over this injustice until he became bitter and sullen. He disliked his father also, but there was one member of the family whom he loved, and that was the ten-months-old baby, with whom he often played. He became so unhappy that he felt he could not endure life at home any longer. But instead of running away, as some boys do, he wanted to have revenge for his bad treatment. So one night, when all but he were asleep, he stole noiselessly from his room, and, taking an axe which he had brought from the woodshed, he went to the room of his parents. They were asleep, and, the moonlight streaming in through the windows, enabled him to see objects plainly. With all his strength he aimed cruel blows on the heads of them both, stunning them into unconsciousness, and killing them quickly. The baby was unharmed and crying; but, hushing it, he wrapped it up carefully, and carried it to a near neighbor's and asked the woman to care for her. Surprised at the request at such an hour of the night, she asked him what was the matter? He replied that he had just killed his father and stepmother, and did not know what to do with the baby.

Horrified, they hurried to the scene, and found it only too true. The boy was arrested, and taken to jail. He was indicted for murder in the first degree, tried, and sentenced for life to the penitentiary. It seemed a matter of regret that so young a boy should be placed among older and hardened criminals, but his crime was too great to allow of admission to the Reform School. The youthful prisoner, only twelve years old, showed no emotion or regret for his deed, and seemed not to realize the enormity of his crime. The chaplain thought he must be a "degenerate" and incapable of normal feeling; but he was well-behaved, and desirous to learn. He attended the night school regularly, the chaplain doing all in his power to instruct and help the poor boy who had been so terribly neglected and wronged during his tender years. He was extremely ignorant, but learned rapidly, and developed into an attractive and manly youth. He aroused the interest of a college professor, who chanced to visit the prison and had an interview with him. His conduct in prison had been so exemplary, and his mind seemed so bright, the professor wanted to give him the benefit of a college education. He offered to adopt him if a pardon was granted. The case of young Johnson was presented to the governor as worthy of consideration, and a recommendation made by the officers of the Prison that he be released. He was so changed from the ignorant, sullen boy who had entered ten years ago, it was thought a pity to imprison him all his life, and that, with the aid of his new friend, the professor, he ought to have a chance to make something of himself. He was so young when the crime was committed; and if it is true, as Robert Louis Stevenson has depicted in his narrative of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, that man has a dual nature, and whichever is uppermost triumphs over the other, this poor child furnished an illustration. His evil nature, developed by cruelty on the part of those who should have given

him love and care, dwarfed and suppressed the better nature, which again, under the humane and helpful treatment received at the prison, developed, and held the evil nature in check! Never again should it assert itself, and lead him to do so terrible a deed. With the help of God he would "make good."

The pardon was granted, and the grateful youth, with his new friend, passed out from the gray shadow of the wall. He entered the university where the professor taught, and made fine progress in his studies. He chose and learned a profession, which he followed, and became an upright and successful man, though once the youngest prisoner that ever came inside the walls.

Another young prisoner, a youth of eighteen, was sentenced for one year,—for "breaking and entering," as he had committed a theft. It seemed the more pitiful to see him come within bolts and bars because he was a cripple, and could only go on crutches. But he was always smiling and cheerful, and kept a "stiff upper lip," for he said he had been put in through spite, and his friends would soon get him out. He did not have to labor in the shops on account of his lameness, and passed much of the time reading books from the fine prison library. When his time expired, we were glad to have him return to his home and his anxious mother.

A young man of fine appearance came to the prison at Fort Madison, to serve a term of three and a half years, for theft. His story was an unusual one, and served as a warning to those who took money not their own.

He had come from a farm in Kansas to attend a university at Des Moines, Iowa, and was intending to enter the theological department, to prepare for the ministry. He boarded with an old lady who was a simple soul, and thought a great deal of the young

student, who seemed almost like a son to her. He had been with her about a year, when one day she showed him a sum of money she had concealed in an old lounge, and was very proud of. She had saved it little by little and was keeping it for old age. He advised her to put it in a bank, but she said she felt safer to have it in the house, near her.

Alas, temptation now overtook young Williams, and he fell. He wanted money, and his people were poor, and could only send him enough to pay for his necessities. Money he must have, and here it was, close at hand. The old lady seldom looked at her treasure, and so would not soon miss it, if he took a little occasionally. If discovered, he could leave the city and hide, until he, by getting some work, could replace what he had taken. He helped himself to small sums of this money now and then, until the desire to buy a diamond overmastered him: he took two hundred dollars from the precious hoard in the sofa. With this he bought a sparkling diamond ring, to give as an engagement ring to the girl who had just promised to marry him. She was delighted with it, never dreaming how it had been obtained.

He was at the same time going with another girl, and wished to present her also with a diamond ring, so he took another two hundred dollars from the old lady, and purchased the ring. This girl was equally pleased, not knowing of the other one. Affairs went smoothly until this "gay Lothario" got into trouble. His landlady had occasion to go to her hoard in the old sofa, and found the stocking empty. Her surprise and grief were great, and, when the young student returned from college that afternoon, she told him of her loss, and asked him if a burglar could have entered the house and taken her treasure. He endeavored to quiet her, and denied all knowledge of its disappearance. She never suspected her favorite boarder, and he hoped

the truth would never be discovered—that he was the thief. But not long after his duplicity was discovered and exposed in a startling manner.

The young woman to whom he had given the first ring chanced to be riding one afternoon in a street car, when the student to whom she was engaged entered with a girl, who seemed to be on intimate terms with him. Upon her finger sparkled a ring, similar to the one she wore on her own engagement finger. They sat down in front of her, not noticing the other occupants of the car, and she overheard their conversation. It gave him away.

Astonished and indignant, she left the car, and, returning home, sent him a curt note of dismissal, and also the ring she had worn with so much pride and pleasure. A notice of young William's perfidy appeared in the morning papers, which the second young woman saw, and she also returned her ring, with a note charging him with deceiving her. The old lady also saw the notice, and her suspicions at once fell upon Williams,—her smooth-spoken boarder. She had him arrested and tried for the theft of her money, which he did not now deny. When asked in court, by the judge, how he could do so dastardly a deed and wrong three trusting women, he replied, in language similar to that of Cæsar, "I saw, I coveted, I took. I deserve punishment."

He was sentenced to Fort Madison penitentiary for three years and a half, and was exemplary in conduct, and regretted that the love of money had prompted him to become a thief. He served his term, and left the prison, a changed man, giving up his desire to study for the ministry, but hoping, with the help of God, to remove the stain from his name, by a life of integrity and usefulness in the future.

CHAPTER XXV

A NIGHT OF SUSPENSE

Liberty is dear and sacred to the human heart. It is galling to be bound down or confined in any way; and men will pay a high price to regain the liberty of which they have been deprived, and, hence, repeated attempts to escape.

In the days of that gloomy French prison, the Bastille, a prisoner confined in one of its loathsome dungeons determined to escape, rather than perish miserably there. But in what way could he escape? He studied the problem day after day, till at last he thought of the large canvas bag or sack, which was used to gather up the refuse in the dark, damp dungeon below the ground. Groping about in the dim light, he found it half full of rubbish, and added all he could pick up on the floor. He detached some loose stones from the rotting pavement, and put them also in the bag, hoping the jailer would think the sack heavy enough, and filled sufficiently to throw out into the sea. For this was his custom; rather than empty the bag of the rubbish, to get a new one. From a crevice in the wall he took a knife, which he had concealed there, and cut a few holes in the side of the sack to enable him to breathe, and fastened a string to the top with which to draw together the mouth of the bag, so it would not open when lifted, and betray him. Everything was now ready, and, when night came on, he hid himself in the sack, opposite to the holes he had made for breathing, and waited. He heard the jailer approach, and trembled with fear and anxiety. If discovered, all was over with him. The old keeper entered, and, missing the prisoner, glanced at the bed where the escaping prisoner had placed a bundle of

rags, taken from the wretched coverings of his poor pallet, and which he hoped the jailer would think was he. The figure in the bed seemed to be asleep, and, as he had only the dim light of the lantern, he was easily deceived. Going to the sack, he found it full enough to throw out into the water surrounding that side of the prison, as was his custom. He remembered getting it about full the night before, but wondered why it was so heavy? But, wishing to get rid of it, he did not stop to look inside, but dragged it to the one low grated window of the dungeon, and unfastened its rusty lock. Pushing it through with all his strength, the sack fell into the water, and sank. But the man hidden inside had the knife ready in his hand, and, ripping open the side, rose to the surface, gasping for breath. He had been a good swimmer once, and though stiff from his long confinement, he regained his breath, and swam to the opposite shore, where some fishing boats were assembled. The fishermen helped the exhausted swimmer to land, and asked him where he came from. When he told them, from the "Bastille," they gathered around him with loud expressions of pity, and pleasure that he had made his escape. For the gloomy structure, with its record of horrors, was hated by the common people, and torn down by them during the French Revolution.

The kind-hearted fishermen welcomed the stranger, who had lost home, children, property, and all that renders life desirable. They asked him to remain among them, and gave him a place to stay, and employment in their fisheries. He was never found and taken back, and he thanked God fervently that he had courage to try to escape from his terrible surroundings.

There are frequent thrills in connection with a prison. This we found true during our twenty-five years of experience. Soon after coming to the prison Gospel work in Anamosa, Iowa, we were sitting one pleasant

summer evening on the porch of our house, when suddenly shots were heard in the direction of the prison. The sound was startling in the quiet around us, and Chaplain Gunn sprang up from his chair, exclaiming,—

“There must be trouble. I must see if I can help.”

The firing of guns continued, and men soon came running through the streets to render aid to the prison force. It was not long before the outbreak was suppressed, but in the encounter some were badly injured.

When the large gate at the rear of the yard was opened at five o'clock in the afternoon, to admit the gang from the quarry, who worked there until that hour, a group of men from the stone shed made a break for the open gateway, designing to get out into the adjacent country, and scatter before they could be captured. Their plan was cleverly laid and might have succeeded, had not the armed tower guards in the vicinity, who are required to be on the watch, seen their intention and promptly fired. Other guards hastened up, and, though the convicts showed fight, they were overpowered and punished. But a more serious outbreak occurred later in the State quarry.

The men out there have more of a chance to talk together, although under guard, with armed guards in the towers at each end of the quarry. A number of them plotted to escape and waited for an opportunity. A few rifles had been smuggled in to them by a friend on the outside, and these were concealed beneath some gunny sacks in a far corner of the dining room. One noon, when they were marched in to dinner, the men who had planned the conspiracy ate the meal quietly, and no one suspected their intentions. But, as they arose to return to work, they made a sudden dash for the corner near the door, where the weapons were concealed. Before they could be stopped they were off and away, though pursued by the armed guards from the towers. Help was summoned from the prison, and

a force sent out with more guns and handcuffs to put on those who had mutinied. The runaways were desperate, and fought with vigor, firing repeatedly into the pursuing party, injuring a number of the guards, and among them one who was much beloved by the men for his kindness and interest in them. It was feared he could not recover. The escaping men were all captured and taken back handcuffed, and were never again allowed to go outside the walls, as they had proved untrustworthy.

Another thrilling time of suspense occurred at Anamosa, in the attempted escape of a noted desperado known as Red Winters. He was the "toughest" man in the prison, and gave much trouble. One night, when the men were locked up and the count was being made, he was missing. His cell mate said he had not seen anything of him. An alarm was sounded, and a search begun through the prison, the yard, and all the premises. As he was nowhere to be found, it was thought he must have escaped over the wall, though in what way no one could imagine.

The church bells rang, and citizens hurried from their homes to ascertain the cause of the excitement. Every available man of the prison employees had been summoned by the alarm bell, and searching parties were formed and sent out in every direction to scour the country before he could get far away. The citizens volunteered aid, and a number were stationed at the depot, to prevent his taking a train. All seemed to feel alarm at so great a criminal being at large. Many sat up all night, and lights were burning in many homes. The warden felt deeply chagrined that this worst man in the prison—almost equal to Polk Wells for a bad record—had slipped from his custody.

All efforts were of no avail. The searching parties returned, weary and perplexed at not finding the escaped prisoner, after their all-night efforts, and sought their beds, to seek a little rest. The chaplain

had taken the place of the turnkey, who was out all night with the scouting party. But the man they were seeking had disappeared entirely.

The following afternoon another search was made through the cell house, before the men were locked up for the night. It was conducted quietly, so as to give no warning of its approach; for it was believed he was hiding somewhere inside. When his cell was reached, one of the party detected a faint sound and slight movement within the mattress on his cot bed. He called a halt, and the mattress was ripped open and an astonishing discovery made. The missing man was revealed, lying face downward against some breathing holes, which had been cut to keep him from smothering. He was very weary and exhausted, and glad to get out of his narrow quarters, although sorry that he could not make his "get-away." He had intended to slip out of the mattress at the noon hour, when the guards would be away from the cell house and the cell doors open, and hide in a dark corner of the yard within some shrubbery, and at night try to scale the wall, and run for the open country. By waiting till the second night, he thought the efforts to find him would be relaxed. But his dreams of escape were suddenly brought to an end, and he was put into the dark cell, or "solitary," to repent of his conduct, and fed on bread and water. His cell mate was also punished for conniving at his escape by sewing him up in the mattress.

So Red Winters had to serve out his time, and it was a long sentence for many a bold robbery.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE HARD WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR

The path of wrongdoing is not always smooth and pleasant. Although at first inviting to the eye, it becomes rough and dangerous, and finally ends in destruction and often death. By this bitter experience are verified the words of the Wise Man of old, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

An instance of this is found in the case of a young man who "made haste to be rich," by unlawful means. He belonged to a highly respected family, and assisted his uncle in the hardware business. He had married a beautiful girl and lived with her parents just outside the city in the town of Anamosa. Not satisfied with what money he was earning honestly, he conceived a scheme by which he could make it faster. When people had retired for the night, and the little house was wrapped in quiet, he would steal out of the house, and, taking his father-in-law's horses and wagon, drive rapidly and as noiselessly as possible to the different stores, and, breaking in at the back door, help himself to groceries, clothing, and sundry dry goods articles, and drive home, and secrete the stolen goods in an old barn on the place. He would repeat this the next evening and the next and the next, skipping some evenings for fear of detection. The merchants wondered what became of their missing goods, and laid it to ex-convicts, who hung around the city and committed the robberies. Young Johnson shipped the stolen articles to a man of doubtful character, whom he had hired to go to a town in Idaho, and there dispose of the articles, and had a share of the profits.

But this bold venture on the part of young Johnson could not remain undiscovered long, and the solemn

words came true, "Your sin will find you out." Although the absence of night watchmen favored breaking into the small stores, he was seen one moonlight evening driving into a lumber yard with a wagon in which he placed various things picked up from the yard. He then drove rapidly away. An alarm was given, and, though a late hour, several persons started in pursuit of the unknown night prowler. But he eluded arrest by driving into the country, and returning in a roundabout way to throw them off the track. They remained on watch, and toward morning saw the same team driving into the yard of the house where Johnson, his wife, and her parents lived. The secret was out, that had so long baffled the citizens, and a search warrant was issued. The house and premises were searched, and the barn, old and unused, found to contain many of the stolen articles which had been missing. Boxes of soap, crackers, starch, cereals, canned fruits, pickles, matches, and various articles of clothing pilfered from the dry goods stores. A large dry goods box was in process of packing, to be shipped to the partner in crime in Idaho. But the thief was not to be found. His family said he had left on the early morning train, but had not told them his destination. It was evident he was the guilty party, and rewards were offered for his capture, and a description of him sent to many places in the State. Months sped by, with no trace of this fugitive from justice.

A graver suspicion now rested on him than that of robbery. Some time before his hasty departure old Mr. Browning, his father-in-law, had been found dead upon the road below his house, and what caused his death remained a mystery. It was thought he might have stumbled over some obstruction in the road, and fallen, striking his head and fracturing his skull. Death must have resulted quickly, but no one suspected murder, as he had not an enemy in the world, and never carried much money with him. His watch was

not taken, so it was not from a motive of robbery, and was pronounced accidental.

But on second thought it seemed more probable that a murder had been committed and the fracture of the skull caused by a blow from some blunt instrument. It was conjectured that the old man had in some way discovered the stolen property, and questioned his son-in-law about them. They had words, and he threatened to expose the young man. Fearing that he would do so, Johnson waylaid him, soon after their unpleasant interview, one night, on his way down town, and struck a blow from behind, causing his death. This supposition increased the bitter feeling against Johnson, and redoubled the efforts for his capture, and rewards were still offered.

But two years passed, and no trace of the fugitive. The poor young wife, with her baby girl, lived at her mother's in the home made desolate by the loss of the father and runaway husband, who never let them hear from him.

But at last justice overtook him. A man who knew him found him working on a farm, near a small town in Illinois. He at once sent word of his discovery to the officials at Anamosa, who came and arrested him and took him back to the scene of his guilt, to stand trial for robbery and murder. He was surprised while at work in the fields, and made no resistance, probably feeling that arrest would come at last. What he had been taught in younger days came to his mind,—“Be sure your sin will find you out,”—and he awaited with dread the “finding out.”

He was taken to the prison for safe-keeping; and, as he passed through the streets from the depot, weary and handcuffed, he looked the picture of dejection. A crowd followed, calling out, “Thief,” “Murderer,” “Caught at last,” and other humiliating cries.

The court room was crowded during his trial, and no sympathy was expressed for the prisoner, even his

young wife giving testimony against him. He certainly had "lost out" with his own family and the community. The judge gave him a life sentence, although the charge of murder was only on circumstantial evidence. But facts pointed so strongly to him as the murderer of the old man, and the proving of his many robberies, caused a life sentence to be considered deserved. Thus the rest of this young man's life was to be spent within prison walls,—a sad commentary on hastening to acquire riches. Instead of gaining wealth, he had lost everything,—reputation, home, wife, child, personal liberty, and all that makes life desirable. Surely "The wages of Sin is Death," as proclaimed in the Holy Book.

CHAPTER XXVII

"AND HE PREACHED UNTO HIM JESUS"

In a dim century of the past a traveler was riding in his chariot over an Oriental road, reading intently a scroll of parchment in his hand. The chariot was proceeding slowly, when a stranger, coming from the opposite direction, approached and accosted the occupant of the chariot.

"What is it that perplexes thee, my friend?" questioned the newcomer. "I am sent to help thee."

"Alas, I cannot understand what I am reading," answered the traveler. "Who does the Phophet mean would be led as a lamb to the slaughter? I believe in the God of Israel, but know nothing of the things spoken of in this parchment. If thou canst explain them, come and sit beside me."

The stranger accepted the invitation, and, entering the chariot, unfolded to him the meaning of Isaiah's utterances concerning the suffering Messiah, and that, though rejected below, this Jesus was the same to whom every knee should bow, on earth and in Heaven. He told simply the story of that Wondrous One, from the manger cradle to the Cross on Calvary, led thither by his enemies, "as a lamb for the slaughter" amid cries of "Crucify Him!" "Crucify Him!" And that He endured all this, in order to open Heaven to a lost and sinful race. And thus "he preached unto him Jesus." The heart of the listener was touched, and he believed in so wonderful a Saviour. He expressed a wish to prove his acceptance of the truth he had just heard, and, as they drew near a stream of water, desired to be baptized. This was done, and he went on his way rejoicing.

The matchless story of the Cross had power not only to win the heart of a man high in authority, like this

Ethiopian eunuch, but it satisfies the heart hunger of humanity. The soul weary of sin finds here a way to escape from its bondage.

A prisoner, as ignorant as a heathen, once came into my Sunday school class. He was young and unhardened in crime, and desirous of being taught. The lesson that day was on blind Bartimæus, and he listened intently while I gave the setting of the scene, and described the blindness so common in the Orient. But, when we reached the passage where the blind beggar cried, "Thou Son of David, have mercy on me," this man interrupted me by saying eagerly:—

"Stop, teacher, and tell me about the Son of David. I never heard of such a man, or of Jesus. Who were they? Why did the blind beggar call on them so loudly for mercy? Tell me, teacher. I do not care for anything else to-day. This Son of David must have been an awful good man."

I put aside the lesson, and, seeing the hungering look in his eyes, "preached unto him Jesus."

"The Name so dear on earth,
The Name so sweet in Heaven."

He hung on every word that fell from my lips, and never took his eyes off my face. When I told of the cruel mockings and scourgings the Lord endured during his trial before the Roman governor and King Herod, he spoke for the first time since I began the story, exclaiming, in the coarse language of the street: "And did he stand game? Oh, I hope he did!"

"Yes," I replied. "The blessed Lord Jesus did not draw back from the terrible suffering of the Cross; but, that you and I might be forgiven, hung upon it, and bore the penalty of our sins."

"Oh," he said, astonished, "I never heard of anything like that before. I did not know any one cared enough for me to die for me. I love Him, teacher, and will try to please Him after this, if you will show me how."

He studied carefully the Bible we gave him, and his ignorance passed away in the knowledge that is contained in God's Holy Book.

And not only in Christian lands, but in those of darkness and superstition has this story of the Cross brought tears to savage eyes, and transformed the wild man into a being of gentleness and love.

A party of Moravian missionaries had gone to Greenland to seek to establish a mission among the Esquimaux. It was a hazardous attempt, but they felt that their Master's command "to preach the Gospel to every creature" included the inhabitants of these desolate regions, in their huts of ice and snow, where the splendors of the Aurora Borealis lights up the midnight sky, and icebergs form amid the freezing waters. These self-denying men waited long for results from their labors, but months passed, with no sign of interest on the part of the natives around them. But their faith failed not in the power of His Cross who had declared, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." They learned the language, and patiently waited.

One day a party of Esquimaux from the Far North arrived on snowshoes to trade with the white strangers of whom they had heard. After a barter of skins and various articles, the visitors prepared to return to their homes without listening at all to what the missionaries tried to tell them about the true God and Saviour. They seemed utterly indifferent to the Gospel story, until one of them, who was translating the New Testament into the Esquimaux language, chanced to read aloud the chapter in Saint Matthews Gospel, describing the trial and crucifixion of the Son of God. He read slowly and distinctly, and the words caught the attention of the leader of the party, a chieftain named Kajarnak, who, about to put on his snowshoes, paused and listened, seemingly interested.

"Read it over again," he demanded. "Tell me who thus died for others?" And he summoned the rest of his party to draw near and listen.

The translator read it over, and tears began to trickle down the cheeks of this wild son of the Arctic regions, whose heart God had touched by the old yet ever new story of the Cross. Kajarnak did not return to his distant home until he had learned more and became a believer in the new religion the white men had brought him and his people. Thus was the standard of the Cross planted in Greenland.

Let us leave these icy solitudes, and seek the islands of Oceanica, where the Cross has won some of its greatest triumphs. Here, amid scenes of tropical beauty, while the ocean waves chant unceasingly along the shores, Satan held undisputed sway, and savagery and cannibalism abounded. But light began to penetrate the thick darkness when a devoted band of missionaries came to the Society Islands, and brought the Message of the Cross. Rays from the Cross streamed to adjacent islands, and the dim horizon became aglow with the beams that transform darkness into glory, and make new creatures of the subjects of sin. The terrible practices that had prevailed for centuries were abolished, and most of the islanders became followers of Jesus. Church spires rose, and Sabbath services were attended faithfully.

The head chieftain of these islands—an especially ferocious savage, Thakambau by name—became a convert, and was so changed from his natural disposition that all marvelled to see his deeds of cruelty replaced by deeds of kindness and compassion. He became gentle as a lamb, and, although over sixty years of age, even learned to read the Bible, that he might know more of its blessed truths. He supported the new mission, and helped send the Gospel to islands that had not yet heard its tidings. Was not this a wonder-

ful instance of the power of the Cross to attract and subdue the hearts of men?

Let us now proceed on our quest to Africa, and learn whether this Divine power has been exerted there?

We will pause at Cape Colony, the Southern part of Africa, and admire the profusion of fruits and flowers that Nature has lavished on this tropic land. Over this "Dark Continent," with its teeming millions, has the Cross also exerted its soul-saving power.

When Robert Moffatt, a great pioneer missionary, first went to Africa, he was sent to a region of South Africa, ruled by a savage chieftain, called Africander, who was so bloodthirsty and fierce that the whole country stood in fear of him. Young Moffatt was warned not to go near such a monster, by the officials of the government at Capetown. They assured him that his life would be taken, his skull made into a drinking cup, and his skin used for a drumhead. But it terrified him not, and he replied, like Paul of old, "I am ready to die, for the sake of the Lord Jesus."

He entered the dangerous territory, and was coldly received by the cruel chieftain, who did not desire the presence of strangers. It seemed doubtful as to whether he could remain, but at last he won the heart of Africander by a service he rendered him. He now ordered a hut, or "kraal," to be built for him, and consented to listen to the reading of the Bible. He was induced also to attend religious services on the Sabbath, and became a humble believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. His ferocity vanished, and gentleness and deeds of kindness took its place. The change was marvelous, and Mr. Moffatt asked him to accompany him on a journey to Capetown, that the people there might witness this miracle of grace. Those who met him on the way, and who were wont to flee in terror at his approach, were amazed at the contrast to his former self, as were also the persons at Capetown, who had warned him of such dire results if he visited that

country. The English governor could hardly believe that this unassuming and well-behaved native was the once savage Africaner.

"I did not expect to see you back alive," he said to the missionary. "How did you perform this miracle?"

"By the Word of God, faith, and prayer," was the quiet answer. Not by the thunder of cannon, nor the beating of drums, nor the bursting of bombs, had this conquest been won, but by the sovereign power of the Cross and the wooing influence of the Holy Spirit.

Going onward, we arrive in Burmah. Among the mountains on its border are a race of people called Karens, who for centuries had a tradition that white strangers would come across the great waters, and bring them the tidings of the true God. When news was brought to the hills of their arrival, many Karens flocked down the hills to greet them, and brought as a most sacred treasure a bit of paper, wrapped carefully in cloths, which proved to be a fragment from the Hebrew Scriptures, obtained from an unknown source. These people, free from idolatry, gladly embraced the truth, and those once wild hills now contain Christian communities, churches, and schools, and send the Gospel to other regions.

A notorious robber once roamed among these hills, named Ko Thah Byu, and he with his bandit followers were the terror of the country, far and near. He came within reach of the new religion, his heart was touched, and, like Saul of Tarsus, was stopped short in his career of wickedness. He was given an earnest desire to proclaim this blessed Gospel that had so transformed his life, and became in labors abundant, going up and down the mountains, and "preaching Jesus" with a zeal that seemed quenchless. He received the title of "The Karen Apostle," and a place was shown in the tall jungle where he had knelt to pray, and so often that the grass remained trodden down. Blessed sight, to

see one like this robber chief at prayer, and a testimony to the wondrous power of the Cross!

Leaving the Karens, let us go to the sunny land of India, amid the foothills of the lofty Himalayas, the most majestic mountains on the globe. In one region lived a tribe called Garos, who were more wild and ferocious than others. They were styled head-hunters, because swooping suddenly down on the plains, they would seize people, and, cutting off their heads, return to the hills with their bloody trophies. The English tried in vain to subdue them, for, when troops were sent, they retired to their rocky fastnesses and shot out poisoned arrows. Neither cared they for education, when the Government sought to commence schools among them. They seemed hopelessly savage, and but a little above the beasts. Yet God had there a people for His praise, and beams from the Sun of Righteousness began to penetrate the gloom which hung over those dark sin mountains, and illumined the horizon with the glory about to dawn.

Two young Garo boys came down to attend the school opened by the government, at the foot of the hills, and, when the school was abandoned, felt unwilling to return to the ignorance encompassing their homes, and remained below. They obtained employment in the police force, and, as they grew more intelligent, felt there must be a God, different from the mountain spirits they had worshipped. But no one around them spoke of such a Being, and they groped blindly, if haply they might find Him. A Christian traveler came that way, and left a tract, which fell into the hands of these young inquirers, and told them the way to God, through Jesus Christ His Son. They sought a native missionary, who explained to them more fully the way of salvation. They accepted it, and were baptized. An earnest desire filled their hearts, —to return to their countrymen, and take the glad message. But it might make them angry and it was

thought safer for them to escape violence by not returning for the present. So they built a small hut at the base of the hills, and sent runners through the mountain settlements, to ask any who wished to hear good tidings to descend to the hut below a certain hill, and there be told the message awaiting them. Some curious ones came, and, becoming interested, carried news of the new religion back with them, and it spread from village to village, until many came to Omed and Rhamkhe's hut, and begged for a missionary. One of the pioneers in that part of India ascended the hills, and found the people ready to renounce their worship of spirits, and accept Christianity and its accompanying civilization. Thus the Divine Power of the Cross of Christ accomplished for these wild Garos what force of arms and education alone failed to do. But before Omed and his companion Rhamkhe had built their hut chapel, a rumor of the religion brought by white men had reached a village far up the mountain side, carried by a man who had been to the plains. He said it taught of a "Beautiful Heaven" to enter after death.

A boy of sixteen listened to these words, wide-eyed, and asked where the white teachers could be found? The man told him that by going in a certain direction, toward the great river, they could be found upon its banks, in a place called Nowgong. A purpose arose in the boy's heart to go and find them, and learn if the report of a "Beautiful Heaven" was true. Hastily leaving his people, he descended the mountain, to begin his quest. It was a perilous journey of over a hundred miles, with only a narrow footpath, and precipices to climb and descend, and sharp rocks and stones to pierce the feet, and wild beasts prowling at night for prey. He climbed into trees for protection from these and for food had nothing but nuts and roots and wild berries along the way. So a very weary, exhausted lad arrived one evening at the house of a missionary. His wife was sitting on the verandah,

when suddenly a strange figure appeared before her, and asked imploringly, "Can you tell me if there is a 'Beautiful Heaven'?"

Startled, she called her husband, and, finding the poor wanderer so exhausted, would not let him tell his errand till the next day, when he had had a night's sleep and been fed. Their hearts were deeply touched by this pathetic incident, and they placed him in the mission school, where he became a happy convert, and remained until he had learned to teach his people how to reach that "Beautiful Heaven."

CHAPTER XXVIII

MEN WHO "MADE GOOD"

Among the inmates of a prison are sometimes found those who have for the first time left the path of rectitude, and are sincerely repentant.

A young man entered the prison at Fort Madison, sentenced for horse stealing. He had been tempted to take a horse and buggy not his own, and drive to another town, hoping to bring them back before it was discovered. But they were missed, and he was followed and arrested, and sentenced for a short term.

Chaplain Gunn had a rare faculty of reading men, and soon saw that there was real worth in this young man, and felt assured that he would not do wrong again. He obtained a pardon from the governor, and also secured a position for him, under a kind Christian man in a large farm-implement manufactory. He won the confidence of his employer, and went steadily up in position, until he became confidential secretary to the proprietor of the big plant, and was sent by him to South America, to transact special lines of business. He remained some time, learned the Spanish language, and married a nice young woman. When he returned from abroad, he came to visit the friend to whom he owed all this good fortune,—Chaplain Gunn. He had been to him like a father, and he could scarcely express his gratitude. He had become a noble man, for he had found Christ, and lived a consistent Christian life since leaving the prison. It was a joy to hear him ask the blessing at table, and lead in prayer at family worship. Before leaving us he asked if we would not like to go to the World's Fair, then being held in Chicago.

"I will gladly pay the expenses of yourself and family, Chaplain," he said, "as a token of gratitude for what you have done for me." And he handed him an amount sufficient to enable us all to go to the beautiful "White City" on the shores of Lake Michigan, which will never be forgotten. We went, and it was a greatly enjoyed pleasure, for which we were indebted to the grateful man's generosity. We had not expected to go, on account of the limited salary of the chaplain, which did not afford many pleasure trips.

Another man came to the prison charged with his first offence. He was so noble and manly in appearance that the officials knew he was superior to most of those who enter inside. The chaplain soon learned his story, and found that he had yielded to temptation, and forged a check for a small amount, that he might pay off a mortgage on his home, which had become due, and foreclosure had been threatened. He was cashier of a bank in a small Iowa town, and thought he could replace the money in a short time. But it was discovered, and, showing no mercy, the bank prosecuted him and he was tried, and sentenced for nine years to the penitentiary.

It was a terrible blow to him and his family, for they had mingled in the best society, and he held a prominent position in the church, to which they belonged. When he put on the striped suit which was still in vogue, he seemed heartbroken, and said he felt he could not look any one in the face again, for he regretted the wrong he had done and his disgrace so keenly. He was given a task in the library, where he was most helpful.

One day after rehearsal of the choir, I went to see him, and invited him to my class in Sunday school on the coming Sabbath. He listened courteously, but shook his head, and, thanking me, said he preferred to stay away, as it was hard for him to face any one

while wearing stripes. I pleaded with him to come, and told him he would be happier if he did his duty like a Christian man, and took his place in the religious services on Sundays. And we also needed him to help us. He remained silent awhile, and seemed to hesitate; but at last, looking at me with the frank, bright smile that had won our hearts, he said, "I will come."

It was a hard, bitter struggle with his pride, but victory for the right was won; and, true to his word, he came to my class the following Sabbath, brave and smiling, although I knew how it hurt him. He proved an intelligent and faithful member.

Convinced of the natural integrity of the man, and that he was sorry for his one wrong deed,—the chaplain at last requested a pardon from the governor. He came to the prison and had an interview with the chaplain and the prisoner, with the result that he promised to grant a pardon at the end of a year from the time he was committed. This took off eight years from his sentence, and was a great source of joy to his family. Meantime, the chaplain sought employment for him, and obtained a position with the same kindly old man who had taken the other ex-prisoner. But he said,—if he took him into his employ, he must begin at the foot of the ladder, and work upward. This he consented to do, and on his release went to the manufactory, put on overalls, and did the hard, dirty work assigned him patiently. He was advanced from time to time, as they saw his worth, until he became time-keeper for the large establishment, and at last superintendent of the whole concern. His ability and integrity had been fully tested, and he had risen to the top. He remained here until the business was removed to another city, and then the great compliment was paid him of being the only one of the office force that was retained, as the most valuable man in the plant. All this time he had been upright and honorable, and

was beloved and respected. He justified the good opinion of the officers at the prison by his subsequent course.

He could never forget what the chaplain had done for him, and wrote him often and regularly. He had restored him to his family, and extended the helping hand, which enabled him to regain and prove his manhood. His gratitude, and theirs, was deep and lasting.

CHAPTER XXIX

SOME PRISON MUSICIANS

Music is a divine gift of God. It is not earth-born, but must have floated through the open Gates of Heaven, when God came down to walk with our first parents, in the cool of the day in Eden. Echoes of sweet melody were caught by the children of men, and remained to gladden and comfort the world after Eden had vanished. Barbarous as well as civilized races have through the centuries had some form of music. And, again, at the birth of the Christ Child heavenly melodies floated over Judea from the "Gloria in Excelsis" of the angels, and still resound at every Christmas time, when the wintry skies of December seem to be illumined with glory from above. Master composers and musicians have perpetuated these celestial strains in sublimest harmony, like the Grand Hallelujah of Handel, where it seems as if we could hear the hosts of Heaven worshipping before the Throne.

Music has a wondrous power to charm. Orpheus of old entranced all with his sweet melodies, and even Nature was enthralled when he passed by, playing upon his instrument. Savages have been tamed by hearing some sweet strain, as in the case of a fierce hill tribe, whom it had been dangerous to approach on account of the long poisoned spears they used with much dexterity. A party of missionaries had entered the hills, but were stopped by a band of the savages drawn up in warlike array, and armed with formidable spears. The newcomers, terrified, were about to retreat, when one of their number, who had a violin with him, had a happy thought. Why not try the effect of music? He took out the violin and began to play softly a favorite Gospel hymn:—

"Alas, and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?"

The wild hillmen stood as if spellbound, while the brave missionary played and also sang the words. They had never heard the like before. Their cruel spears began to descend, and soon, as if forgetting to point them forward, they rested on the ground. The wild men made signs for the white men to approach, and held out their hands for the violin, which they took and examined with great curiosity. They escorted the missionaries to their rude village, and through an interpreter heard of the only true God. Thus did the Gospel find an entrance into these hills.

Since music has this refining and elevating influence, it is made a feature of in religious services at the prisons. A musical instrument—either a piano or an organ—is provided, song-books furnished, and time allowed for rehearsals by the choir of the music for Sunday services, or for special occasions, such as Easter, Christmas, and the like. Some of the finest music in the town is given by the prison choir, under the direction of their leader. When a new man enters the walls, the chaplain ascertains whether he can sing and has any knowledge of music. If so, he is put into the choir. Occasionally, one is found who has only pretended to know, and he is removed. The men consider it an honor to be in the choir, and like to practice.

It was a delight to me to help the chaplain, my husband, by assuming the duties of organist and leader of the choir. It meant hard, patient work, but I never wearied of it. The morning chapel service began at seven o'clock, so it required early rising; but it seemed sweet to give those tranquil summer mornings to the worship of God and the betterment of these imprisoned ones,—by the preached Word, prayer, and song. I played a voluntary from selections of sacred music as

the prisoners were marched in, and a concluding selection at the close, beside the hymns and anthems.

During our twenty-five years of service, many men came under our observation in the prison choir, and among these a few will be spoken of in this chapter, as of special interest. And first let us mention William Alexander.

He was a colored man, who had a mixture of Negro, Mexican, and Spanish blood in his veins, which made him of a variable disposition—sometimes pleasant and sometimes irritable. He was gifted with a wonderful tenor voice, and his intuitive perception of music was marvelous. Without knowing a note of music he could sing correctly by ear, and often sang a falsetto, a third above the high soprano, which chorded correctly, and made a beautiful addition to the harmony. He was the "star" singer of the choir, and people came to hear him sing, pronouncing his voice truly wonderful. We urged him to go to Fiske University, when released, and study vocal music, so as to join the Jubilee Singers; but, when his twenty years' sentence had expired (for he had lost most of his "good time" through frequent fits of temper), his health was broken, and he was unable to do much. A Christian lady, who had become interested in him, gave him shelter, and he joined the colored church and seemed a reformed man.

When we left Fort Madison to take up the work in Anamosa, we went up to the prison the night before leaving, and bade the men we cared for most goodbye. Alexander was one of the number, and expressed great regret at our departure. We were therefore surprised, upon arriving at our new sphere of labor, to find Alexander there before us. We made a visit to the cell house soon after we arrived, one pleasant Spring evening, and were astonished to see this man of the wonderful voice standing behind the closed door of his cell, and smiling broadly as he caught sight of me. He had been transferred with a company of others

from Fort Madison to the Anamosa prison, about the time we left. I was glad to have his assistance in the new choir, which would now be under my charge.

Another man (Fritz von Bülow, who claimed kinship to German nobility of that name) came into the prison whom we valued for his good behavior and ability to sing. When he left us, he told me that every ray of sunshine he had enjoyed during his stay in the prison, had been around the organ. He loved to "beat time," so he was given a baton, or stick, which he used vigorously, to keep the singing up to time. But, alas, his time did not coincide with that of the organ. The choir followed the instrument rather than his leading, and suppressed smiles were visible. He suddenly ceased beating, and, with rising color, demanded, "What's the matter? I beat the time joost right."

I smiled, and tried to pacify him. However, his beating was dispensed with in future, much to his chagrin.

Hans Buechler was a skilled performer on various instruments, and under his touch the keys of the organ seemed awakened to pour forth richer melodies. The simplest Gospel hymn under his fingers acquired new power and expression. Such a song as "Master, the tempest is raging" would peal out in loud crescendo, and then die away in softest cadences. His life had been devoted to music, in which he displayed unusual talent, and gave inspiration to all in the choir.

George Bradley was a big, good-natured man, who possessed a fine bass voice, and had been put in for swearing falsely, in regard to the age of the girl he had recently married. The figure "eighteen" had been placed on the inside of her shoe, and "when procuring the license, he was asked her age, and promptly replied, "She is over eighteen."

Her angry father prosecuted him, and he was sent to the prison for perjury. He paid dearly for his deception.

John Whitman was another good bass singer. One day he brought me before rehearsal a small package carefully wrapped in paper, which proved to be the photograph of a beautiful girl of eighteen, his daughter.

"Please keep it for me," he said. "I have no place in my cell where I can keep it clean, so wish you would take it until I go out."

I accepted the trust, and, when he left, handed him the picture as dainty and fresh as when it first came.

"You have done me a great service," he said, "and I thank you for your kindness."

Frank Hanson was fond of having his own way, and had a violent temper. One day at rehearsal he asked me to use a piece of music he had selected; but, looking at it, I saw it was too difficult for the choir to learn, and told him so. He grew white with anger, and, throwing down the song-book, he seated himself in sullen silence. The other men were standing around the organ. The deputy warden happened to be passing by the chapel door, and, seeing the man's action, thought it an insult to me as leader of the choir, and, coming in, took him by the shoulder and marched him out for punishment. He asked my pardon later.

Harry Mills was another interesting character. He had been clever in the criminal line, in stealing whole bolts of silk, and selling them through the aid of a partner in crime. He was given a long sentence, and, as he was a musical genius, he was placed in the choir. He played the organ well, and was my assistant. He had a remarkable musical memory, and could imitate a piece of music exactly, even though he had heard it played but once. One Sunday I asked him to play the closing march, to which the men kept step as they passed out of the chapel. To my surprise he sat down and played the march I had used the Sunday before. On asking him how he obtained the music, he replied that he did not need any, as he had heard it so recently.

And he played it exactly like my copy. Too bad that so talented a man, who might have excelled as a musician, should have gone astray. He wrote me quite often after leaving the prison, but always signed his prison number instead of his name. When the letters suddenly ceased, we were afraid he had been killed; for he had enlisted during the Spanish war, and his last letter was from Cuba.

Henry Thompson was a fine baritone and sang with all his heart as if he enjoyed it. On Easter morning it was a pleasure to hear him sing

"Hallelujah, Christ is risen,
He is risen, weep no more."

In the choir at the Anamosa prison was a Norwegian, who was also a good musician, and my assistant. He returned to Norway after the expiration of his sentence, and sent me, as a token of gratitude for kindness shown him, a handsome volume of Norwegian music.

There was a man of remarkable mechanical ability in the choir, who made a violin out of such material as he could obtain. He played it every Sunday at the morning service and Sabbath school, and it sounded very well, and was an addition to the harmony. When he left, he and his violin were greatly missed.

A boy soprano sang for awhile, who attracted many visitors by the beauty of his voice. The musicians of the town were most kind and helpful on extra occasions, and at Christmas and Easter and Thanksgiving we sometimes had a volunteer orchestra. To Professor Somers' skilful handling of the violoncello we were greatly indebted. The warden allowed whatever song-books were needed by the choir, and there was quite a variety; but the ones longest used and most beloved were the Gospel songs of Moody and Sankey. The men would all unite in singing, "Whiter than Snow." I have purchased a copy of these hymns consolidated,

from six books to one, in memory of this musical evangelism in the State Prisons of Iowa.

Ah, loved and sacred hours of "Auld Lang Syne"! My heart clings to the remembrance of the time when, gathered around the organ, and prison surroundings forgotten, "my boys" of the choir and I practiced songs that filled the old chapel with melody, which floated out over the prison enclosure.

A hymn can lift us like a wing far above this dull earth, and gladden hearts else desolate. The refining, elevating influence of such music can never be estimated, and will not soon be forgotten by those who took part in that prison choir.

CHAPTER XXX

SOME PRISON VISITORS

There were many visitors to the prisons. A settlement of Quakers was not far from Anamosa; and sometimes, on a Sunday morning, a party of them drove over to the prison, to attend the early service. The chaplain had a great respect for these good people, and, though not notified of their coming, gave way, and let them conduct the meeting. When the prisoners entered the chapel, they would be seated in solemn silence, with their hats on, much to the regret of many; for the men preferred the customary program of songs and preaching and prayer, to this kind of a service, where no one spoke till the spirit moved them.

The colored singer, Alexander, especially disliked the Quakers, and in his seat in the choir turned his back upon them as much as he dared to do, and stuffed up his ears. One old lady, whose hands trembled faster as she spoke, sometimes addressed the men, and said many good and helpful things. We could have none of the music we had prepared when they were present, and they glanced severely at the violinist. So we were not always glad to see the wagons and horses drawn up in a row when we approached the prison on a Sunday morning.

“Mother Wheaton,” a prison missionary, was also a visitor at both prisons. She was an old lady, with snow-white hair, who claimed that God opened the way before her, and though without means of her own, passes were granted her by the railroads so that she traveled from Maine to Georgia and Florida without cost, and people were good and kind to her everywhere. She visited every prison on the way, talking to the boys in the chapel and in their cells. She had given up everything to do this ministry of love, and said she had

no home but Heaven. A collection, to provide some money for necessities, was taken up for her by the chaplain, and the men always contributed generously, for they liked her.

Mrs. Hinman, superintendent of the Flower Mission department of the W. C. T. U., was a yearly visitor. The dates set for this service were the first Sabbath in June at Fort Madison, and the second Sabbath at Anamosa. The ladies of the local W. C. T. U. assisted by arranging flowers in tiny nosegays, and attaching a card with a printed text of Scripture by pretty ribbons. The service itself was impressive. Appropriate music prepared by the choir, an address given by Mrs. Hinman, and distribution of the flowers by the ladies selected for the purpose, made up the program. Who can estimate the good done by the influence of these fragrant messengers of good will, and a proof of the interest felt in them by others.

A welcome visitor within the walls was also Peter Bilhorn, singing evangelist. He carried with him a baby organ, and, possessing a splendid voice, sang and played, to the profit and enjoyment of his listeners. He had been reclaimed from a wild life, in early youth, by the prayers of a Christian mother, and felt desirous to rescue others. He went to study at the Moody Institute, and was there consecrated by Mr. Moody to the service of God. The voice that had floated in ribald songs through beer halls now sounded the praises of God, and brought tears to the eyes of repentant sinners. He devoted the energies of his young manhood to the work of winning souls, and God blessed his efforts abundantly. Whenever in either of the prison towns, he always came up to the chapel services, and this required early rising. His song-book, "Crowning Glory," was very popular with the men, and especially the hymn, "I will sing the wondrous story," and also "We'll never say good-bye in Heaven."

Too much praise cannot be given to that noble

woman and tireless prison worker, Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth. Her work for prisoners is so remarkable that she has well earned the title of "The Little Mother." She has visited prisons all over the country, addressing the men in chapel and also in personal interviews.

Realizing that a prisoner, when released, should have some place to go, she inaugurated, as places of refuge, her "Hope Halls," where the worthy ex-convict might be received, until some occupation could be provided. These temporary homes lessened the temptation to commit farther crime, which of itself was a great help and blessing. In order to maintain and endow these noble charities, she undertook lecture tours all over the land, devoting the proceeds to the expenses of her Hope Halls.

Though not strong physically, she endured the strain, that she might perform this labor of love for "her boys" in prison.

She has also introduced into the prisons her "Volunteer Prisoners' League," an organization which had done much good, and has regular meetings, that are largely attended, for the prisoners in Iowa thought a great deal of the League.

But the philanthropy of Mrs. Booth extends beyond the walls of the prison to the families of the prisoners, in the prison-shadowed homes. The wives and children of convicts serving time are often not remembered and their struggles unknown. Deprived of the one who was, or should be, their breadwinner, many a mother and her little ones are left penniless, and suffer keenly from want. God pity them, for too often there is a lack of charity, and the father must find work, to keep from starvation.

And, when the joyous Christmas time draws near, and happy laughter fills the air, gloom settles only deeper over the poor homes, and within there is silence. The children do not hang up stockings when there is

nothing to put in them. The fire is low, and they are shivering with cold, while their garments are ragged and scanty. They are so hungry, too, for the cupboard is bare, and poor mother cries all the time. Oh, if daddy could only come and bring some "merry Christmas" to them!

The children hear Christmas carols sung upon the street, and hasten to the window. A glimmer of Bethlehem's star is in the sky, and the sweet echo of angel music in the air, and even this poor house catches a gleam of the season's brightness; for behold, a carriage stops at the door, it opens, and a mysterious box and packages find entrance, and are placed on the table. Mother stops crying, and, opening the large box, now weeps for joy at the sight of new, warm clothing so sorely needed; toys, to make her little ones happy again, and even a lovely doll; while in the packages are articles of food,—more than enough to make a Christmas dinner. Childish laughter once more fills the room, and the woman asks God's richest blessings to rest upon their benefactor.

And in many towns, to many homes, has this sweet charity gone, like a benediction from the Christ Child to such unfortunate ones. For weeks Mrs. Booth and her assistants have worked untiringly to obtain money and contributions of food and clothing for the filling of these Christmas boxes,—and to label and deliver them was no small task. She has done this noble deed year after year, and the gratitude of husbands and fathers confined in prisons, and unable to do for their loved ones, has been unbounded! Very few would take the trouble to thus change tears into smiles, sorrow into joy, despair to hope, and renewed purpose to act, in discouraged hearts.

When earthly service is ended, will not the Master say, "Well done," to this his faithful handmaiden, who followed so closely in his steps, during her ministry of love below?

CHAPTER XXXI

A CLOSING DOOR—AND A FAREWELL SERVICE

Alas that change is written on all things earthly. A new warden was appointed at the prison in Anamosa by the legislature at Des Moines, and he discharged all the officials of the former administration under Warden Barr. A successor was appointed to Chaplain Gunn, who was to begin his duties on the following Sabbath. This was unexpected, as the new warden had promised to retain him for awhile. To be turned off so suddenly was a great blow to himself and his wife. The rescue work among the prisoners was very dear to them, and they did not feel that it was done, or that they wanted to engage in any other line of service. Their connection with the prison ended April 1st, and on the Sabbath preceding a farewell service was held, at the close of the Sabbath school, at which time resolutions of respect and sympathy were drawn up by the superintendent and teachers, and were adopted by the school. They were as follows:—

“We, as teachers of this Sunday school, desire to express our appreciation of the valuable services rendered by Chaplain and Mrs. Gunn to this school. And, feeling for them a cordial friendship and respect, let it be resolved:—

“First.—That during the six years they have been with us both have been rarely absent from their places. They have therefore set us a good example of faithfulness to duty. And they have always encouraged us by word and deed to keep on in our good work as teachers, and have expressed their belief in the efficiency of Divine truth to renew the heart, and build up again the broken fortunes of these men under our care, as teachers.

"Second.—We have never known them to lose confidence in the power of the Gospel to save and elevate the worst of men, to a life of Christian nobility and purity. They exemplify the true spirit of the 'Rescue Work.'

"Third.—We are indebted to the chaplain's wife for making the song-service of this school so beautiful and impressive. It has been more than an entertainment of sweet melodies: it has been a mode of worship, aiding us to teach the lesson better, and bringing us nearer God. It has sometimes seemed like an echo of the praises up yonder.

"Fourth.—We give them assurance that their labor of love will long be remembered here, and are glad that their fidelity to efforts for the betterment of the prisoners has increased our faith in the redeemability of these men. And so 'Good-bye and Godspeed,' to you, dear friends and fellow-workers, and may we come at last, rejoicing, bringing with us our sheaves."

These resolutions were much appreciated by Chaplain and Mrs. Gunn, and they often recalled the happy hours spent in this prison Sabbath school.

A pleasant feature of the farewell service was the presentation of a gold-headed cane to the chaplain and a costly plush album to his wife. The Sabbath school had ended, and Mrs. Gunn had begun to play the closing march, while the first company of men had passed out of the chapel. A few words were spoken by the superintendent, and the march suddenly stopped, and the men were marched back.

A prisoner, who had been chosen to make the speech, arose and said,—

"Whereas, one of the attendant results of the fall of man, through sin, was the necessity of his leaving the beauteous garden, his primal home,—that Eden which was yet the birthplace of remorse and regret, entailed on the whole human race,—so also, during the generations that have succeeded Adam, parting hours

have come, and loved places been relinquished, and the truest of friends separated, perhaps never to meet again this side of the cold river we call Death. As we realize that such a calamity has come to us, and our faithful chaplain and friend must soon live his life apart from ours, who have been his special charge, it is hard to reconcile ourselves to this loss. But, as we think of the long, weary years you have so nobly given to prison work with its attendant hardships, we will try to feel that God 'doeth all things well,' and is giving you this opportunity to rest awhile from this arduous labor. As you pass out to larger possibilities, may it be in earth's pleasantest places. Always remember that you bear with you the love and esteem of those who have been your spiritual wards. We give you the assurance that many of us hope to meet you in a brighter world,—God helping us,—where sin and partings, with their resultant heartaches, are unknown.

"We ask you to accept this token of our regard, and hope it will be a constant reminder of our faith in you as a pastor, and best wishes for your future prosperity. And now good-bye and Godspeed."

At the close of these remarks, another prisoner addressed the chaplain's wife as follows:—

"Esteemed Teacher:—

"We, the members of your Sunday school class, and of the choir, desire to express to you our appreciation of your efforts in our behalf. In assuming the duties of organist and leader of the choir, you have made sacrifices of your time and ease, which were costly. For that day of the week, which most people give to resting, you have given to us, and not spared yourself at the religious services, or the teaching of the lesson, or the rehearsals for the next Sabbath's singing. To show our deep appreciation of all this you have done

for us, we present to you this album as a slight expression of our regard."

These testimonials of respect and gratitude were deeply affecting to the chaplain and his wife, and will ever be treasured by them. They regretted to leave this place where they had been so happy in this blessed rescue work, and been enabled to gather many sheaves for the Master. They had many dear friends in the church and in the town, as well as in the prison, and it was hard to leave these pleasant associations. The question arose in their hearts, "Lord, why need this be, if we were working for Thee?"

After the farewell service they returned to their home, to weep over giving up the service so dear to them both. Faith for a time was obscured by this sudden and crushing blow, and the future looked dark and uncertain. The world was all before them, where to choose their lot; but they had slight interest in any other employment, for, like the Apostle of old, this servant of God felt, "Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel." Was their work done within prison walls, and had God forgotten them?

It seemed to the chaplain's wife that afternoon as if her heart were broken at the thought of leaving the place where she had been the happiest, and tears flowed afresh at every mention of farewell. Clouds dark and mysterious shadowed the pathway. But lo, when the gloom seemed deepest, a Voice like that which once sounded over stormy waters whispered to our questioning hearts the gentle rebuke, "Why are ye so fearful, oh ye of little faith?" Again we saw the boat tossing on dangerous billows, and the terrified disciples awaking their Master, who, wearied, lay asleep. At their cry, "Lord, save, or we perish," he arose, and commanded the tempest to cease, and there was a great calm. So to our doubting hearts came the assurance

of an overruling Providence, which would shape our future lives for our best good and His own glory.

Therefore we need not fear. The storm of distrust and grief subsided at the Divine bidding, "Peace, be still," and lo, calm took the place of tumult. Our Father was caring for us, and we could trust Him,—that all would be well.

Before we left Anamosa, an invitation came to visit a former warden, at the other prison in Fort Madison. He was the one we had first been associated with, and a warm friendship existed between us. He had recently been reappointed as warden, after six years of absence. We went there, and were most kindly welcomed. The warden told us he would be glad to have his old chaplain again, and would see if it could be arranged. This made us hope that God was here, opening the door for continued service in Gospel work at the prison, and the work was the same in both the prisons. We returned to our home, to await God's will concerning us in this matter. We hoped we would not now be obliged to seek any secular employment. We waited and prayed most earnestly. In a short time a letter came from Warden MacMillan, announcing:—

"Dear Chaplain:—

"The Gates of this prison will swing open to you on June 1st."

What joy and gratitude filled our hearts, that the way had been so signally opened for us to remain in this beloved rescue work for the outcast ones! A lesson was learned, never to be forgotten of trust in the kind Heavenly Father, who will never leave us nor forsake us; when things seem against us, not to lose confidence in His power to turn trial into blessing, and give us our heart's desire. We had stood still, and seen the salvation of the Lord, and been restored to where we could be the most useful.

And so, with renewed courage, we made ready to leave this beloved field of labor for the new yet old sphere of service, where we first began the Gospel work among the "boys."

A large number of friends gathered at the station to bid the chaplain and his family "good-bye and God-speed." Tears mingled with the handshakes and reluctant farewells. But we were comforted by thoughts of the land where the shadow of parting never comes, and "good-byes" are never spoken. How sweet the thought of a Home where changes never come, and the hope of a future reunion consoles us for the separations of Earth.

And so the rainbow hours of Hope
Shone then on teardrops starting;
So glory-lighted skies will say,
In Christ there is no parting.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE GLORY IN THE CELL

Chaplain Gunn and his family were welcomed back to Fort Madison by many friends, both in the town and in the prison. Changes had taken place during their six years' absence, but many of the "boys" remembered them and were glad of their return.

The first Sabbath after our arrival the superintendent came to me, just as we were beginning the lesson in Sunday school, and said,—

"There are several rows of men over there, who want to shake hands with you."

Excusing myself for a moment, I went to them, and was warmly greeted, some of them having been in my classes before; for the long-term men still remained. They said they wished they might be my scholars again, as the class to which I had been assigned were mostly strangers. One man lately transferred from Anamosa begged me to repeat in this prison a recitation he had heard me give at the other prison, called, "A Medley of Old Tunes," accompanied by singing. I complied with his request soon after, and the exercise was greatly enjoyed by the prisoners.

A new man had recently come in from St. Louis, who was very profane and hardened. He refused to come to Sabbath school, where attendance was not compulsory, but was obliged to attend the morning service in the chapel. Sometimes he remained for the prayer meeting, or "social meeting," held directly after the preaching service, but only for the purpose of ridiculing religion and making light of the men who took part in prayer or testimony. The chaplain considered him a hopeless case, and felt sincere pity for the wife left alone in St. Louis, who still loved and clung to him.

She wrote him regularly, and prayed ever for his conversion. Her wonderful faith and devotion were rewarded, for one morning in the social meeting an arrow of conviction went to his heart, the Holy Spirit showed him his sinfulness, and he saw himself lost and undone without God's saving grace. But he was ignorant and vile, and knew little about the Man who was said to have died for sinners.

With bowed head he left the chapel with the other men, and, entering his cell, he sank upon his knees, and implored Divine pardon. His past life came before him,—the terrible blasphemies against God's holy name, sinful deeds committed, neglect of and cruelty to his patient wife,—how could such a wretch be forgiven? He buried his face in his hands, and with bitter weeping, cried, "Be merciful to me a sinner." Then, lo, a radiance shone in the dark cell, and a gentle voice sounded, "Thy sins which are many are forgiven thee." A sweet sense of pardon filled his soul, and a joy hitherto unknown. He fell upon his face before the Heavenly Vision, and gave thanks for so great a salvation. He had a cell mate who also saw the radiance, and was filled with awe. He had likewise made light of religion; but he, too, was convicted of sin, and sought the Lord for pardon. The poor narrow cell seemed full of glory, as these once wicked men called on the name of the Lord together. They could hardly wait to see the chaplain, and tell him of their new-found joy; and he rejoiced with them, and wrote at once to the dear wife, of her husband's remarkable conversion that night in his cell. She had never ceased to pray for this, and would not give him up, and her joy at the tidings was great. His conversion was genuine, and his testimony ever ready, while he remained in prison, for the dear Lord who had redeemed him from depths of iniquity where Satan had held him fast.

We always invited the men in whom we felt special

interest to call and see us at our home, after their discharge from the prison, and we asked this man to come and take dinner with us before starting to rejoin his waiting wife at St. Louis, where together they purposed to enter the "rescue work" in the slums of that large city. We had a pleasant interview with him, and ere he left us we knelt together and praised God that he had been "plucked as a brand from the burning," and called to a service of usefulness for the Master. Wondering what had led to the marvelous change in this once wicked man, I asked him:—

"My brother, what first drew you toward God? Was it anything the chaplain had said in his sermon that won you to repentance?"

"No, dear friend," he replied, "it was something you said during a social meeting, that went straight to my heart, and made me want to become a Christian."

What was my surprise and joy to find that the blessed Holy Spirit had used a chance word of mine to awaken and save a soul! It had been my custom to say a few words if there was any pause in prayer or testimony, in order to prevent a long silence. At one of these times the word, "fitly spoken," must have fulfilled its mission, all unknown to me; but it helped to win a precious soul, for whom Christ died, from sin, and added another worker to the harvest field.

During our long absence we found considerable interest had developed in the Hope Halls, which Mrs. Booth's foresight had generously provided for released prisoners. It had ever been a dread to this class of men, to face a prejudiced world, in quest of employment which was sorely needed, as often a man had only his gate-money—or what small amount the State grants prisoners when discharged—and a cheap suit of clothes, to begin the world again with.

When an ex-convict sought work, a conversation like this frequently took place:—

"Have you any recommendations?"

"No, sir."

"Do you drink?"

"No, sir."

"Have you any home?"

"No, sir."

"Where did you work last?"

"I would rather not say, sir."

"What did they pay you?"

"Only my board and clothes, sir."

"I do not think I want another man just now; but, if I should, call around later."

And so the poor fellow is regarded as a suspicious character, even though it may not be known that he is just out of prison. And, even if lucky enough to get a job somewhere, if found out that he has been in prison, he is usually turned off at once.

By going to a refuge like Hope Hall he has nothing to conceal from an employer, when a place has been found for him, but can start out under true colors, and prove he is worthy of the confidence his employer has reposed in him. While awaiting occupation to be assigned him, the released prisoner is housed and fed, and assists in the work of the Home, while Christian influences are thrown around him. The number of worthy men who wish to do right in future, and regain their places in the world, is surprising, and proved by their flocking to the Hope Halls which are in various parts of the country. To found and endow by the proceeds of her lectures these needed places of shelter for homeless and friendless prisoners—when their sentences had expired—is one of the noblest deeds of this most noble woman.

CHAPTER XXXIII

HINDRANCES

A noble philanthropist of Iowa was a gray haired man called by the prisoners "Father Coffin." He often visited the two prisons, and talked with the men, both in chapel and in their cells. He took great interest in those who wanted to reform, and it was an incentive to right living to such to have him take such a one by the hand, and say, "I have confidence in you, my boy. I know you will 'make good,' and I will give you the helping hand."

He gave land and a building for a "Prisoners' Home" in the Iowa town where he lived, and welcomed the worthy men to its shelter. He will be rewarded by the Master for the "cup of cold water, given in His name, to one of the least of these, his brethren."

One of the greatest hindrances to reformation is the suggestion of the tempter,—that, having once fallen, a man cannot recover himself, or "make good." For it is not true that "once a convict, a convict forever." How contrary to the spirit of Him who said to the woman who was a sinner, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

And Peter, who was smitten with remorse for his cowardly denial of his Master, was forgiven after deep repentance and restored to full apostleship, and became a leader. His stumbling was remembered no more against him, and God has promised that, if we truly repent, our sins and iniquities He will "remember no more."

John Newton was a very wicked man, but was wonderfully converted to God, and became a minister. He once said that, when he got to Heaven, he would seek the dying thief who was crucified with Jesus,

and ask him, "Brother, which of us is most indebted to the grace of God in gaining admittance here?" Over and over it has been proved that this wonderful grace can transform the "chief of sinners," and make him "a new creature in Christ Jesus."

One of the hymns in Mr. Bilhorn's song-book is called "The Bird with a Broken Wing." It is as follows:—

"I walked in the woodland meadow
Where sweet, the thrushes sing;
And I found, on a bed of mosses,
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wound, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain;
But the bird with a broken pinion,
Never soared as high again.

I found a young life broken
By sin's seductive art,
And touched by a Christ-like pity,
I took him to my heart.
He lived for a noble purpose,
And struggled not in vain,
But the soul that sin had crippled,
Never soared as high again.

But the bird with a broken pinion
Kept another from the snare,
And the one that had sinned and stumbled
Raised a comrade from despair.
No loss without compensation,
There is healing for every pain,
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soars as high again."

It was sung occasionally in the religious services in the chapel, and its influence was depressing on the men who had become Christians. When Mr. Bilhorn came to the prison, they told him how it discouraged them, and made them fear they could never overcome this hindrance to a nobler manhood. Could they ever hope to rise as high, spiritually? He tried to console them with the assurance that by waiting on the Lord, "they

could renew their strength; and they could even mount up on wings like eagles,—run and not be weary, walk and not faint.” As he saw the sentiment of the hymn was discouraging, he added another verse to the original verses, which gave a truer and more comforting message:—

“Lo, still in the woodland meadow
So sweet, the thrushes sing,
Oh ye, who would fain mount upward,
But are fettered by broken wing,
Despair not,—One will help you
To loftier heights attain;
He can heal the broken pinion,
Till it soars as high again.”

An Easter lily was once given me, one of whose buds was blasted apparently. It was also imperfect in form and I wondered what mischance could have befallen it. It was tended with the same care as the other buds, but I doubted if it would ever open. Meanwhile, the sister buds came into full bloom, while the fate of the crippled bud was still undecided. But unseen forces were at work within it, and hidden life was there. Slowly the brave bud unfolded, although three of its petals were missing, but it made no difference. What remained breathed out fragrance, just like the other perfect blossoms around it. Its stamens stood almost alone and unprotected, but it held its own.

It taught me the lesson,—that, notwithstanding crippled conditions, we can go bravely on, and perform the duty God has assigned us, and in whatever environment. To hold this object-lesson in remembrance, I lovingly pressed my crippled flower, and was thankful to consider this lesson from the lilies, in their spotless purity and fragrance.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE WHOLE WORLD KIN

The tragedy of the Crucifixion had ended, and the gloom of the burial in Joseph's tomb had disappeared before the glory of the resurrection morning, when Christ arose triumphant from the grave. His disciples had seen and known Him, while their hearts were filled with wonder and adoration. Even the doubting Thomas had exclaimed, "My Lord, and my God." But they still had need of Him, and so the Divine One tarried below.

One night the disciples resumed their former occupation of fishing, and in their boats had toiled all night without success. The dawn found them weary and discouraged, and ready to abandon their efforts; but, as the radiance of morning gilded the waters, a Voice came floating to their ears, "Children, have ye any meat?" They saw a Figure dimly, standing on the shore, and, when it bade them cast their nets on the other side of the boat, they found them immediately filled with fishes. In awed accents they whispered to each other, "It is the Lord."

Then followed the gracious invitation to dine with Him, and, gladly accepting, they found the meal prepared, and again enjoyed sweet fellowship and intercourse with their beloved Leader. That dawn on Galilee witnessed one of the most striking revelations of Divine sympathy for man in all his needs, and that he is not alone, and in our moments of discouragement and failure He is ever ready to help. His yearning compassion to save, and succor those in distress is shown in the parable of the lost sheep, which went astray. None but the Good Shepherd would have sought and found it, perishing afar, with birds of prey

already circling over the spot where the poor animal lay dying and exhausted.

“But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Or how dark was the night that the Lord went through,
E'er he found his sheep that was lost.”

If Jesus was taken out of our lives, dark and desolate would be the outlook. We can make Him our partner in the affairs of life, and seek His guidance continually. He alone can solve the problems that confront us, and open the gate to future glory.

A pathetic story is told of a sweet young Christian woman, who had married an infidel. Her husband sought to destroy her belief in the Christian religion, in which she had been trained since infancy. She loved her Bible, but he told her it was only a collection of untrue and idle tales, and laughed at her conceptions of Christ as childish and unworthy of belief. He declared the body of Jesus had never arisen from its tomb beneath the Syrian sky. He dissuaded her from going to church, as had always been her custom, and took her on pleasure drives instead of attendance at the house of God. She loved her husband, and thought him very wise and learned, and feared that she might have been childish in believing too readily whatever she was told. She felt something had gone out of her life. She was unhappy, for nothing could fill the aching void within. It was the “lost Christ” that made her life now so empty and devoid of interest. She began to droop and pine for the things she had loved and believed in, and faded away like a flower blighted by an untimely frost. The husband who had so wronged her could not comfort her, nor replace with other things what he had taken from her. She continued to droop, until they laid her away in an early grave, which seemed so dark and hopeless without the assurance of a blessed immortality. But the infidel

husband had told her that there was no beautiful Heaven, and she had died without that consolation.

Let no one rob us of a "hope in Christ," for it is an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast.

Human sympathy is but a reflection of the sympathy which overflows from the heart of God, for the needs of a suffering world. Each human being, however hardened, has a tender spot somewhere in his heart, and can show feeling for others. This was proved in our experience at the prison in Fort Madison. My husband and I can never forget the sympathy shown by the inmates for the suffering undergone by me, one summer, during operations performed on my eyes. We were absent a month in Chicago, for this purpose; and on our return nearly every man of the hundreds in the cell house asked the chaplain, when he went around the next Sunday, about my eyes. Many expressed regret, and hoped I would not lose my sight. They had seen me at the organ every Sunday, and often playing with insufficient light on a winter morning, and feared it had taxed my eyes.

Sympathy is welcome, wherever we find it, and makes the whole world kin. Man lost the image of God in the Fall in Eden, but retained some noble traits in his sinful nature, such as sympathy and unselfishness. It is when these are revealed that this dark world is brightened and earth brought nearer to Heaven. And sympathy for erring ones should dwell in every Christian heart, impelling to deeds of service and self-denial, like unto their Lord. As the merciful Redeemer, who is not willing that any should perish, pardoned the dying thief on the cross, so even at the eleventh hour, souls can be rescued, like "brands from the burning."

In a prison in another State was a man condemned to death for murder. He was confined in the death cell and awaited sullenly the day of his execution. He could say bitterly, "No one careth for my soul," and,

despised and friendless, he was left alone, save for the visit of the chaplain, whom he repulsed. But he was not to be entirely forsaken. God laid it on the heart of a devoted Christian man to pray for this poor soul, and finally to go and see the poor man, so pitifully alone. The prison authorities told him it was no use to enter his cell, for he would speak to no one. But he begged for an interview, and it was finally granted. He found the prisoner seated on his cot, listless and unresponsive, gazing vacantly at the floor. He sat down beside him, and tried to gain his attention. But the condemned man never looked up or spoke. At last he turned his back upon him, and the unwelcome visitor left, feeling as if he could never come again.

Returning home, he fell upon his knees, and prayed, weeping: "Oh God, show me how to reach this heart. Help me to awaken this soul, so soon to pass into Eternity. Make it desire and obtain salvation, while yet there is time."

The assurance came to this servant of the Lord that the poor sinner for whom he had a yearning akin to that of his Divine Master for the perishing ones, would be saved. He could not give him up, and the following day again went to the cell, and met with the same reception. They sat awhile silently, and he left noiselessly as he came. The next day he took with him some carefully selected leaflets, and laid them on the cot when he left. There was still no response to his efforts for friendship. Several days passed, and the stony heart remained unmelted. The leaflets had been put upon a shelf, unread. Still the patient visitor sat beside him and waited, praying earnestly for his salvation.

One day the prisoner suddenly glanced at his visitor, and saw that his eyes were full of tears. His face changed quickly, and he gave a searching look at the man he had hitherto turned his back upon. He spoke for the first time:—

"Why do you come here every day?"

"Because I love your precious soul, and want to help you save it. I will be your friend, my brother, if you will only let me."

"I cannot believe you care for me really. No one ever has before, or acted as if they thought I had a soul. It is not worth the trouble for you to come here, and you had better quit."

"Leave that to me," was the answer. "Will you promise me to read those little books I left the other day?"

"Perhaps so. But I wonder that you bother with me. You are not like any other man I have known."

"No matter, I will come again to-morrow."

There was a marked change in the condemned man on the morrow. "I have read in the little books as I promised, and find I am a great sinner. They also tell how to be saved, but I can't quite understand."

"Listen to me and I will tell you." And for the first time in his sinful and neglected life he heard the story of the Cross, told with a wonderful tenderness and simplicity. He saw the truth and grasped it, and filled with repentance, he accepted the Saviour who receiveth sinful men. The joy of pardon overwhelmed his soul, and filled him with gratitude to the one who had brought him the news of salvation, and aroused him from his lethargy and despair. His kind friend brought him a Bible, which he gladly accepted, and together they studied the marked passages, and he seemed hungry for the Word of God, to which he had never had access before. He grew daily in the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and they had sweet seasons of prayer and fellowship. What a change had come over this man, once sullen and defiant and unresponsive; and all because a loving hand had been held out to him, and a sympathy shown, which refused to give him up even when scorned and rejected.

When the day set for his execution arrived, he met

it bravely and calmly, and only regretted that he could not live to do something for his dear Saviour. He carefully wrapped up his now beloved Bible, and asked his friend to send it to his mother, with his love and wish for her forgiveness. He had never let her hear from him during his wayward career. They knelt down again together, for the moments were fleeting fast, and engaged in the parting prayer. The chaplain was also present, and would accompany him to the scaffold. And both these Christian friends commended him who was now to leave them to the mercy and care of God. He shook hands with the chaplain and threw his arms around the other man, whom he embraced with tears, saying he never could thank him enough for what he had done for him. Both wept, and the one who had led him to Christ replied:—

“I shall miss you, my brother, but we shall be separated only for a season, and you are going first to our Father’s House above. Good-bye, and God bless and strengthen you.”

The death guards came, and he was led away, and in a few moments was with his Lord, who had redeemed him. His friend and benefactor remained a short time in the empty cell, to shed tears of mingled joy and sorrow,—joy, that this soul of priceless worth had been rescued from the power of Satan and would dwell in glory forever; and sorrow, that he must part with one for whom he had formed a deep affection.

Away in the mountains of California was a mining camp, where the workers were reckless and godless and given to profanity. A Christian woman lived at a short distance beyond, and heard accidentally that a miner was dying of consumption at the foot of a mountain. He was deserted and friendless, save that a basin of food was placed at his door every morning by some pitying person, thus preventing starvation. None cared to enter his hut because of his terrible swearing. He

did not speak without an oath, so they preferred to stay away, and let him suffer alone.

A great pity filled the heart of this woman for the lonely miner, and she resolved to attempt to visit him. She had longed to be a foreign missionary, but here was an opportunity to serve her Master at home. Her duty was plain, and, though she dreaded his profanity, she dare not delay. When she entered the little cabin, she found the sick man lying on a pallet of straw, covered with a blanket, and emaciated and wan. He greeted her with a terrible oath, which made her shrink as from a blow. He pointed to the door, and, still swearing, bade her go. Trembling, she obeyed and traversed the mountain path homeward, wondering how she could best find access to the heart of this hard, ungracious man. She went again the following day, and took something for him to eat, but he ordered her to clear out, and not bother him any more. Heart-sick with disappointment, she felt it was no use to try any longer, and she would not go again.

She had an only daughter, a beautiful child of ten, and, as she was putting her to bed that night, the child prayed in her artless fashion for the "bad man" her mother had told her of, and then asked if she might not go to see him too? The mother shuddered, and replied, "No, darling, mother won't go to see him any more."

"Have you given him up, mama?"

"I think I have, dear," she said sadly.

"But has God given him up?"

She had no answer to this question, but she felt reproved by her child and ashamed of her lack of faith.

That night she fell upon her knees in her room, and begged forgiveness for cherishing the thought of leaving that forlorn soul to perish. And there came to me a vision of Calvary, and One dying on a cross, who would not have endured that agony had not the souls

He was giving His life to save been of priceless worth, even the life of the Son of God.

Early the next morning she sought once more the miner's little shack, and went in smiling, and offered him some flowers she had gathered on the way; but he shook his head, and with an oath, more terrible than the day before, said he did not want her or her flowers.

It did not hurt her as much because she was doing the will of Him who sent her, and, waiting a little, she went to the spring near by; and, taking a towel and soap that she had brought with her, she asked if she might wash his face and his hands, which were neglected and filthy. He permitted this, but thanked her with an oath. When she came again the next day, her little daughter accompanied her. She was a lovely child of ten, with golden curls, and she remained outside, so as not to hear the oaths of the "bad man." But he caught sight of her, and asked eagerly to see her. His face lost its hard look as she entered and timidly approached him. Taking her hand in his poor wasted one, he exclaimed:—

"Why, she looks like my own little gal,—my Mamie, who died long ago. She was the only one I ever loved; and, if she had lived, I'd been different."

The child gently stroked his cheek, as he again exclaimed: "Oh God, I want to see my little gal once more. But she went to some place way off they call Heaven, and I am too wicked and ignorant to get there." And tears rolled down his cheeks.

"I will pray for you," said little Annie.

Mother and child knelt together beside his pallet, and the child, with her hand still in his, said:—

"Please God, forgive this poor man, who is so sick, and wants to see his little Mamie. He is sorry that he has been bad, and will try now to be good.—Amen."

"I am sorry, but I don't know how to find God, or the place they call Heaven. Tell me how, quickly."

And earnestly and simply the old sweet story was told again in that poor room, while watching angels lingered near, to bear above the glad tidings "of one sinner that repenteth."

Taking home her child, his kind friend would not leave him alone, but returning watched and prayed beside him through the long night hours. His agony of soul was intense, under his deep conviction of sin, and it seemed at times as if the conflict within him was greater than he could endure.

"Oh, I have been so wicked, so vile a blasphemer! How can God forgive me?"

She pointed him to the blessed Lamb of God, whose blood avails to make the foulest clean, and to trust to that for his salvation. At last the conflict ceased, and the weary soul rested in its Saviour. He lived a little while after this, and gave full evidence of conversion. The lips once so polluted by oaths now only uttered praises to God for the removal of his heavy burden of sin, and sweet assurance of pardon.

One day he told his kind friend, who still ministered to his needs, that he would like to have a "meeting" in his shack. He heard her speak of such things, but had never been to one himself. So could they have one? She thought awhile, and then replied,—

"The room is small, and we have no chairs; but perhaps we can manage, Jack."

She sent word to the miners and the mill hands, some of whom had been his comrades, and announced a meeting at Jack's shack on the following day, in the early evening. That morning she brought with her a clean shirt, and some nourishing soup to strengthen him for the much desired event, and also wild flowers she had gathered along the way, to adorn the cabin, which she swept and tidied, and put on a fresh white bedspread and pillow-cases. The sick man watched her with interest, and tears of gratitude stood in his eyes.

At dusk they came, and filled the small room to overflowing. Jack gave a kindly greeting to all, and told them:—

“Boys, I am glad to see you. I want you to know about the Man who died for me, and you, too. She’ll tell you, and get down on your knees while you listen.

The lady began to tell the “old, old story,” but suddenly Jack broke in, exclaiming:—

“Oh boys, I want to tell it, I want you to understand it, as plainly as I do. If you believed it, you’d be crying. This is the way, boys. You know how the water flows through the sluice boxes, and carries off all the dirt, leaving only the gold? Well, the blood of that Man who died for me just went over my sinful heart, and took away the wanting to swear, and everything, except wanting to see that kind Man and my Mamie. Oh boys, can’t you love Him too?”

A hush fell over the cabin, broken only by low sobbing, as the men wiped their eyes on rough handkerchiefs or shirtsleeves. Jack, exhausted, extended his arms as if in blessing, and whispered: “Good-bye. Meet me there, boys.”

In a few days he passed away, with the praises of God upon his lips, and a look of infinite peace upon his face. Holding fast her hand, he murmured, “God bless you, dear lady, for not giving me up, when I only cursed you.”

She stood beside him, shedding tears of joy, that hers had been the privilege of snatching this precious soul from the power of Satan, to soon dwell in glory forever.

Through the redeeming blood of Christ, saint and sinner had been made akin; and again she thanked God that a radiance from the Heavenly Land seemed reflected on the face once marred by the marks of sin.

And this precious tie of re-creation in Christ Jesus can place all on equality, and bind them together in

world-wide sympathy. The thief and the murderer, the blasphemer and the forger, the idolater and the gambler,—all these, enslaved by sin, can join that great multitude which no man can number, redeemed to God out of every kindred and tongue, and people and nation. “For we are all one, in Christ Jesus.”

CHAPTER XXXV

A NEW VERSION OF THE PRODIGAL SON

The story of the prodigal son is a hackneyed theme in the Prison pulpit, and was usually avoided by the chaplain. But, if a stranger preached, he was apt to take this subject, much to the annoyance of the men, who were weary of being called prodigals.

Let us consider a new version of this old-time story, in which it will lose none of its pathos and beauty.

A powerful agency in the restoration of this lost world to Christ is the Salvation Army, founded by General Booth, and also the later organization, called "The Volunteers of America," founded by his son, Ballington Booth, whose wife takes so great an interest in prisoners. Their work is done in obscure places of the earth. In city slums, where poverty, vice and ignorance congregate; in the smaller towns and hamlets; on the rude frontier,—everywhere the army marches with flying banners and the roll of drums, while voices blend with instruments in the sound of sacred melodies, which thrill the air, and often cause passers-by to pause and listen. Many a heart is touched by this Gospel in song, and attracted to the night meetings in the Army Hall. The Church, alas, has not gathered these lower classes within her fold, and the message of salvation only reaches them through these noble workers in the slums. Eternity only can reveal the good accomplished, as they follow in the steps of their Divine Leader, "who came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Redeemed souls will enter Heaven that otherwise would have not been saved.

A noted prize fighter came under the influence of the Salvation Army, and was converted to God. He was

so changed that he ceased to be a terror, and was so kind and gentle that all who had known him marvelled at the contrast. He obtained employment that supported himself and family in comfort, and was a power for good in the locality where he lived, and also among his old associates in evil. He was a faithful attendant at the night meetings of the Army, and ever ready to give prayer or testimony, and help those who came forward with a word of sympathy and counsel. His example induced another, very low down in sin, to renounce the error of his ways.

In one of the poorest quarters of a large city lived a young woman, left a widow with a baby boy. She earned a scanty living by daywork, for herself and child; but she was fond of drink, and frequently went to the saloon, taking her baby with her, as there was no one to leave it with. If it cried, she would dip her finger into the glass of liquor she was drinking, and rub it on the lips of the little one, pacifying it, but, alas, forming a taste for drink, which later proved a curse to the poor child, and his greatest hindrance to an upright life.

The mother drank to "hearten her up for her work," but thought not of the effect upon her babe, and the great wrong done in his helpless infancy. She married again, and his new father abused him and often turned him out of doors. He early learned that life, for him, was made up of trouble and blows and curses were his portion. His mother and step-father quarreled continually, and he had to get out of the way to avoid being injured. He grew up as best he could,—dirty, ragged, and ignorant, and at sixteen left home, to make his own way in the world. His drunken mother scarcely understood that her boy was leaving for good, and gave him but a scant good-bye, while the father flung only curses at him. And with this poor preparation he went forth, alone and friendless.

He wandered over the country, doing odd jobs for

farmers, with but little pay, and at last enlisted in the army, hoping to better his fortunes. He would have a whole, clean uniform, a decent bed, and enough to eat. For all this, he could stand the drill and the discipline, which were irksome to him. With his pay he bought a drink at every opportunity, though often punished for drunkenness. But his craving for drink, bred in infancy, was impossible to subdue. Once, when tipsy, he got into serious trouble with a corporal, and hit him hard blows, for which he was discharged in disgrace. The little money that remained on hand gave out, and he knew not which way to turn, to obtain more. But he knew he must stay sober, to gain employment.

He found a good job, but lost it by getting drunk. He obtained another, with the same result. Discouraged, he now resorted to doubtful ways of earning a living, and descended into depths of vice, which made him the "lowest of the low." But he was unhappy. Though still young in years, he was old in wickedness, and, beside losing his own self-respect, knew he was despised by others. The spark of manhood left within him rebelled at continuing such a life, and he began to consider how to change it. He had not a friend in the world, and he would be more apt to receive kicks than find a helper. Suddenly he thought of the "puncher," whom he often saw marching with the Salvation Army through the streets, and had known in his prize fighting days. Why not "get religion" like him, exemplifying in his thought the truth of the assertion,—

"How far a little candle throws its beams, over a naughty world."

What changed the puncher's life might also change his. It was worth trying. These people surely would not scorn him. Yes, he would go that very night to the Salvation Army Hall, and perhaps the puncher would be there too, and see and speak to him.

When he entered the Army Hall, and took a back

seat, he looked eagerly for the man, the influence of whose example had brought him here. Yes, he was there, standing near the platform, and talking to some men. He looked at the mottoes on the wall, but did not fully understand them. He could read, but was ignorant of religious things. When the simple service began, the singing sounded strangely sweet, and his thirsty soul drank in the message of salvation. At the call to come forward, he went quickly, and knelt down in the penitent form with others. The puncher recognized him, and welcomed him kindly. The adjutant and other officers gathered around him, and fervent prayers were offered for his deliverance from the bondage of Satan. For the first time the way of escape was explained to him,—repentance and renouncing of sin, and faith in a crucified Saviour. He grasped at the truth eagerly, and once more the cry arose to Heaven, "Be merciful to me a sinner."

It was heard and answered, and a sense of pardon and peace filled his soul with joy. He was "saved," glory to God, and would show the sincerity of his purpose to henceforth live a Christian life. He stayed at the Army quarters that night, and was given work, so as not to be idle and fall into temptation. A kind Christian man became interested in him, and furnished steady employment, which was a great help in his reformed life. He strove to overcome his love of drink, and mastered it in the strength of God.

The prodigal had now come to himself, and, like the prodigal of old, arisen, and gone to His Father's House, —his Heavenly Father's,— as he had no earthly father. But he felt lonely. There was no one belonging to him except his mother—if still living. He would seek her; for, though neglectful of him in childhood, she was still his mother. The old story was reversed. Instead of the father going forth to meet the erring son, the son, prosperous and in his right mind, goes forth to meet and rescue his mother, and give her loving greeting.

He sought for her in the locality where she had lived all of these years,—for the very poor have not the means to move about much,—and was directed to a garret, in the top of a tenement house. He found it, and saw a poor old woman, clad in rags, sitting, alone and forlorn in a dark corner. He inquired if this was Grannie Hanson?

“Yes,” was the faint answer. “But who are you?”

“Mother, don’t you know your little Johnnie, your son, though grown so tall?”

“My boy, my boy,” exclaimed the bent figure, rising and approaching the man who stood regarding her. She trembled with excitement, and fell on his neck, weeping and crying: “Can you forgive me? I never was a mother to you.”

“It is forgiven and forgotten, mother, and I am so glad to find you once more.”

She clung to him still trembling, and implored,—

“Oh, don’t leave me in this place, to suffer cold and hunger any more. Your stepfather deserted me, and I have almost starved. Take me away, away.” And she clung closer, sobbing. The strong man also wept, and gently soothed her.

“Don’t cry so, mother. Put on these nice clothes I have brought for you, and we will go away together, and forget past wretchedness. You can keep my home for me, and I will earn money to take care of you. We need each other, and, if you will learn to love and serve God as I have learned to, we can be so happy. For this your son that was lost is found, and he that was dead to you is alive again. Let us praise God, and give thanks.”

And he led her away, smiles replacing the tears, and hope of a happy future springing up in her heart.

CHAPTER XXXVI

RESIGNATION AND RETURN

Chaplain Gunn had always said that he was not willing to leave the religious work at the prison, until God closed the door. The service had become second nature to him, and he could say with Paul, "Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel" to these sin-sick souls. But advancing years and failing health caused his family and friends to fear to have him remain longer in so arduous a work. It was far more than that of an ordinary pastor.

Besides, preaching at the Sunday services, he conducted a night school, had charge of the library, did a large correspondence for the prisoners, and visited all the cells in the ranges every Sunday. He was a very weary man on Sabbath night. But it was a joy to do all in his power for the needy souls entrusted to his care.

However, he offered his resignation on April 1st, 1897, to Mr. N. N. Jones, then warden of the prison at Fort Madison, which was unwillingly accepted. But after twenty years of continuous service he felt he was entitled to a rest and change of scene. Farewells were said with many regrets, and the family left, to locate in Washington, Iowa, where the oldest daughter had recently gone. To employ his time the ex-chaplain engaged in secular business, and tried to feel an interest in it, but longed for the old work. It is hard for a clergyman to change into a business man, and he found it so. His wife also missed the work, and felt keenly the contrast between long, idle hours now and the busy, happy hours of the Sabbaths at the prison. They regretted that he had resigned, and felt the door had not been closed, and perhaps they had run away from their duty. Neither were contented

or happy in their new environment, yet had no hope of return. The ex-chaplain had decided to seek a church in the adjacent country, where he could again preach, and his wife could assist in the service of song which she loved and enjoyed.

But God was planning otherwise for these his servants, and at the end of seven months he was recalled to Fort Madison by a remarkable train of circumstances.

The new chaplain had not proved capable of filling the place left vacant by Chaplain Gunn, and something must be done to remedy the mistake. Of this Mr. Gunn was ignorant. A newspaper man of Washington wished to write up the lower prison, and asked the former chaplain to accompany him, as he was so familiar with the institution. He consented, but, before leaving home, asked the Lord that, if it were his will for him to return to the prison work, He would indicate it by the warden speaking to him about it of his own accord. And this occurred. They had gone the round of the shops, the men in all of them smiling at the sight of their old chaplain, until the man from Washington remarked,—

“You ought to be here, as they appear to think so much of you.”

He was invited to stay at the warden’s and had not been long in the house before the warden spoke on the subject so near his heart, saying:—

“Chaplain, come back. I cannot run this prison without you. Will you come?”

Greatly moved by this direct answer to his prayer, he replied:—

“Warden, I would like to return, for I have missed my work sorely, and perhaps did not do right to leave it. Perhaps it was not God’s will. But I must talk with my family, first, and find if they think I am able.”

The joy of his wife was great when he told her of the warden’s request, and her only fear in regard to

his acceptance was the lack of strength to fulfil the many duties of the chaplaincy. But, if in accordance with His will, God would grant needed strength. It was decided that he should go, and try it for a few months before finally assuming the office. He returned, and began work November 1st, 1897. His wife soon joined him, and at first they boarded. As he seemed to endure the labor better than expected, he decided to remain permanently. Both the chaplain and his wife felt they had left a desert place, to regain the loved, familiar work, and were happy. They hoped years of usefulness lay before them, in the work to which God had called them. They knew not that a place was already prepared in Heaven, and a crown of radiant stars waiting for him whose untiring efforts had turned many to righteousness. They secured a house and again had the pleasure of their own home, where they wished to remain, near the field of their labor while life lasted. The wife of the chaplain was only too glad to resume her work as organist and trainer of the choir, and teach her class of "boys" in the Sunday school. The prisoners welcomed them back with smiles and handshakes everywhere, in the chapel, the hospital, and the shops. It was like getting home again, to some well-known spot,—never forgotten, among the pictures on Memory's wall.

The life prisoners and long-term men were especially glad to have their old chaplain with them once more, for he had a way of cheering up a man if downhearted and "blue," as these poor fellows often were. Through his strong personality and Christian influence he made them believe that life is "worth living" after all, even if behind prison bars. The prisoners felt he was sincerely their friend, and this wins good will every time.

A life sentence is hard to be endured. Forgotten by the outside world, and unable to see its progress, the monotonous days pass slowly on, one just like the

other, year after year, until life slowly ebbs away, and death brings release. Unless a believer in Jesus, the end is lonely and pitiful, but, if brightened by Christian hope, it is far different. We have seen a life prisoner die, rejoicing in his Saviour, and for whom death had lost its terrors.

Two brothers had received, when young men, life sentences for murder. They had been imprisoned for thirty years, and, save for the newspapers that they were allowed to see, knew nothing of modern improvements. They had never seen an automobile nor an airplane nor many other things. But they were industrious and well-behaved, and were employed in the carpenter shop. Their only recreation was to play with a pet dog they kept in the shop, during intervals of leisure.

Repeated efforts had been made by relatives to obtain a pardon, but with no avail, because of the hostile feeling against them in the place where they had lived. They hoped for release, but the longed-for day was slow in coming. At last, however, a pardon was granted, and there were no happier men than these two brothers. It seemed too good to be true, and they hardly knew how to act. What a revelation the outside world must have been to these now elderly men as the big gates opened to let them pass out,—free men, thank God!

CHAPTER XXXVII

A VISION OF PRISON EVANGELISM

On Chaplain Gunn's second return to the prison at Fort Madison he found an interesting feature in the development of rescue work behind the bars.

The far-seeing vision of that servant of God, Dwight L. Moody, discovered a way to reach all within prison walls with a printed Gospel message. The wonderful Colportage Library Association had been founded by him, and hundreds of small paper-covered books had been sent to the prisons for distribution. They showed clearly and simply the way to God and Heaven, and supplemented the preached word and the service of song. The hearer of the one and the reader of the other could not fail to be impressed, and find the message convincing. A prisoner has plenty of time to think and read; and if, between services on the Sabbath or in his cell at night, suitable reading matter is placed in his hands, like the messages in these books, his heart may be touched by the Holy Spirit, and he be led to accept Christ as his Saviour.

It was the custom of the chaplain to fill several baskets with these books, and have an assistant carry them, as he went from cell to cell in the different ranges, talking with the men, and giving out the books, until all were distributed. Rarely did a man refuse to take one, and often a hand was extended eagerly to receive one. Men that would not go to Sabbath school took the little books, and, reading them, lost their indifference, and began to talk with the chaplain about their souls. The seed thus sown brought rich spiritual harvests, and to this noble man must be given the credit.

During his evangelistic tours through the country,

Mr. Moody visited many prisons, and his great heart was touched by the thought of more than a hundred thousand men and women within prison bars living purposeless, sin-blighted lives. They needed more than a weekly sermon Sunday mornings, in their ignorance of God, and he tried to devise a way by which Christian literature could be placed in their hands. He set aside funds, and made a new department in the Bible Institute which he had also founded in Chicago, and which has continued twenty-five years, and is an active force to-day. An appeal was made recently by the Colportage Association for funds to continue this noble enterprise, and not take away from the prisons what was so dear to the heart of the great evangelist. Many chaplains have testified to the value of this circulating library, placed within the reach of all, "without money and without price." There are many thousands of these small books now, and printed in different languages of the globe.

"Pocket Treasuries" were also provided for the prisoners, consisting of a carefully selected number of tracts, put up in a neat case, and these the men might keep if they desired to. To prove that they were prized, a prisoner, when released, frequently pulled one out of his pocket, and said he was going to carry it with him.

Mr. Moody was led in a remarkable way to add a colportage department to the Institute he had founded in Chicago for the training of religious workers.

While holding an evangelical meeting in a city in Wisconsin, he wanted some religious books for inquirers, and went to a bookstore to obtain them. To his amazement there was not a single book of that character in the store. The proprietor stated that it did not pay to keep such books, as there was no call for them. He investigated the matter, and found that in the great State of Wisconsin there was but one city where a local bookstore kept religious books. On his

return to Chicago he consulted a prominent Christian worker on the matter, and was told that religious books were too costly, and people did not care to buy them.

"Then the price must come down," replied Mr. Moody. "The Gospel cannot be excluded from the reading masses."

With his characteristic energy he sat about supplying this evident need. He saw several publishers, but met with no encouragement. All declared it would be dead stock on their hands to issue such books, and the public did not want them. He saw that he must take it in hand himself, and added the new department of evangelical literature and the colportage library to his Bible Institute. He financed it from his own funds at first, and used the old methods of publishing. It was found cheaper to make large editions of a book, and a hundred thousand copies of his book ("The Way to God") was ordered printed. This number was modified later. The small books were sold at twenty cents apiece, and were neat and attractive in appearance, and well printed. Moody's vision of evangelism through the printed word became a blessed reality, and brought uncounted numbers to God.

Another striking factor in prison evangelism was the service of song, in which, for years, the famous "Gospel Hymns" of Moody and Sankey were used. No other hymn-books could replace them in favor, and they will always be to me a treasured memory of the Gospel in song, in the prisons of Iowa.

On our piano is a volume of 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 Gospel Hymns, bound together, on the front page of which is written, "In memory of our work in prison, and those loved and sacred hours of Auld Lang Syne." No melodies are sweeter and no hymns more used of God to bring sinners to repentance. They have led thousands to the Saviour, wherever these great evangelists held meetings. And a most interesting fact associated

with these hymns is that the large proceeds from their sales were devoted by these evangelists to advancing the cause of Christ, and not to their own use.

A vision of music evangelism was also granted Mr. Moody, and he saw what possibilities lay in sacred song. Not a singer himself, he waited eight years for a consecrated leader in the singing during his services. He watched for the right person, and at last he appeared.

He was attending a Y. M. C. A. convention in Indianapolis, and, while leading a morning prayer meeting, the singing dragged woefully, until a stranger, Mr. Ira D. Sankey, volunteered to lead it. His voice was fine, and he made the songs so spirited that they enlivened the service. At its close Mr. Moody sought an introduction to the singer, and, after conversing a few moments, said suddenly:—

“You are just the man I have been looking for. I need you, and want you to leave whatever you are doing, and use your fine voice to help me in the Lord’s work that I have undertaken. Will you be my singer, and lead the audiences in my meetings?”

Taken by surprise, Mr. Sankey was unable to answer.

“Come to the service to-night, and again lead the singing,” said Mr. Moody. “I cannot give you up. Meantime, please consider my proposal.”

In a few months the talented singer had given up his business and joined the evangelist. One preached the Gospel, the other sang it. This blessed partnership lasted over thirty years, and they became inseparable, traveling all over this country and Great Britain, with monster meetings everywhere. The Holy Spirit spoke through them, and hearts were melted and yielded to Christ.

Ira D. Sankey was the Orpheus of sacred song, and truly a prince among Gospel singers. Many have succeeded him, and none surpassed him. His musical perception was marvelous, and in him Music found its

noblest expression. Consecrated to the service of God, these gifts made him a power among men.

It is said of his famous hymn, "The Ninety and Nine," that he first saw the words in a newspaper in Scotland, and wished to set them to music. But in his busy life no opportunity came, until one night, after Mr. Moody had made stirring appeals for wanderers to come into the fold, he asked,—

"Mr. Sankey, have you anything in a solo, appropriate for this occasion?"

Seated at the organ, Mr. Sankey remembered the impressive words he had found in the newspaper, and began to improvise a tune to fit the words. Little by little it came to him, until the entire beautiful hymn, as it stands to-day, was given to the world. It seemed like an inspiration from above, and has touched many a heart by its pathos, as also have his hymns on the prodigal.

When Mr. Moody passed away, he said, "I hear God calling me." And perhaps he was summoned to higher service above, where His servants still serve Him. Later, his loved associate on earth—the sweet singer—also heard the call, and passed away. Again they clasped hands in those realms of light, while the music of Heaven pealed around them, golden harps blending with glad songs of redemption and triumphant Hallelujahs of the angels. And perhaps, kneeling hand in hand before their Master, they prayed:—

"Use us together, again, in some high and holy place, kneeling hand in hand."

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE PRISONER'S APPEAL

The Thanksgiving service in the chapel was over, and the men were given the liberty of the cell house. Cell doors stood open, and guards were stationed in the background, while the men roamed here and there, glad for a brief release from bolts and bars and the sound of keys turning in locks. Some of the Sunday school teachers had attended the service, and remained to talk with members of their classes. While looking for several of "my boys," a young man approached me with so imploring a look upon his face that I looked at him in wonder. He began eagerly,—

"Though I am not one of your class, yet I see you often, and now come to you for help. I go out next week, and am afraid to face an unfriendly world. I have no home or friends who will care for me. Without work, what will become of me? I am afraid, oh, so afraid!" And he wrung my hand in his anxiety, and great tears stood in his eyes.

"Have you spoken to the chaplain?" I asked, feeling sure he attended to cases of this kind.

"No, lady, I wanted to speak to you first, because the boys tell me how kind you are to them, and you might help me more than any one."

"I will tell the chaplain about you, and do not be afraid any longer. There is a man specially appointed by the Prison Aid Association, for the purpose of looking after discharged prisoners, and he will have him come here and get you employment." The face of the young man brightened, and lost its anxious look, and he thanked me brokenly for my interest in him.

"You have made my heart much lighter," he said, "and may God reward you."

The chaplain wrote a letter to the agent of the Society that evening, asking him to come to the prison and provide a place for this man before his sentence expired.

The great need of making a provision for discharged prisoners was early apparent to Chaplain Gunn, and long before there was any organized effort he set to work quietly and steadily, and alone, to meet this necessity. It was courageous to do this single-handed and without funds at his command. He sought places for released prisoners for a number of years, before it was generally known what he was doing beyond his regular work as chaplain, but he set the leaven at work that led to the formation of the "Prisoner's Aid Society" of Iowa.

God has always some one ready to do a special work when needed, and this great-hearted, unassuming man was the pioneer in Iowa of this noble enterprise. An article appearing in a Des Moines paper, voiced this opinion as follows:—

"It is with great pleasure that we notice valiant hearts and earnest hands have lately organized a society to furnish aid to released prisoners.

"Interested in the welfare of their fellow men, they have formed, incorporated, and placed on a firm and working basis this Prison Aid Association, which is an honor to our great State. But it is not an experiment, but is founded on the basis of a practical knowledge, gained through years of experience, of what could be done for the aid and betterment of discharged men. The effort made in this direction has resulted in untold and wonderful good.

"The pioneer and central figure in this noble enterprise is Rev. William C. Gunn, the chaplain at Fort Madison. He has convinced the ex-prisoner that he can yet make something of himself, and through the grace of God can 'Rise on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things.'

"He has pointed him to a better way, and poured balm upon his crushed heart; he has inspired his soul with self-respect and self-reliance; he has taught him, that, though struck down in an evil moment by the dart of Temptation, he can be lifted up by helping hands and kindly hearts, and even though blackened by his fall, can efface the stain by upright and manly conduct in the future. This very trial may purify his character, as gold is refined in the crucible, and, if he heeds this teaching, he can come forth brighter and better, and ascend to higher walks in life, and have nobler aims and ideals.

"Chaplain Gunn followed this course with the men under his charge, and during a period of ten years has found places for five hundred released prisoners, and kept track of them through an extensive correspondence, which was no light labor. Of this large number, nearly all 'made good,' and only a few proved unworthy of trust. Many returned to their homes and friends, and joined Christian churches. Most of those who were given employment with strangers kept their jobs and were promoted, and, instead of returning to crime, became good citizens, deserving the chaplain's estimate of them. He was a good judge of men, and a convict could not often impose on him.

"If the new Prison Aid Association accomplishes as much as Chaplain Gunn has already done, it will be well worth organizing. But to do this he has taken many a dollar out of his small salary rather than be unable to assist his boys who needed help. This shows the great heart and sympathetic nature of this modest man, who, 'in labors abundant,' had said of himself, 'I am but an unprofitable servant.'

"When at last, exhausted by his many duties, he laid down his life at the Master's bidding, no grander tribute could have been paid than the tear-wet eyes and unspoken grief of the prisoners who, in companies,

passed by his casket, and looked for the last time upon the face of their chaplain, lying below the pulpit, where he had so often preached to them the Word of Life. How far more desirable than to have costly pageant beside his bier, where love and regret for his loss might not have been so evident and sincere."

CHAPTER XXXIX

ON THE THRESHOLD OF HEAVEN

It was a cloudless winter morning, and the sun, rising above the bluffs along the river, illumined the snowy landscape with its beams, as the chaplain and his wife wended their way up the prison hill to the early services.

The strains of the voluntary floated through the door, when the men began to march into the chapel. Soon they were seated in companies, and the preaching service began,—a service whose solemnity impressed all present. The lips of the chaplain seemed touched as with a live coal from off the altar, for his words were so earnest and eloquent, they riveted the attention of every one. His subject was power for service,—the instilling of the Holy Spirit for believers. We could almost feel the presence of the blessed Spirit of God.

Several years afterward, while on a visit to the prison, a man in my Sunday school class asked me:—

“Teacher, what was the text of that last sermon the chaplain preached? And why did he preach so that morning? I have never forgotten it, and think of it often.”

“My boy,” I replied, “it is not strange that you remember it, for he preached that day from the threshold of Heaven, which he was shortly to enter. Though he knew it not, he was on the bright shore of ‘Beulah Land,’ and could say what we have often sung here,—

“ ‘Oh Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
As on thy highest mount I stand;
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me.’ ”

I saw by the impression made upon this man that it had been indeed a solemn hour, and felt at the time

that the closing hymn should be changed for a more appropriate one. I caught the chaplain's eye, by holding up the hymnbook, and saw the number, and gave out the solemn prayer hymn,—

"Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit,
 Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with Thy hallowed Presence,
 Come, oh come, and fill me now."

The choir sang with hushed voices, and many others joined in the melody, which went up as a petition to a prayer-hearing God.

A wonderful prayer meeting followed, when many confessed Christ for the first time, and praised his power to save. Their chaplain gave them counsel and his blessing, and the memorable service closed with what was to be his last benediction. The men went out with bowed heads, and with an earnest desire to henceforth serve the Lord, instead of the Evil One. While returning home he said to me,—

"That subject was for the Christian men. Next Sunday I am going to preach to the unsaved men, on the cleansing blood, and have my text selected."

But, alas, that sermon was never preached on earth, and such a message is not needed above, where Sin can never enter.

The beloved chaplain began to fail visibly in strength. But as he became weaker in body, he loved his work the more, and finally sacrificed himself to do his duty to the "boys." One winter evening, when a storm was threatening, his wife endeavored to dissuade him from going out to his night school at the prison. He waited a little, and, then as the clouds scattered, he said,— "It is not going to storm after all, and I have therefore no excuse for not going to my school," and reached up for his cap and overcoat, which hung near the front door. He started and arrived at the prison, and taught the classes; but meantime the storm had

again gathered, and a severe blizzard set in, with wind and driving snow. He was compelled to face this while walking home some distance, and exposure to the whirling snow rendered him breathless and exhausted on his arrival at home. He went up to the prison again the next morning, but had taken such a heavy cold that he was obliged to leave his office, just without the chapel, and return home. The doctor feared pneumonia, but he lingered a few days in much pain and suffering, until the end came suddenly from heart failure.

In the early dawning this faithful laborer passed to his reward, with no time for farewells to those he loved below, or to soothe the anguish of his wife, bereft of her life companion and partner in the blessed rescue work among the men. The blow was so sudden and unexpected that she could not realize what had happened, but was stunned, and bewildered, like one groping in darkness. She could not believe he was gone.

The funeral service was held in the prison chapel, and was one of infinite pathos. There was scarcely a dry eye in the room. A gloom had fallen over the prison when the tidings came that the chaplain was no more, for he had endeared himself to the inmates, and won the esteem and respect of all the officials. The prisoners, excused from work, attended in a body, and were seated in companies. There had never been such a service here before.

The one who "had fallen asleep" lay beneath the pulpit, where he had so lately proclaimed the Gospel, surrounded by floral offerings in tasteful arrangement, from the prison greenhouses and many friends in the city. The ministers of the town were on the platform, and a quartette furnished the music. One of the songs had been a great favorite with the chaplain, and the men were requested to join in the chorus, as it had

been sung so often, they knew it. Softly the strains floated through the hushed assemblage:—

“We'll never say ‘good-bye’ in Heaven,
We'll never say good-bye,
For in that land of light and bloom
They never say good-bye.”

A minister who had often assisted him in the Sabbath services made an address, which was a feeling and beautiful tribute to the worth of the man, lying in his casket. The men were permitted to look at their chaplain, and passed by in companies; and, as they glanced at the quiet form which had done so much for them personally, nearly every one took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. A lame man, who was a “lumper” in the hospital, went by himself to the casket, and took a long look after the rest of the men had passed by. Then, with the tears rolling down his cheeks, he limped away, alone, to the hospital back of the chapel, sobbing aloud. There would be no one now to lay a hand on his shoulder, and say cheerily, “Hello, John, how are you?”

The body was reverently borne from the chapel, and taken to Washington, Iowa, for interment. In beautiful Elm Grove Cemetery it was laid to rest, until the morning of the first resurrection. Loving hearts placed a monument of brown and white granite over the spot, on which are inscribed the words,—

WILLIAM CAMPBELL GUNN

Born at Caithness, Scotland, 1833
Fell asleep suddenly, at Fort Madison, Iowa
Feb. 21st, 1900, aged 67 years
For twenty-three years chaplain of the prisons
of Iowa

“I was in prison, and you came unto Me”
“Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ.”

Farewell, beloved husband, and sharer with me in the work of the Lord. “They that turn many to

righteousness shall shine as the stars, forever and ever." It was but a step into glory and the presence of the King and the welcome of His greeting. "Well done, good and faithful servant.—Enter thou into My joy."

But thou wilt not forget in yonder heavenly home the one who walked beside thee below, for Death cannot separate our hearts so united, nor distance lessen our love. It bridges the chasm between Earth and Heaven, and lives immortal there.

Oft, when the radiance of sunset paints the western sky, and in fancy unbars the golden portals, a hand seems reaching out of the infinite blue,—that hand which I shall clasp again upon the radiant shore, and perhaps together do some sweet service for our Lord.

Thou didst often wait for me at the chapel door, to go in together for the morning service, and I know that thou wilt wait for me at Heaven's threshold,—

"In the morning bright, in the morning fair,
Thou wilt meet me, thou wilt greet me,
In the glory over there."

CHAPTER XL

IN MEMORIAM

The passing of Chaplain Gunn was the occasion of much comment in religious papers. His loss was keenly felt, and true, unselfish souls are so rare that the world seemed poorer without him. The following are some of the notices that were written:—

“Sixty-seven years ago a babe was born in the beautiful Highlands of Scotland. From an upright and God-fearing ancestry, he inherited traits of character which make the Scotch people one of the noblest races on earth, and also gave him a strong personality. This enabled him to exert an influence over all with whom he came in contact.

“When only a little lad, the family came to America, and found a new home in the wilds of Nova Scotia, among the primeval forests of that rock-bound country. In this new, strange land he clung closely to his mother, for he was only two years old. She often sang to him, in the old Gaelic tongue, and, as she held him in her arms, she little dreamed of the noble work to which God would call her son, and the great good he was to accomplish.

“At the age of fifteen he left home and went to Bangor, Maine, where he became an apprentice to a carriage-maker; for he did not wish to engage in farming, like his father and brothers, but preferred to learn a trade. While working as an apprentice, he was converted to God, and soon felt a desire to preach the Gospel. But how could he obtain an education without money or friends?

“And now began the heroic struggle of his life. A self-made man is always more reliant and able to cope with difficulties. And there were many in his way.

He attended night schools, and to earn money did janitor work in office buildings, and anything that would swell his little capital; for he wanted to go to an academy at Fairfax, Vermont, and there fit for college.

"Before ending his course at the Academy, the Civil War began, and he enlisted in the ranks of the Three Months' Volunteers. He remained in the Army three years, and then, at the close of the war entered Madison, now Colgate, University. He partly paid his way by janitor work, and often went beyond his strength, as he was never strong and had received severe wounds in the service for his country. After graduation from both college and Theological Seminary, he held several pastorates, but did not find his real life work until God called him within prison walls. This was his true sphere, and he labored here nearly twenty-three years,—the longest record, as far as can be ascertained, of any chaplain's term of service. And he fell in the harness, and was thus spared the pang of resigning his beloved work. Eternity alone can reveal the amount of good he has accomplished, and his memory is enshrined in hundreds of hearts all over this land and also over other lands."

The one who succeeded him in the chaplaincy, a brother minister, wrote as follows, in the Chicago Standard:—

"A good man passed to his reward, when Death summoned Rev. William C. Gunn, on the morning of Feb. 21st, 1900. Converted in his early manhood, and feeling a call to the ministry, he at once began to prepare for that great work. Far away from his home, unaided and alone, he worked his way heroically, through the Academy, University, and Theological Seminary. Having completed his course of preparation, he was ordained, and soon called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church in Springfield, New York.

Here he was married to Miss Harriette Bronson, a daughter of Rev. Miles Bronson, D.D., pioneer missionary to India. She had hoped to go to the foreign field, where her parents had long labored, after finishing her education in this country. But God had planned her life differently, and gave her a missionary work at home; and in the noble support she rendered her husband during the long period of his chaplaincy she found an occupation as useful and a task to her as congenial as would have been her lot abroad.

"Together they toiled in this harvest field, and God blessed their efforts, in souls rescued from the power of Satan, and restored to true manhood and happiness. Of this number some prepared themselves to preach the Gospel, and one of them became an evangelist, and, going to every wicked town where a noted evangelist had failed to awaken interest, began a meeting which resulted in over two hundred conversions. The Holy Spirit used this man, without much education, to arouse and save his fellow men, and gave him power from on high.

"The writer feels a personal loss in the passing of this beloved brother, for natures like his are rare, so kind and so sympathetic. But he 'rests from his labors, and his works do follow him'."

On her golden wedding anniversary, recently, friends sent the widow of Chaplain Gunn messages appropriate to the occasion, and she received many responses from friends far and near. Among these was one from ■ dear friend and associate for many years, who had been a teacher in the prison Sabbath school, and also with her fine contralto voice assisted in the singing whenever needed, rehearsing with the choir music for special occasions. The following was her message:—

"And so next Sabbath is the golden milestone that marks the memory of that Day, so far, and yet so

near and sacred, when a young man and a maiden took the vows that made them companions for life—‘until Death do us part.’ And how sacredly those solemn vows were kept, we who knew you can testify.

“How fitting that this golden anniversary should come on the blessed Sabbath day,—the day made sacred to our hearts by the devoted ministrations we have witnessed. Week after week, month after month, year after year, no matter what the weather, I can see you both wending your way toward the prison chapel,—first to the early service and the prayer meeting,—and then to the afternoon Sabbath school. You never grew weary of the required effort.

“When, later, I was privileged to aid in this work, I remember how the message of Chaplain Gunn thrilled my heart, as he took from the Holy Book words of counsel and encouragement for the often discouraged and downcast men. And how his wife helped him in his efforts to buildup fallen manhood. I can see her at the organ, training that wonderful choir, and again I hear their voices swell out in harmony on such songs as ‘Whiter than Snow,’ ‘Christ receiveth Sinful Men,’ ‘God is calling the Prodigal,’ and many others. Here and there a tear-wet eye in the congregation told how a heart had been touched by this ministry of song.

“And then the special days, with their special music, and the rehearsals necessary to make it a success,—Christmas, with its anthems of peace and good will, filling the chapel with melody, especially that favorite song of all,—

“‘Calm on the listening ear of night
Comes Heaven’s melodious strain.’

And Easter, with triumphant anthems of resurrection and gladness, for victory over Death and Life springing anew.

“Then, when the harvests had been gathered in, came Thanksgiving, with fresh songs of praise to the

bounteous God of the seasons. Do you remember how you used to train the choir on those hard anthems, and how they loved to have you take the obbligato parts? With your assistant at the organ, you were left free to lead the singing. As you sang the obbligato on such songs, as 'He is not here, He is risen'; how the men's voices rang out in the choruses, and flooded the chapel with melody. The prisoners all looked forward to this special rendering of music.

"Truly it was a grand work that you were permitted to do together. You labored jointly, one proclaiming the Gospel through the preached word, the other performing the same mission through the instrumentality of song. And also the teachings in the Sabbath school were a powerful agency for good. You were building better than you knew during your patient labor, through sunshine and storm, hope and discouragement.

"And then came the swift call, and the devoted servant of God was summoned above. There was sore grief and weeping and loss; but after a little the bereaved one took up the loved work anew, and labored alone, until failing strength and advancing years demanded rest.

"No pen of mine can worthily mention all you and the sainted husband have accomplished in rescue work within the walls; but it is recorded on the hearts of many you have helped along the way, by an earnest prayer, a cheery word and a hearty handshake.

"So, as you sum up on this anniversary the blessed achievements of these twenty-three years spent in the 'Shadow of the Wall,' thank God that you were called to the work, and know that you both shall come rejoicing, bringing with you many a precious sheaf.

"Affectionately your old-time friend,

"ELIZA A. BURKHOLDER"

"Fort Madison, Iowa."

And now, turning away from the spot where our beloved companion sleeps, we look upward to the glory that is yet to be revealed, at the coming of our blessed Lord. We shall be reunited beyond the stars:—

In the clear dawning of that other country,
 In Paradise,
With the same form that we have known and cherished,
 He shall arise.
Let us be patient—we who mourn with weeping
 Some vanished face;
The Lord has taken—but to add more beauty
 And a diviner grace.

And we shall find once more, beyond Earth's sorrows,
 Beyond the skies,
In that fair city of the sure foundations,
 Those love-lit eyes
With the same welcome shining through them
 That met us here.
Eyes from whose beauty God has banished sadness,
 And wiped away the tear.

Think of us, dearest one, while o'er Life's water
 We seek the Land.
Missing thy voice, thy touch, and the true help
 Of thy dear hand.
Till through the storm and tempest safely anchored,
 Just on the other side,
We find thy loved face looking through Death's shadows,
 Not changed, but glorified.

CHAPTER XLI

A FAREWELL TO THE PRISON

Still another echo of the grief over the loss of Chaplain Gunn, and his removal from the scene of his great usefulness, came from the wife of the warden at Fort Madison. On the first Sunday after his translation, while the family were away, attending the funeral service at Washington, Iowa, she wrote this kind message:—

“Dear Mrs. Gunn:—

“I want to tell you how lonely this Sabbath has been. We all miss our dear chaplain, and it seems as if he must come in after the services in the chapel are over, as he was in the habit of doing, and exchanging kindly greetings. Not a Sabbath passed by but he came in to see me, and inquire after my health. Mr. Jones feels that he has lost a near and dear friend, who was of great assistance to him in the prison. You know how he recalled him.

“I never knew a kinder-hearted man. He seemed to have love for every one, and was beloved by all. We rarely meet one so sympathetic. You were both sorely missed in the chapel to-day. I delivered your message to the superintendent of the Sabbath school, and he gave it to the men. He seemed much affected, and many eyes grew moist.

“Words cannot express my sympathy for you and the daughters he loved so dearly. I thought all day of the one, traveling such a distance, after the tidings came, to reach you in time for the funeral services.

“May strength be granted you all to bear this heavy sorrow which has fallen upon you; and when I, too,

am called, may I be as well prepared as he was to enter the life above.

Sincerely your friend,

MARY E. JONES.

A sorrowful duty had now to be performed. Death and bereavement generally bring changes, and this is a sad feature in our lives. The home where we had spent so many happy hours must be broken up; the chaplain's office must be vacated for the new occupant; and many precious things to put away. It was a heartbreaking task, with so much to remind us of the departed one,—the books he valued, the pen lying where he had put it recently, when writing letters for the "boys," in the wide correspondence he carried on.

Then the chair in front of the desk, which I had so often seen pushed back, and knew he had been kneeling there to ask God's blessing on the coming service, when I paused a moment in the office, before going into the chapel. It was a sacred spot, where oft he had held communion with his Master. And his prayers were answered, for almost every Sabbath morning there were conversions, and always inquirers. One of the most pathetic incidents, while removing the contents of the office, was finding the blank pages of the sermon he had intended to preach to the unsaved men. The text had been written.

But the hardest ordeal of all, during those trying days, was bidding farewell to the prison, and the beloved rescue work of almost a lifetime. My friends thought it best for me to go to the Far West with my youngest daughter, who was a teacher in Spokane, Washington. But before starting on that long journey I spent a Sabbath in Fort Madison, to say farewells, which, though sorrowful, would be comforting. At the Sunday school session I was asked to play the organ as usual, and teach my former class. I was glad of the privilege to do so. I went to them, seated in their

place in the chapel, and found the men I knew all there, even "Jack," who had been conquered by kindness, as related in a former chapter. They seemed delighted to see me again.

No allusion was made to my approaching departure, until the close of the lesson, when I said to them:—

"Dear friends:—

"I regret to tell you that this is the last Sabbath I can be with you, probably, for I am to leave for a distant part of the country very soon. Be assured that I shall never forget you, or cease to pray for you. Remember what the chaplain and I have taught you about God and Heaven, and try to meet us there, through the wonderful grace that saves every one who comes to Jesus."

I started to shake hands,—there were about fifty in the class,—but they would not be satisfied with one handshake, and I had to go around three times before they would let me go. Jack could not control himself, and burst out, saying:—

"I declare, I cannot bear to see any one else at the organ, or have anybody else for our teacher. Do not leave us, dear friend."

"It is best, Jack," I replied. And again saying "good-bye," I returned to the platform, where the superintendent was waiting to give out the closing hymn, and took my place at the organ. We sang, "God be with you, till we meet again," and there were many tear-filled eyes. As the men marched out, I played "Auld Lang Syne," and thought of the dear Past and the vanished face which had always been with me here. Tears began to roll down my cheeks, and, as soon as the chapel was empty, I laid my head on the organ and sobbed aloud. My daughter was with me, for she had come Saturday to help me pass

through this ordeal, and she threw her arms around me, saying:—

“Do not cry so, dearest mother. Papa would not want you to grieve for him and this work you love.”

She wiped away my tears, and drew me gently out of the chapel and down the stairs to the turnkey’s office. He opened the great iron gates at the entrance, and we entered the warden’s house, which was just outside. Warden and Mrs. Jones received us with utmost sympathy and kindness, and it comforted our sad hearts. The warden asked me where he could replace Chaplain Gunn?

“He can never be fully replaced, warden,” I replied, “for he was a rare man. But I know of a good minister, who has no church at present.”

The warden followed my suggestion, and gave the position to Rev. A. H. Jessup, who served faithfully as chaplain at Fort Madison for fourteen years. He was kind and gentle and courteous, and an excellent preacher. He accomplished much good, and was a worthy successor.

CHAPTER XLII

THE CALL OF THE PRISONER

In Jack London's thrilling story, "The Call of the Wild," a savage mastiff, half wolf and half dog, had been tamed and conquered by a man named Jim Thornton, and, though still savage to others, was obedient and devoted to his master. But a struggle was going on in his breast, for, when in that wild Alaskan country, the cry of wolves was heard in the distance, his hair would bristle, and he listened intently, growling low to himself. The cries came nearer, and he fancied his wild brothers were calling him to come, and share their uncontrolled, happy life. They were free to roam at pleasure over the hills and valleys, and a strong desire arose to be like them, and leave the haunts of men.

The desire grew, and at last, one night, when the call became insistent, he stole away from the rude shelter where his master lay asleep, and ran with the pack until day began to dawn. Oh, how he enjoyed that night of freedom! But he felt guilty when he thought of his dear master, whom he had left without permission. He would return, and find if he had missed him. Perhaps he would let him go back to the wolf pack. With the dawn he was at the camp, but, ah, there was no camp there, and the white men were gone. The keen scent of the dog soon led him to a pool of water, where the bodies of the murdered settlers had been thrown. He sat down beside it, and, lifting up his head, howled long and mournfully, to express his grief. He knew by instinct that his beloved master was there, and he could see him no more. He sat there all day, and at night rejoined the pack, which had come closer. He remained with them, preferring

the wild to civilization. The call had triumphed. But he did not forget Jim Thornton, and once a year he came back to the now desolate spot, and again howled sadly.

The "call" to the unknown and undiscovered came to Christopher Columbus centuries ago. The world laughs at dreamers, but they are necessary for human progress. This was a man of vision, who could foresee, and possessed an intuition keener than that of others. A student of geography, he was convinced that another hemisphere existed across the seas, and determined to discover it. No obstacles deterred him; but he sailed on and on, over an unknown ocean, until success crowned his perseverance, and he stepped upon the shores of the New World he had thus opened to mankind. A triumphant proof that, that his conjecture had not been the dream of a visionary, but an important reality.

Three centuries ago a company of brave voyagers crossed the wide Atlantic, in quest of a shelter, in this Western Continent, from religious oppression and tyranny. The passage over the stormy ocean was difficult in their frail ship, the "Mayflower," and they were glad to see the rocky shores, of what was later New England, rise before them, and find an anchorage.

Severe hardships awaited them after their landing, and ordinary courage would have failed before the trials of famine, sickness, death, a rigorous climate, and hostile Indians. But the call had come to them to brave dangers, and lay the foundation of this great nation, on the corner stone of Religious Liberty. And their work remains.

"Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod,
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God."

God had ordained for these colonies, that they should become free and independent of the Mother Country,

and so the call to civil liberty came to George Washington, in his quiet country retreat at Mount Vernon. Providence always has some one ready to do a needed work, and here was the man fitted to lead in the heroic struggle. Many have been thrilled by reading the inscription on the statue erected at Concord, Massachusetts, on the spot where the first shot was fired:—

“On this rude bridge that spans the flood,
Their flag to April’s breeze unfurled,
’Twas there the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.”

But a menace hung over the new nation,—the menace of slavery,—like a dark cloud overspreading the horizon. The call to Emancipation came directly to a plain backwoodsman, standing one day in a slave market, in New Orleans. Witnessing the anguish of slave mothers parted from little children, clinging to them vainly, wives torn from their husbands, old men and old women taken from homes of a lifetime,—filled with indignation, he raised his hand to Heaven, and said, “God permitting, I will some day hit this thing, and hit it hard.” And he kept his word, for, when he had risen to the highest place in the nation, he wrote the famous Emancipation Proclamation, which struck off the shackles from unhappy human beings who had been denied the rights of freedom and equality. Slavery was blotted out forever in the nation, and the great wrong removed, by this noble act of one of the noblest of men.

Cradled by the Pilgrim Fathers, developed into maturity, with schools and churches well established, baptized in blood by the struggles of the Revolution and Civil War, the great American Republic was ready to answer the call of the late World War. Speedily and heroically she responded, sending food, clothing, and her valiant sons, to relieve the needs of sufferers in Europe—all through the devastated lands. She

played an important part in winning the great victory over merciless despotism.

A boy was born in a small town near London, who was destined to revolutionize the penal methods then in existence. His attention was first called to prison abuses through an imprisonment he himself endured. While on a voyage to Lisbon, Portugal, to view the ruins caused by the great earthquake, the ship in which he was sailing was captured by a French privateer, and he became a prisoner of war. This class of prisoners was treated with such severity that he wondered how other prisoners fared. The "call" of humanity reached him while thus in captivity, and his duty was made clear. After his release he investigated the conditions of prisons throughout Europe, and found many cruelties and abuses prevalent. He determined to devote the rest of his life as far as possible to the betterment of prisons. A man of abundant means, he was able to carry out his ideas, and to accomplish much good. How few would have made use of their hard, personal experience to benefit others in misfortune! But John Howard was called of God to this noble mission, and was one of the world's great benefactors, preparing the way for the prison reforms which have bettered the condition of those behind the bars.

A rare soul entered this world, when Florence Nightingale was born,—a woman whose name was to become immortal; "the Lady of the Lamp," whose shadow on the wall sick and dying soldiers kissed with reverence and love. Early in life she felt the call to help a sore world need for which nothing had heretofore been done. It was the vocation of nursing, and she often displayed unusual ability in the care of sick people, so she was frequently in demand. But she felt something more was in store for her, and, quietly doing the duty nearest her, waited. Her opportunity came in the Crimean War, where doctors and nurses were far too few. She rendered her services as ■ private nurse, and

went forth across the sea, leading the way for the multitude of nurses who have followed her.

Switzerland gave to the world one of its greatest philanthropists,—Henri Dunant, to whom the call of mercy came while a young man, traveling for pleasure in Northern Italy. Blessed with abundant means, he was proceeding leisurely on his journey, when he drew near the blood-drenched plain of Solferino, where a great battle had been fought during the war in which Italy gained her independence. It was a sight never to be forgotten. The dead bodies of men and horses covered the ground; but more appalling was the suffering of the living, whose shrieks of anguish and cries for water were heartrending. Dunant went no farther, but, dismounting, stayed to give relief as far as possible to the many wounded ones. There were only a few doctors and nurses, in number far inadequate to the need,—and hastily improvised hospitals. He remained a week beside the ghastly battlefield, like the good Samaritan succoring and ministering; but he did not easily recover from the shock caused by the terrible sights he had witnessed in Solferino. The impression made was ineffaceable, and three years later he published a small book, entitled “A Souvenir of Solferino,” in which he portrayed the horrors of that battle scene, and drew attention to the sore need existing of an organized force of doctors and trained nurses to meet and relieve the suffering occasioned by war. The book was widely read in Europe, and the subject received consideration. After some difficulty and delay delegates were appointed from many countries, and a convention called at Geneva, to consider the forming of an organization for the relief of sickness and suffering. It resulted in the organization of the first International Red Cross Association in the world, with branches in various countries. And the Red Cross nurses, ready to serve in hospitals or on the field, have proved an unspeakable blessing and comfort. In the late war the

eyes of many a helpless soldier, waiting for the "stretcher bearer," brightened with sudden hope when he saw a Red Cross nurse approaching.

Thank God that the "call" came to Henri Dunant, this call of humanity, and that he never rested until this crying need was met, and, while Fame has wreathed unfading laurels around his brow, he himself had the supreme satisfaction of knowing that this noble charity he had founded would not end with him, but would continue as long as the world had need of it.

Another trumpet call awakened the slumbering churches of Christendom at the close of the eighteenth century. Forgetful of their Divine Master's last command, "to disciple all nations," they were not working for the salvation of the heathen world, but when the time came for this indifference to cease, a peal rang out from the belfry of the ages, and the hand upon the bell rope was that of William Carey. He was an obscure cobbler, poor and unlettered, with no opportunity for education, but endowed with wonderful native ability. He had a fondness for languages, and was also a student of geography. He made a map of the world, and hung it on the wall of his little shop, marking the portions of the globe where Christianity prevailed, and studied the map while pegging away at his shoes. He was appalled to see so large a part of the earth's surface shaded by the darkness of heathenism. He felt impelled by some constraining power to arouse Christians to the needs of a perishing world. He laid the matter before a convention of ministers, but in vain. He told them he was ready to go down into the deep well of heathenism, if they would hold the ropes. He finally started for India, without much outside aid, and with the opposition of his own family. But the fire of holy zeal that had been kindled in his soul was quenchless, and he was the man chosen by God to inaugurate the modern missionary enterprise, which has now in little more than a century girdled

the globe and brought the message of salvation through a crucified Redeemer to multitudes, out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation. Such is the grand result of the call to missionary endeavor which came to William Carey.

To David Livingstone came the "call" to Africa, to help that dark continent with its teeming millions, ignorant of Christianity and civilization. He went there in early manhood as a missionary and an explorer. His attention was called to the slave traffic carried on through Central Africa. Appalled by its horrors, he sought its suppression, by inducing the governments of Europe to interfere in this barter of human flesh. He also desired to establish a chain of mission stations through Central Africa, so that the Gospel could be brought to the wild tribes in the interior. He was pushing forward for this purpose, lost to the outside world, when Stanley found him in the heart of Africa, and begged him to return to England, where honors and fame and ease awaited him. He shook his head, and refused to return with him. For he had not yet reached his goal, and the "call" of his duty to Africa still sounded in his ears, and it would be cowardly to abandon his cherished purpose. Pressing on a little farther, he passed away, upon his knees, still praying for poor Africa, that she might be redeemed. And his devotion to the call of duty has inspired many, and the results of his work abide.

A "call" comes ever from the "rescue work" to ears attuned to listen. It is very audible from the prisons of our land, and had been heard and answered once before, when the writer and her companion began service for God within the "Shadow of the Wall." When he had been called up higher, she was withdrawn from the work for a time, and during those six years, how she had missed the Gospel work in the prison. She tried to be satisfied with other pursuits, but her heart was sad and lonely, and she prayed earnestly

that a way would open for her to return to her life work. When the harvest field was full of ripening grain, why sit with folded hands, while yet it is day? Nay, better to join the reapers, and strive to gather a few more sheaves, before Life's sunset tinged the Western sky. She waited and watched and prayed, and meantime thought of the men assembling in classes Sunday after Sunday, in the Sabbath school, without teachers enough to instruct them, and the wistful look on the faces of these neglected ones, who were thinking, "Why do Christian people take so little interest in us, and let us sit untaught?" It was a just criticism on the apathy and selfishness of most professing Christians.

At last the way opened signally for her return, and her heart sang for joy at this fresh opportunity for service in the work she best loved on earth.

Of the two prisons she selected the reformatory at Anamosa, Iowa, where she had previously been six years with Chaplain Gunn, her husband. Upon her arrival there, she was gladly welcomed by many in the town and in the prison.

CHAPTER XLIII

COMPETING FOR THE PRIZE BIBLES

The Bible is the standing miracle of History. Its Divine origin is proved by the wonderful way in which it has been preserved through the centuries. From its opening book of Genesis and the Mosaic account of the Creation, to the closing book of the Revelation—of Saint John the Divine,—disclosing what will take place in the future,—it was written by inspiration, through the instrumentality of holy men of old, “who spake as the Spirit moved them.”

Again and again has the Bible been in danger of destruction. The writings of the Old Testament, made on parchment, were scattered, and many of them lost, during the captivity of the Jews in other lands, and the Gospels and apostolic letters of the New Testament were in peril when ordered to be burned publicly, in the market places, by pagan Roman emperors. And, again, when the few copies that had been saved were gathered together, and translated into the Latin Vulgate, it was locked up in monasteries, and kept from the common people during the Dark Ages, before the time of Luther. The fires of persecution raged once more in England when Tyndale was driven abroad, and finally put to death for attempts to translate and circulate copies of the Bible in the English tongue. Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, and other noble men were burned at the stake for heresy, and no one dared to be found reading the Scriptures, as it was a punishable crime.

But God protected his Word, and it triumphed over all obstacles, and to-day has been carried all over the world, and even into the forbidden land of Thibet, where it has been death for a white man to enter. It

has now been translated into seven hundred languages and dialects, and millions of copies are sold. It is the "best seller" of any book, and has been the source of inspiration to poets, great authors, painters and musicians. To young and old it has messages of comfort.

"One of the sweet old chapters
As comes the evening peace;
The words that can cheer and comfort,
And bid our sorrows cease.
Then, even if shadows gather
Over the quiet land,
We will fear not, Heavenly Father,
If only we hold Thy hand."

The Bible is a revelation from God to man of the only way to happiness and Heaven.

After my return to prison work, a class of ten men was assigned to me, on my first Sabbath in Sunday school. They had been taught by the superintendent. I resolved to build it up, as all the classes around me were larger. The prisoners who came to Sunday school at the reformatory were allowed the privilege of selecting their own teachers, which they did by going into the different classes and choosing the one they liked best. I was a stranger to the men and the number increased slowly at first; but, as we became better acquainted, the seats began to fill up more rapidly, and my class roll swelled to sixty or seventy. The idea occurred to me, why not add to the interest shown, by offering a prize? I stated one Sunday that any who would come steadily each Sunday for four months would receive the gift of a Bible, all their own, as a reward for faithful attendance. Forty men entered the contest, and were enrolled as competing for the prize Bibles. And they proved earnest in their desire, for they were never absent, and no one dropped out of the number except one, who was sent to the hospital soon after giving his name.

The class was loyal to me, as was proved by the following circumstance:

One Sunday a young man who went on crutches turned off, while coming into the chapel, and went into a class across the aisle. Those who were already in my class looked at him indignantly, and said, "It was too bad for him to do that." I smiled at them reassuringly, and nothing more was said. The following Sunday he returned to his usual place in the class, and the others rebuked him sharply, asking, "Why did you hurt our teacher's feelings that way?" He blushed, and replied that he wanted to go visiting, but would never do so again.

Toward the end of the four months I wrote to the Bible Society, informing them of the prize competition in my prison class, and ordered forty Bibles sent to me for distribution. They were most generous, and donated the Bibles, as it was for use in the rescue work, and also paid express charges. They were neatly bound in cloth, with clear type, and attractive in appearance. At the end of the appointed time I gave out the prize Bibles in which I had written each man's name on the flyleaf, and also the name of the giver. They seemed delighted with them, and said they would always keep them and think of their kind teacher.

I had forgotten that one of the men had left the class and gone to the hospital at the beginning of the contest, but the warden reminded me of him, and said he was pardoned and about to leave the prison, but wanted the Bible he had been unable to earn by reason of his illness. I had an extra copy they had sent me, and gave this to the man, whose wan face lighted up with a look of pleasure, as he took the sacred volume, and thanked me feelingly.

CHAPTER XLIV

MOTHERS' HEARTS

As "first offenders" are sent to the reformatory at Anamosa, the inmates are mostly young men, "mothers' boys," who have gotten into trouble, for the first time, through being in bad company, and have not been away from home before. They were often homesick, and longed for sympathy in their present surroundings.

To look at my Sunday school class one would think they were young men from the outside, so attractive were they in appearance, sitting in rows in the chapel, and neatly attired in suits of blue, instead of the striped suits formerly worn. They were also allowed to wear collars and neckties.

Not a Sunday passed but one or more of my boys would ask me to write to their mothers, as they could only write them at certain times. It was hard to refuse them,—these mothers' boys,—and I was glad to give them this little bit of comfort. But, if I promised to write, I felt I must do so before meeting them the next Sabbath, for the eager question always came, "Have you written to my mother?"

I was happy if I could answer "yes," and see the look of pleasure on the face of the questioner. The mothers replied promptly, and asked me to write again about their dear boys, and this involved quite a correspondence.

One afternoon I was surprised to receive a summons from the deputy warden to come to the prison before the closing hour, as one of the prisoners wanted to talk with me. I went, in the carriage they sent for me, and found a young man, who was under deep conviction of sin. Though not a member of my class, he knew about me as one of the teachers in the Sunday

school, and felt he preferred to talk with me. He was a nice-looking boy, and refined in manner and speech. He told me he could not forget the teaching of his mother, nor her earnest prayers for him, and he wanted to become a Christian. He expressed regret for the wayward course that had resulted in his being sent to prison, and hoped to make amends for it in the future. I pointed him to Jesus, our great Sin-bearer, and left him, trusting in his pardoning mercy. He asked me to write his mother, about his finding the Saviour. I did so, and received an immediate answer, in which she wrote:—

“I am so glad that Henry has accepted the Saviour. I have been praying much for him of late, and felt sure he would be brought into the fold. He is a dear boy, and was led astray by bad companions. Thank you, kind lady, for the interest you have taken in showing him the way to God.”

Ah, mothers' hearts are hearts of gold, so true and so unselfish, a love resembling the love of God, more than does any other human affection. Going down to the valley of the shadow, that she may bring into the world this new soul entrusted to her keeping, a quenchless flame of love springs up in her heart, which makes her willing to sacrifice, and even give her life if need be, for her loved one. Alas, that such love is not always requited!

A mother once had a son who gave great promise for the future. Her income was limited, as she had only the small farm her husband had left her. But she gave the boy all the means of education in her power to bestow, hoping he would become a preacher. When he had graduated from the public schools, she was devising some way to send him to college; but he surprised her by saying he would rather go West, and seek his fortune, than to go on with his studies and be a burden longer on her. She entreated him to stay with her, and carry out her cherished plan of fitting

him for the ministry. He had always been so loving and dutiful, her Donald. Would he disappoint her now?

But she pleaded in vain, for he had caught the Western fever, and was desirous to go.

"We are so poor, mother, and, if I get work out there, perhaps I will make money, and can come back for you. I have heard of chances there to get rich fast, and that surely is better than to stay here, and struggle against want."

"I see I cannot keep you, my son; but oh, how can I let you go into those perils that I fear await you? And I will be so lonely, for you are all I have on earth." And she wept bitterly.

"I will write you often, mother, so you can know what I am doing, and that I love you, and am working hard to care for you."

And so he went, this mother's only son, into the unknown country which had so allured him. He wrote her that he had found work in a mining camp in the Far West, and had a number of other young men for companions. He begged her not to worry about him, as he was all right. The poor lonely mother tried to believe this, but found it hard to be separated from her Donald.

Months passed, and his letters came regularly, which was her only comfort. But at length they came only at intervals, and then ceased altogether. Her heart was torn with anxiety, and she knew not what to do. She could not let her boy be swallowed up in the great outside world, and she decided to sell the farm she had been renting, and raise the money she needed to take the long journey to British Columbia, where Donald was working when she last heard from him. Her acquaintances advised her not to go, and said the Indians might scalp her; but it did not weaken her resolve to seek her son, and be with him again.

After a wearisome journey she arrived at a small station called Paradise, at the foot of the mountains.

Oh, how she hoped to have her Donald meet her, and say he was so glad to see her, for she had written him that she was coming. But she looked around in vain for a sight of him. Only the agent was at the dreary station. She waited awhile, until old Bill, who drove the conveyance for passengers to and from the station, entered the depot. She asked anxiously if he could take her to the place where her son, Donald Bruce, was working, as something had prevented his meeting her. The old driver replied that it was eight miles away in the mountains, and she had better wait until morning, as it was almost dark. The place did not boast of a hotel, but she was welcome to stay at his house for the night. She went with him, glad of any shelter from the approaching night, since Donald had failed to meet her. She felt very weary and heartsick, and, oh, what if she did not find him?

Meantime, old Bill went up the mountain-side to learn the truth about Donald Bruce, for he had seen him staggering, half drunk, through the streets of the little town that very afternoon. Arriving at the camp, he went to the cabin of the two young women who had taken a claim on Huckleberry Mountain, and lived not far from the place where Bruce and his comrades worked. He was the leader of the gang, and known as the "Kid." Miss Elizabeth and Miss Mary were at home, and greeted old Bill pleasantly.

"I came to-night to tell you about a poor old lady who arrived at Paradise this afternoon, and says she is the mother of the Kid. I took care of her for the night, but promised to bring her up here in the morning. But she must not know that he has become 'fast,' and we know that he drinks and swears and gambles. I saw him more intoxicated than ever, to-day, in town. Where is he now?"

Miss Elizabeth answered sadly, "We saw him led by several of the men to his shack, where he is probably sleeping off his drunken spree."

"Well, we must not let his mother know it, for she thinks he is doing well up here. She told me he was such a church worker at home, and did much good among the young people. She thought he must be a great help up here. Perhaps it will be better to tell her he has gone away for a day or so, and that will give time for him to become sober before he sees her."

The young ladies promised to do all in their power for the stranger, whom they sincerely pitied, and old Bill rode away.

The next morning he brought her to their cabin, and they welcomed her warmly. She was a sweet-looking old lady, but very frail in person. It was pitiful to hear her ask so eagerly for Donald, and wonder where he was; and when told he had gone away, she cried a little, and murmured it was hard to wait. She retired early that night, but was taken with a heavy chill, and was obliged to call the girls. They hastened to her side, and nursed her tenderly; but pneumonia set in, and there was no doctor within call. She spoke often of her son, and seemed to fancy he was a little boy again by her side. When, at intervals, she called for Donald, Miss Elizabeth could bear it no longer, and said she would go in search of him. It was still dark, and, taking a lantern, she started for the shack where he was lying. The door was ajar, and she saw him just coming out of a drunken stupor. He sat up, and, glaring at her said, "Get out of here, petticoats are not wanted around my shack."

She was afraid he would strike her, and, looking at him sternly, she said:—

"Donald Bruce, you ought to be ashamed of yourself; and you must straighten up and come with me at once, for your mother is at my house very ill, and perhaps dying. She is calling for you, and, if you have any manhood left, rouse yourself for her sake. Get up and dress, while I make a cup of coffee to help sober you."

Obeying her stupidly, he tried to get ready, but still staggered. The strong coffee and chill morning air revived him, and enabled the tipsy man to pull himself together. They reached the cabin, and found Miss Mary watching over the sick woman, who was moaning and tossing in the delirium of fever. Donald, now quite sobered, sank beside the bed and sought to gain recognition from the mother who had come so far to see him. He took the burning hands in his, and told her it was her own Donald, who would never leave her again. She seemed to comprehend this; for her dull eyes brightened, and she feebly pressed his hand.

"Is it my boy?" she whispered. "Is it you, Donald? I came to stay with you; but am I dying, Donald?"

"No, no, mother. You must live because I need you so. We will yet be happy together."

But a change passed over her face, and the gentle, trusting spirit was gone. The grief of the wayward son was terrible. He had loved his mother and reproached himself for neglecting her, which had induced her to take this long journey, far beyond her strength. He asked Miss Elizabeth to make arrangements for the burial, and went to his lonely shack to mourn.

Standing beside the rough coffin which the men had made, he said solemnly:—

"Boys, I killed my dear mother by neglect. But with God's help I am going to try to be the man she thought I was, and be a leader of right among you instead of leading you wrong. Let us kneel down and pray."

CHAPTER XLV

AN EASTER SERVICE

“Tomb, thou shalt not hold him longer,
Death is strong, but Life is stronger—
Stronger than the dark, the light,
Stronger than the wrong, the right.
Faith and Hope triumphant say,
Christ will rise on Easter Day.”

The city was wrapped in slumber. The world's greatest tragedy had ended, and deep silence reigned over the streets of Jerusalem. Dense shadows of night enshrouded the garden tomb, where the crucified Son of God lay sleeping. The Roman guards kept stern watch over the spot, well aware that death would be the penalty of sleeping at their posts. Although that day of awful story, with the rending of the veil in the temple and the supernatural darkness, was over, a mournful wail seemed to re-echo abroad, “Jesus is dead.”

Suddenly a strange radiance illumined the horizon, ere yet the dawning day had tinged the sky with crimson and gold. It came nearer, and the watchful guards saw a mighty angel descend and pause above the tomb, and roll away the stone that lay at its entrance, and was too heavy for human strength to move. Terrified, they fell unconscious at the sight, and lay like dead men, while the wonder of the Resurrection was transpiring around them.

Another angel had descended, and the two glorious beings sat one at the foot and the other at the head of the place where the body of Jesus had lain, to tell any who came to the now empty tomb. “He is not here, He is risen.” For the wounded and lifeless body had arisen, radiant with life and immortality, a conqueror over Death. Divinely strong and divinely glori-

ous, it could no longer hold Him captive in its power. His mission to earth accomplished, and the day of His humiliation over, He would soon ascend on high, where the chant of cherubim and seraphim waited to greet His entrance within the golden portals,—“Lift up your heads, oh ye Gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of glory shall come in.”

And, as all Heaven joined in the chorus, “Who is the King of glory?” the response came triumphantly, “The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle, He is the King of glory.”

Very early that morning, while it was yet dark, one who loved Him most of all the faithful women who had been present at the crucifixion hastened to the spot where had been laid her beloved Lord. Astonished to find it empty, she strove to realize what the angel guardians told her. But, perplexed and weeping, she stood without, wishing to solve the mystery of her vanished Lord. While still lingering beside the hallowed spot, her face buried in her hands, and her form shaken with sobs, like a strain of remembered music came the utterance of her name, “Mary”; and, looking up, she beheld a wondrous figure, with a light in his eyes beyond the light of stars. She recognized Him, and fell at His feet crying, “Master.” Her night of weeping had ended in the rapture and certainty of the Resurrection.

Earth would have been a darksome place indeed if, like the founders of false systems of religion,—Mohammed, Buddha, and Confucius,—He had remained lifeless in the grave, conquered by Death, and no different from other men. Then, as Paul declares, “Our faith would have been in vain.” But, praise God, even the Jewish historian, Josephus, asserted that a man called Jesus was crucified and died, and rose again the third day, even as He said He would, proving Him to be what He claimed,—the divine Son of God. Of all the Christian festivals Easter is the most significant and

joyous, commemorating that wondrous resurrection which assures also that of all His followers.

Easter was always celebrated at the prison with floral decorations, an appropriate sermon, and beautiful music. At the afternoon Sabbath school a special program was prepared of recitations and music and addresses. The last Easter that I was present at such a service I took part in the program, and gave the following select reading. The pulpit and platform were ornamented with pots of snowy Easter lilies in full bloom, to which the poem alluded.

All bare and brown the garden beds
In early Springtime lay.
And in my hand some lily bulbs,
As brown and dead as they.

"The Lord into his garden comes"—
The old familiar hymn
Came down the Past like distant bells
Through valleys long and dim.

"The spices yield their rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive."
Old song I said, the lips that sang
You, are they still alive?

"Where in the Paradise of God
Are our beloved to-day?
And do they meet the Lord, and talk,
Just as they used to pray?"

My mother, ah, my mother loved
Those Easter lilies fair,
And now in robes as white as they
She walks among them there—

Where everlasting Spring abides,
And never withering flowers;
Death,—but no stream of death divides
This heavenly land from ours.

There falls across the face of life
A veil called Death: I cried,
A little sleep, ■ little rest
From care,—there are no dead.

And as I sowed my sleeping seeds
 Of lily life to be,—
Still chimed the bells in certain hope
 Of Immortality.

The bulbs lay buried in the ground,
 But mystic life was there—
And soon a stirring in the mould,
 And tiny blades appear.

Moistened by showers, by sunshine kissed,
 The lily stalks arise;
Soon fragrant blossoms open wide
 Their petals to the skies.

Lo, joyous in that garden fair
 The lily bells are ringing.
Their snowy stalks the zephyrs wave
 Like fragrant censers swinging.

The Lord among the flowers comes,
 All joy and beauty bringing;
The spices yield their rich perfume
 Among the lilies springing.

The glory of the Easter Day
 Is all around him falling;
“Mortals awake, for Christ is risen,”
 Hear angel voices calling.

Oh hearts that mourn, their message heed,
 Learn from the angels gladness;
They seem so near on Easter morn—
 Let us forget our sadness.

Then ope, ye blossoms, pure and white,
 Uplift your happy faces,
And breathe your sweetest fragrance far
 Up to the heavenly places.

Oh joyous Spring, oh blossoms sweet,
 To us you are the token,
That life shall spring from seeming death,
 As lips Divine have spoken.

CHAPTER XLVI

THE LOVED WORK SURRENDERED

On the wall of the office of a large religious weekly hangs a motto with the words, "Enter Your Continent." The words are suggestive not only of the famous Discovery of Columbus, but also of the possibilities that await each human soul.

Life may be compared to a wide ocean, interspersed with various continents, for the voyager to discover and enter. Each voyager can achieve something worth while, if only willing to make the effort. Our chief concern is to find in what direction thus worthwhile effort lies, and then accomplish it with all our God-given powers. Since God has a plan for every life, it is important for us to ascertain into what channels to direct our energies, in order to carry out this life purpose. Whether it be attainments in scholarship, literature, music, the arts and sciences, teaching, or home-keeping, there are continents great and small for us to enter and possess. If any feel and say that life is not worth the living, they have failed to grasp Life's true meaning, and fallen short of what was expected of them by their Creator.

"Life is real, Life is earnest.
And the grave is not its goal."

Oh that eyes might be opened to realize what a grand and glorious gift is Life to each immortal soul; and, if we improve wisely the fleeting years below, we can be heirs to an heritage richer than is in the power of man to conceive.

When, while a young woman, the door was closed for me to go abroad on foreign mission service, another door was opened for service at home, behind prison

bars. How I thank God that I was privileged to devote the best years and energies of my life to this noble work of rescue, and striving to restore the lost image of God to sin-blighted souls. Looking back over the twenty-five years spent in this blessed employment,—while Life's twilight shadows are gathering around me,—I would say that the time could have passed in no better way, and I would choose no other if I could live my life over. This protracted service within "the Shadow of the Wall" was what God wanted me to do for Him, instead of work outside; and thus I found and entered into my "continent,"—never to regret its possession.

God gave me something very sweet, to be mine own, one day,
A precious opportunity, ■ word for Christ to say;
A soul that my desire might reach, a work to do for Him;
And now I thank Him for this boon, ere yet the light grows dim.

No service that he sends me on can be so welcome, aye,—
As to guide a wanderer's weary feet—within the narrow way;
To share the Shepherd's tender quest and so, by brake and fen,
To seek for Him the straying ones,—the erring sons of men.

I did not seek this blessed work, it came, a glad surprise,
Flooding my soul with sweetest joy, as, lifting wistful eyes—
Heaven's light upon a kindling face shone plain and clear on mine,
And there I felt an unseen third was waiting,—One Divine.

So in this twilight hour I kneel, and pour my grateful thoughts
In song and prayer to Jesus, for work He gave that day.
Sure never service was so sweet, nor Life had so much zest,
As when He bade me speak for Him, and then He did the rest.

In one of our great colleges four consecrated young men formed a secret society, whose emblem was a lighted torch, carved in gold and silver, and, suspended by a silken cord, lay concealed upon the breast. Beneath was this inscription, "Lord, make my life a burning taper, to guide men to Thee."

Their college life ended, they separated, after earnest prayer for Divine direction as to their future lives and

work. One became a foreign missionary, having evangelistic work in charge; another, a medical missionary, helping to supply the great need of such service in pagan lands; another went to toil in the slums of our large cities; the forth chose a pastorate in some rural district remote from the centers of life, where the dwellers were neglected, and had only low standards of living. He would give them higher ideals, and help them in every way possible.

Each of these four men had an ardent desire to accomplish something toward the betterment of conditions in their special line of service, and, like the tiny torch carried upon their hearts, become radiant lights to lead through labyrinths of darkness and sin, and point the way to Heaven. And all saw the fulfillment of this desire, and made this sad world brighter and better.

Let us follow the life work of the fourth one of the group. Fleming Knight came of a fine family, and was well educated at the best schools. A brilliant career was open before him in the ministry; but, as several of his friends said, he preferred to bury himself in the backwoods, rather than find a church worthy of his talents. He sought and obtained a country parish, and ere long a change came over the community. There had never been such a preacher before, and the little church, which had often been closed for months, was filled to overflowing, many standing outside. The prayer meetings, long abandoned, were restored, with good attendance, also a flourishing Sunday school. The young people in the scattered families, who had been growing up without religious training or much education, were organized into a Society of Christian Endeavor, which they attended with enthusiasm, instead of the promiscuous country dances which had been their only recreation. He also formed classes for study through the week, and instructed them in branches of which they hitherto had been ignorant. They had also

social evenings, for which he planned interesting programs. He was greatly beloved, and became indeed a light, shining in a darkened place.

But his wonderful influence extended beyond the bounds of his parish. There was a fashionable young woman in the higher ranks of society, who resided in the nearest large city. She came to this country place one summer to get away from the false life that had grown repulsive to her. Infinitely wearied of the round of dinners, dances and card parties, she longed for some mode of life more satisfying; but, alas, she knew of no other. She was ignorant of religion, for it had not been included in her early training, and she went to church only on Easter Day. And then all she noticed were the costly dresses around her. She felt unwilling to spend more of her life in this manner, and sought this secluded spot for a change. She secured a cottage and settled down with her servants for the summer. In the city she lived with a wealthy sister who was absorbed in fashion and frivolity. But her soul thirsted for something nobler.

A neighbor asked her to accompany her to church and hear the eloquent young pastor, Fleming Knight. As she found the Sabbath long and tiresome, she consented, and entered the village church. She listened to the Gospel message amazed, wondering at its clearness and simplicity; for never before had she understood the "old, old story." As told by the earnest young minister, it went straight to her heart, and the way was revealed to a better and happier life. She accepted the Lord Jesus as her personal Saviour, and determined to devote her life to some noble purpose, more worthy of an immortal soul. She had many talks with Fleming Knight, who led her on, step by step, to learn what was really worth while in this life, and how empty in God's sight and powerless to do good are the rounds of worldly society engagements. She resolved to devote her time and wealth to social service work,

and do all in her power to make the world better. She would not return to her former mode of living. Thus, guided by the light of this flaming, was another earnest worker added to those who labor on earth's broad harvest fields.

When, later, the idolized young minister was killed suddenly in an accident, great was the lamentation through the countryside. On the day of his burial the people came from far and near, and, weeping, gazed upon the tranquil face of their beloved guide and leader in all heavenly things. Then one, who was the nearest to him, pointed to the emblem, carved in gold and silver, that now lay outside on his breast, and revealed the secret of his earnest and noble devotion to the purpose of his life,—the service to which God had called him.

And, gazing upon it reverently, they murmured, "Thank God for his coming to us, and showing so plainly the way toward a better life and Heaven."

CHAPTER XLVII

MEN WHO HAVE "COME BACK"

Among the streets that extend along the water front in the great city of New York is one called Water Street. The dwellers in the neighboring slums gather here to seek precarious jobs along the wharves, and pilfer whenever there is an opportunity. Amid such surroundings of vice and poverty a boy was born, who was destined to become a powerful factor in transforming evil into good in this bad locality.

Jerry McAuley grew up uncared for and ignorant, and became so expert a thief along the water's edge that he received the title of the "wharf rat." At last he was detected in a robbery, arrested, and sent to the Sing-Sing prison. Stopped suddenly in his career of wrongdoing, the young man became defiant and sullen, and often disobeyed the rules. He came under the influence of another prisoner, who had become an earnest Christian, and was allowed to speak occasionally. He urged him to repent of sin, and accept Christ as his Saviour. He was converted, and not hardened in sin, desired to devote his life to some good purpose. He read the Bible carefully, and thankfully received instruction from the chaplain in religious matters. As he studied the sacred Book, he felt an intense longing to tell of this great salvation to those who had been as low down in sin as he was in former days. The "call" came to him in the prison cell, to engage in this form of evangelism, and his heart replied, "Here am I, send me."

When his term had expired, the chaplain commended him to God, with prayers for his future usefulness among the classes from which he had come. He had now learned the way of salvation clearly, and, in his

characteristic way, could tell the story to others. It did not require learning or scholastic ability, but an intense longing for the rescue of perishing souls, and to be endued with the power of the Holy Spirit of God. Soon after his release he obtained employment, and at night rented a small room in a disreputable part of Water Street, and opened a "mission."

The news that the "wharf rat" had returned from prison and "got religion" there spread throughout the slums.

"He has got a place, and wants us to come and hear him talk," they said to one another. "Let us go, and hear what he has to say. He is as ignorant and lower down than we are."

They crowded the room, and came again, drawn hither by his earnestness and desire to do them good. The room became too small, and a hall was obtained, which was filled night after night to overflowing. God used this plain, illiterate man to tell the story of the Cross in such a manner that it thrilled the hearts of the hearers. The Holy Spirit was present to convict and to convert, and hundreds of fallen men and women were rescued from the bondage of Satan through the untiring efforts of the once thief and ex-convict, Jerry McAuley, and his devoted wife.

The fame of the Mission on Water Street went abroad in the city and country, and many Christian workers came to offer help in conducting its wonderful services. Ministers of renown sat upon the platform beside Jerry McAuley and the leaders who succeeded him. Christian people from abroad, visiting the city, attended the meeting, as one of the principal points of interest. Meantime, the work of redemption went on, and waiting angels bore aloft the glad tidings of these sinners that repented.

When this devoted servant of God was summoned from his labors below, great was the mourning among the classes who had been rescued from depths of sin.

and depravity through his efforts, and they felt there could never be another like him. On the day of his funeral, which was held at the Mission, the largest procession ever witnessed in New York City followed his body to the grave. Beside the multitude of poor people who were on foot, weeping, there were many carriages containing clergymen of all denominations and influential citizens. Although he passed away, the marvelous work of the Mission he founded goes on, and will continue while there are souls to be rescued in this stronghold of Satan. Do we not see the power of God to elevate and transform poor, fallen human nature into a character noble as this man came to possess, which all people united to honor?

The name of Harry Monroe will ever be associated with the Pacific Garden Mission in Chicago, as for twenty-five years its faithful superintendent. In early life he was wild and dissolute, roaming about the country with circuses and minstrel shows, and at last became an outlaw. Arrested and imprisoned for a short time, he returned to Chicago, still reckless and idle, when one night he passed by the open door of a large hall, over which was the inscription, "Pacific Garden Mission." The lights and the singing attracted him, and he entered and sat down. The speaker was plain and earnest in his utterance of Gospel truth, and his message reached the heart of the young man. He went forward and knelt with those who sought salvation. Deeply repentant, he obtained a sense of pardon for his sins, and determined to turn square around and devote his life to the service of God and humanity. While on his knees, the "call" came to him also, to take part in the work where he would be needed. He remained in the employ of the Mission, and displayed such ability and devotion to the rescue work that finally he was made the superintendent.

When he also was called above, he gave a wonderful dying testimony in these words:—

"I am only a poor sinner, saved by the blood of Jesus. If I have done anything, it has been done through the power of the Saviour alone. I have given thirty-six years of my life to this Mission, and I would give a thousand lives, if I had them, to be spent in so blessed a work."

Fame pays its tribute to greatness; but here was a man, unknown in worldly circles, whose record is on high, and who planted his work on foundations deep and enduring, for he lightened thousands of darkened lives by the illuminating power of the Gospel. Truly has the sacred Book said of laborers like these, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars, forever and ever."

These two men of whom we have spoken, after they had taken a stand for God, never swerved from their allegiance. But there was one who, after he "came back," relapsed into wrongdoing, under the stress of a sore temptation. He came no more to the meetings; but there was so much that was noble about him, his Christian friends could not give him up. They sought and found the wanderer, and brought him back, "nevermore to roam."

His was an interesting story. Born into a life of misery, as his parents were both drunkards, he grew up, sadly neglected through infancy and boyhood. To escape from his wretched home and gain employment, he enlisted in the army, where he served some time. When he left the service, he had become a fine-appearing young man and had saved some of his wages. In the great cities, among the poorer classes, where grim want and poverty abound, there are ways of making a living unknown and unthought of by those who have more means. He set up in business for himself in a small way, becoming a "rags and bones" merchant. He sold these articles, gathered from the refuse of back yards and garbage barrels. He made enough for a living, and married a nice girl, who tried

to help him get ahead in every way. But a great calamity befell him in the sudden death of his wife. Through the loss of this good woman he lost heart utterly, and began to drink to drown his sorrow. The hitherto slumbering appetite he had inherited awoke within him, and the craving for liquor became intense. He grew so intoxicated that he lost his business, his home and his friends, and became a common drunkard on the streets. He could afford no lodging, and but the scantiest food, a glass of liquor now and then, from the few stray jobs he picked up occasionally. He found an old cart in some back premises which was abandoned, and took to sleeping there, as the nights were chill, and it was more comfortable, than the bare ground. One day he earned enough to hire a night's lodging, and, as he was leaving his only home, the old broken cart, to go to the lodging, an old tramp approached him and asked if he might sleep there, as he felt cold and tired. He allowed him to crawl inside and put an old tattered coat over him. Then he went to the place he had secured, and obtained the best night's rest he had had for months. In the morning he was returning to the cart, when persons he knew looked at him in surprise, and remarked,—

“Why, you are dead, and ought not to be walking along the street.”

To this Teddy replied that he was alive and well, as they must see.

“But we saw your body taken from the cart this morning, and it is buried by this time.”

“Oh, it must have been old Jim, who slept in my cart last night, and died there in the dark alone. He was mistaken for me.”

This incident startled Teddy, and set him to thinking. What if it had been he who died? What would become of his soul? He must live a different sort of life, and stop drinking. But how could he begin? He

must leave the city, and think it out by himself, and perhaps a chance would open for him to do better.

And now began a weary journey, tramping through the country, with insufficient food and no "chance" for employment opening before him. If he asked for work, he was refused, and it seemed as if he must go back to the gutter. Hungry and thirsty for a drink, he returned to the city, and repaired to his old haunts. He was crazy for a glass of liquor, and must have one at any cost. He entered a saloon where he had purchased many drinks, and asked the owner to let him have a glass. He paid no attention to his request; but, as he still begged for just one drink, he bade him contemptuously,—

"As you are so hard up, why not 'mess' with the Salvation Army over there?" pointing across the street.

They were holding an open-air meeting, and, as poor Teddy went out, angry and desperate, the sneering words made him resolve to go. The Army gave food and drink to those who came to them, and it was better than to wait and starve. He started to cross the street, and, as he lingered a moment, a vague memory came to him of what he had once heard at a Mission that his wife and he had sometimes attended, and it stirred him strangely. It was of a Man who had died for sinners, and would help and forgive them if they sought His aid. A gentle Voice seemed to say, "Come unto Me, all ye that are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." He hastened across, and, approaching the drummer, asked if he might walk with him? When the meeting ended, they entered the Army Hall together, and Teddy sat down on one of the back benches. Such a disreputable looking object had never before stepped inside the door,—unwashed, unshaven, hair uncut, wild-eyed and haggard, with the rags that covered him serving as only apologies for clothes. Again he heard the invitation to come, and, going

forward to the penitent form, he sank upon his knees, crying: "Oh God, I want to be born again. Oh God, take away the love of drink. Help me, for Christ's sake, Amen." The Army workers saw he was in dead earnest, and they came down and knelt beside him, joining in his prayer. The piteous cry was heard above, and pardon and peace were granted this weary soul. They fed and washed and clothed him, and, when recovered from the ravages of strong drink and starvation, he was procured work, and again was able to start in business.

But, alas, temptation came, and under a sore provocation, he stumbled and fell. Humiliated, he ceased attendance at the night meetings, and commenced to drink. He had been missing several evenings, and was not at his lodgings, when the Army Corps instituted a search, and found him in one of the lowest saloons, mad with liquor. He was removed to their barracks, and the saloon keeper admonished to sell him no more liquor.

Thoroughly repentant, and grateful for the kindness of these true Christian friends, he renewed his pledge of abstinence, and henceforth was rarely absent from the meetings of the Army, and by his winning personality and good example was an inspiration to many. He married one of the Army lasses, and again had a good business and a happy home. Was he not worth saving and bringing back again?

CHAPTER XLVIII

PRISON REFORM

During the Dark Ages of the world's history, mankind made no seeming progress. A mental darkness had settled over the nations of Europe, caused partly by the fall of the Roman Empire, through barbarian invasions, and also by the decay of the ancient civilization of Greece and Rome. Indulgence in luxury had enervated the people, and the sturdy strength and force of character which before had always made the Roman arms victorious was now lacking.

But rays of light began to dawn on the dark horizon, as the sluggish human mind awoke from its long lethargy. An era of discoveries and inventions followed, which advanced the race to a high degree of civilization.

The Renaissance, or revival of learning in Italy, brought the arts of literature, painting, sculpture, architecture and music to a wonderful development, and the great Masters it produced have never been surpassed.

The discovery of America gave to the world a new continent. The art of printing revolutionized the world of letters. The discovery of the motive power of steam changed modes of transportation. The fall of the apple revealed to the great philosopher the law of gravitation which controls the universe. The construction of powerful telescopes laid bare the secrets of the Heavens, and showed the sublimity of creation. Then came the wonderful achievement of harnessing the forces of electricity, to do the bidding of man,—in telegraphy, the wireless, the ocean cable, the telephone, heating purposes, illumination, transportation, and domestic uses. Aerial navigation followed, and the

speeding automobile, until we have become familiar with the airplane whirling through the sky and the fast-moving car gliding over the surface of the earth. Verily man was made in the image of his Maker, to thus master the secrets of Nature, and by their aid promote his own interests.

With this mental awakening came also an awakening of religion and spirituality. The Reformation, under Luther, effected changes in the corruptions of that day, and the good leaven went on leavening, until a desire arose to check prevalent wrongs and abuses in a later age. Of this tendency toward more humane practices was born Prison Reform.

“The sighing of the prisoner” had been heard, and this great movement, originated by John Howard, as stated in a preceding chapter, has become a mighty factor in the betterment of humanity and the cessation of inhuman treatment. This noble philanthropist had his attention called to the wrongs of the penal system by the harsh treatment he received, while a prisoner of war in France. His reports of the condition of prisons throughout Europe resulted in arousing the public to a sense of the inhumanities practiced, and led to the first reforms.

On that wild night in the island of St. Helena, when Napoleon the Great lay dying, he heeded not the tempest raging around him, for in spirit he was passing over the scenes of former victories, and the watchers by the bedside caught faintly the words, “Tete d’armee,” “Tete d’armee” (head of the army). They knew in fancy he was recalling fields of carnage and blood, where he had won the fleeting victories of earth that quickly pass away forever. And soon, while the tossing billows of the ocean thundered upon the beach, this conqueror bowed before a mightier Conqueror,—Death.

In a lonely room in the town of Cherson, Russia, John Howard lay dying of a malignant fever. He had

with him only one servant; but, though far from home and friends, he was calm and peaceful. His thoughts were on moral conquests, of right over wrong; and he rejoiced that he had been able to institute measures that would lead to the abolition of cruelties inflicted upon a helpless class. Yet in his deep humility he dreamed not of fame awaiting him as a great philanthropist, but requested that his body be buried in a secluded spot near Cherson, with simply his name and age, and only a sundial placed over it. But a costly monument was erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, to his memory as one of earth's greatest benefactors and philanthropists, and the originator of Prison Reform.

But the credit for inaugurating early prison reform cannot be given wholly to John Howard, for he had his female counterpart in a benevolent English lady, Elizabeth Fry. She opened a school for poor children in her home, and was the bestower of many charities before she was drawn toward the condition of prisons. She learned of the terrible state of affairs at Newgate Prison among the female prisoners, and sought permission to enter there. She made an investigation, and found the women herded together in narrow, filthy quarters, and utterly neglected and ignorant. She obtained leave to start a school among them, with great and surprising results. Her success was so marked that schools were started in other prisons in England, among the women prisoners, which prevented their being idle and quarrelsome. They were taught to read and write, to sew and knit, and useful domestic arts, that changed the whole atmosphere of the prison. Discovering what was wrong in the treatment of these women, she remedied it as far as lay in her power, and made a plea to the government to have abuses corrected. Thus through the influence of this noble woman, who, in the quiet of her home, heard also the "call" of humanity, untold good was accom-

plished among the unfortunate of her own sex, and she has justly been called, the "female Howard."

Since these days of early prison reform many changes have been gradually introduced into prison management. The State Prison Library has proved a source of instruction and comfort to the inmates of our prisons. To have something to read whiles away the hours when not at work, and much good can be accomplished through the medium of the printed page in carefully selected books.

The influence of education was also brought to bear, and schools were established for male and female prisoners. Here could be gained a knowledge of reading, writing, grammar and arithmetic. A convict ignorant of any means of livelihood could also learn a trade,—to be of service to him when he went out. To this end an opportunity to learn manual arts was later afforded.

Religious services were also instituted on the Sabbath,—preaching in the forenoon and a Sunday school in the afternoon. Teachers were allowed to come from the outside, to instruct the men who attended in the truths of the Bible. The music and singing were an enjoyable feature of these services.

The abolition of the striped suit was an important step in onward progress, for it removed from the wearer his sense of degradation. It was a wise proceeding to grade the prison clothing, and the three grades of stripes, checks, and plain blue, or gray, which a man may wear, according to his behavior, is an incentive to good conduct.

The cessation of the old lockstep is another welcome change, and the disuse of the "dark cell," or solitary, where an offender was placed alone, on a diet of bread and water, and often hung up by his thumbs. Suicide has been committed in these surroundings, and insanity caused, and seemed barbarous in the twentieth century.

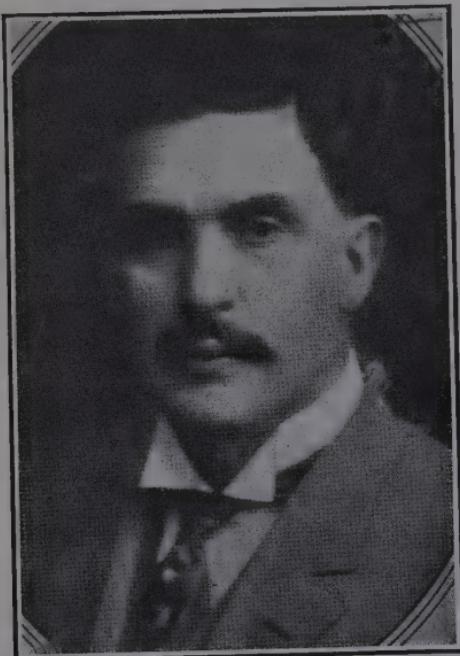
The formation of Prisoner's Aid Societies has proved of invaluable assistance in furnishing discharged prisoners with places and employment. Truly, whoever first planned this organization did a noble deed for fallen humanity.

The recent system of Parole and Indeterminate Sentence is also a boon to the prisoner. The Honor System is often successful.

Formerly the men were not permitted to speak to one another during meals, but conversation is now allowed at mealtime, and the chaplain required to ask a blessing at the table. Thus has Christianity humanized prison environment.

In modern reform Thomas Mott Osborne, warden at Sing-Sing Prison, has been a leading figure, and has shown a remarkable interest in the welfare of those behind the bars.

There was once a young Moravian missionary who went to the West India Islands, to do religious work among the slave population. He knew there was risk in the attempt, but was willing to undertake it, even if beset with difficulty. The blacks were treated with great cruelty by their masters, and were bitter and full of hatred to the white men. On this account he could not approach them, and they turned their backs in scorn upon him, refusing to listen. This was a disappointment, and he knew not what to do to reach them. At last the thought came to him, why not put himself on a level with them, and thus win their confidence? He sought the owner of a large plantation, and offered himself for sale as a slave. They were needing an extra hand. He bought him, and he took his place among the slaves. All day he toiled in the burning sun beside them, and at night slept in the wretched slave quarters, when the pain from wounds inflicted by the lash of the overseer often prevented any sleep. If unable to do the amount of work demanded of them, the poor creatures were cruelly



THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE
Ex-Warden at Sing Sing

beaten and jeered at by these brutal overseers. Many of the slaves were suffering also from bruised and bleeding backs, where the blows of the whip had fallen, and were crying and groaning. The heroic missionary tried to soothe and comfort them, and they gathered around him, weeping, and sought to bind up his wounds, wondering why he had thus suffered with them. Though almost exhausted, he told of One who had died, that they might live in the blessed Heaven above. They did not repulse him now, for he had voluntarily become like unto them, and they received his message and believed on the Redeemer, of whom they would never have known without his noble self-sacrifice. And it was not in vain, for many of these poor people, for whose salvation the devoted young Moravian gave his life, will be found in that great multitude above, redeemed to God out of every kindred and race and tongue.

In like manner to the deed of the self-sacrificing missionary was that of Thomas Mott Osborne, who voluntarily placed himself on a level with the men behind the bars, by entering Auburn Prison as a convict, under the alias of Tom Brown. This was an unusual and unselfish act, but he was willing to endure the humiliation and don the convict garb, that he might know the inner life and real feelings of the men he wanted to uplift. Although he was not injured by the lash of a brutal overseer, he gave up his personal liberty, and performed the convict's tasks. He remained here a week, and learned much that he could not have found out in any other way. None knew but the authorities of the prison of his identity.

When, later, he became warden of the great Sing-Sing Prison, he knew exactly the needs of the prisoners, and inaugurated helpful reforms, among them the "Mutual Welfare League," and the "Prison Conducted Court of Justice." The faces of the men began

to brighten, and lost the sullen, defiant look which had characterized them during the old regime.

But opposition arose to the new methods of this humane warden, and charges were brought against him, which resulted in his removal from office, and summons to appear before a court of inquiry. At his trial he was acquitted, and restored to the wardenship after an absence of six months. He was received with shouts of joy by the inmates, and so Tom Brown, alias Thomas Mott Osborne, had his kingdom back again. It was a wonderful triumph for the right, and was hailed with delight by all true friends of Prison Reform.

And the good work goes on. And, instead of going out, bitter and hopeless, and enemies to society, men can now leave prison with latent manhood awakened, and, repentant for past wrongdoing, resolve henceforth to make the most of the abilities God has given them.

The "Shadows of the Wall" are growing less gloomy as rays from the Star of Bethlehem shine upon them. And its radiance, first seen at the birth of the Christ Child, will become brighter, until the glory fills the whole earth of Him who shall reign in righteousness forever and ever.

CHAPTER XLIX

THE TRUE SOLUTION OF THE CRIMINAL PROBLEM

"A man's a man, for a' that"

"Here comes the man with the biggest heart in America," was the greeting given B. Ogden Chisolm, on his appearance before the International Prison Congress, which convened in New York City, October 14th, 1919. The applause was well merited from the great assembly, for his philanthropy, and devotion to prison reform. Although a millionaire, he has given twenty years of his life to studying prison problems, and in trying to persuade men that, although they have started on the wrong track, they can return to the right way. Instead of enjoying ease and luxury, he has visited the prisons of the land, and taken the welfare of the prisoner very much to heart. The wardens say that he knows more of prison matters than any other man.

He addressed the Prison Congress as follows:—

"My study of prison conditions has convinced me that there can be no permanent improvement until the public is made to realize that a prisoner should be treated as a patient, rather than as a victim. He is a victim of ignorance and wrong thinking; but it is our duty to show him where he is wrong and set him right. The half million men that pour out of our jails and prisons yearly should not be regarded as outcasts, and shunned and despised as a part of the human 'scrap heap,'—as, alas, they generally are.

"I firmly believe that there are three fundamental ideas relating to the functions of a prison. First.—That unless a prison is curative, and makes men that are confined there better, it has no more right to exist than has a hospital which cripples its patients, instead

of healing them, and thus makes its patients a greater burden on their friends and on society.

"Second.—Because a man commits a crime, it is no reason that he should be regarded as not a human being. He is simply a man who has gotten off the right track, and hoisted a signal of distress. Like the Good Samaritan, we should rescue him out of his difficulty, and not pass by on the other side, like the Scribe and the Pharisee.

"Third.—We may deprive a man of his liberty, to teach him its true value, but have no right to inflict his offense upon his family. He should be given sufficient wages for his daily toil in the prison, to enable him to support those dependent upon him.

"I agree with the founders of the new system,—that prisons should build men, and not destroy them.

"The test of a prison is the man it turns out. If the public understood that the discipline of a prison should be constructive, instead of destructive, and would work with us in a mutual aim to remake the men, the thousands who are discharged and looked upon as social outcasts would become useful members of society. The State must do its duty to the prisoner who is serving his term of sentence."

These impressive words of Mr. Chisolm reveal many important facts that should be well considered. We ought not to judge others too hastily or too harshly.

A scientific study of criminals shows that there are two classes of offenders,—the one class know what they do and are responsible; the other class are lacking mentally, and are not conscious of the depravity shown in their conduct. A psychopathic laboratory has been founded in Chicago, to study along this line, and the results may compel many changes in our ideas of crime and criminals. There are a number of such laboratories now in the country, and they demonstrate the causes that lead to crime. They find that in a large percentage of the cases that come under their observa-

tion a diseased condition of the brain has led to committing the crime. They send out two messages as the result of investigation,—one a message of hope, and the other almost a message of hopelessness. The message of cheer is that in a normal person crime is similar to disease, which can be cured by the right treatment; the message of despair is concerning those mentally deficient, for whom Science has as yet no known remedy, but philanthropy and religion may.

If the true test of a prison is the sort of men that leave it when their sentences have expired, let us compare the old regime with the new system of management. Under the old a man went out often worse than when he entered. Punished frequently for breaking the rules, and also put in the dark cell on bread and water, he became discouraged, and grew sullen and defiant. He hated society, for it was his enemy, and he would do all in his power to harm it. He nursed hatred in his heart. Thus only his bad qualities were developed during his stay within the walls.

Under the new system his latent manhood was appealed to, and his best qualities called forth. He was thrown on his honor, and trusted and treated like a human being. In many cases prisoners turned square about, determined to make the most of the abilities God had given them, and cease to be a burden to society.

Such an instance was related by Warden Osborne as occurring in his own experience.

Dan Whitmore was one of the most clever burglars around New York City. He carried on his system of robbery for years uncaught, but at last was arrested and sent to Sing-Sing Prison for ten years' sentence. He was admitted to be the master hand in his profession of burglary, in the underworld of the great metropolis.

When Mr. Osborne entered Auburn Prison, as "alias Tom Brown," he heard of this prisoner "doing time"

at Sing-Sing, and that he exerted a wonderful influence over the convicts there. When, later, he went to Sing-Sing as warden, he found this to be true. On account of his strong personality and genius he dominated those around him. The new warden persuaded him to join the "Mutual Welfare Club" he had organized, and also attend the week-day school and all the religious services. He became interested, and under this new order of things was an entirely changed man. He grew to be of such assistance in the club that he was given the most responsible position in it,—which was Sergeant-at-Arms,—and was of great assistance to the prison authorities.

At the expiration of his sentence, he went out, determined, with God's help, to be "straight as a string," and do only honest work henceforth. Through the influence of Christian friends he secured a position, married a good woman, and started a home of his own. It proved a happy one, and the contrast to his former self astonished the underworld. They gasped in surprise to learn that their old "pal" was now a model man and citizen. They predicted that it would not last long, for he would be no "sticker"; but he proved that he was one, and retained his job. He invited Mr. Osborne and the family doctor to dinner one day, very proud of his home, his wife, and his baby. Remarking the air of prosperity in the home, the doctor said,—

"Mr. Osborne, if this was the only instance of your success in your new system of prison management, it would be sufficient to prove its value."

Dan Whitmore only needed to have his energies put upon the right track, and become a lover of God and righteousness, to be remade and restored.

What, then, is the true solution of the criminal problem? How can we restore the defaced image of God in a sinful human soul?

It is not by punishment nor other surroundings, nor creating new interests, nor even by education or the

arguments of worldly philosophy, but by regenerating power from above, which performs the miracle of the new birth, and makes us "new creatures in Christ Jesus." It is through the supernatural power of Him who, on the Cross of Calvary, atoned for the sins of the world, and declared, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

Praise God for this great salvation, offered by One who is able to save unto the uttermost.

CHAPTER L

RESTORING THE IMAGE

A sculptor was at work upon a marble statue in his workshop, which was just beyond the apartment where he lived. He had stood hour after hour, chiseling the face into the expression he desired to produce, but without success. He toiled till evening, and then, discouraged, he threw down the chisel, and retired to his couch for rest. But during the night a soft radiance illumined the room beyond, and awaking, he saw a Figure standing silently beside the statue. The artist looked and wondered, when, lo, the stranger laid his hand across the face of the statue, and gazed upon it intently. Then the shining Presence vanished, and a solemn hush filled the place. The artist sprang up and lighted a lamp, to ascertain what had happened. He found the face of the statue glowing with wonderful life and beauty, and with the expression he had so vainly sought to give to the cold marble. He knelt in thankfulness in his lowly workshop, for he knew it was the Christ who had visited it, and transformed the statue into his ideal by His touch.

From this legend we learn that the touch of the Divine One is all powerful to remove the hindrances of sin, and transform the darkness of the soul into light and joy. For in Him is no darkness at all.

But how can God's image be restored to a sin-wrecked soul? The message of the Gospel of Christ should first be brought to those who have gone astray, proclaiming salvation from the power and penalty of sin, through repentance and faith in a crucified Redeemer. A personal acceptance of this Divine offer makes the sinner a "new creature in Christ Jesus."

Then Hope must take the place of hopelessness in

his heart, pointing to a brighter future awaiting him. "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," unless crushed by despair, and incites to action, and action leads to accomplishment.

And also some definite purpose or aim should be placed before the seeker, by which to mould his life and direct his energies, perhaps some service God has for him to perform, and become useful to humanity. Although a prisoner, he can seek and find his continent of service.

And he ought to avail himself of all the "helps" that come his way. The religious services in the chapel, which furnish spiritual instruction; the week-day meetings for promoting the welfare of the inmates, such as the "Volunteer Prisoners' League," founded by Mrs. Booth, and the "Mutual Welfare League," established by Warden Osborne. In these there is much to stimulate and encourage.

An interesting society has recently been formed of men serving life terms in the various prisons. It is called "The Lifers' Club," and was organized by the Salvation Army.

The Army is publishing a magazine called "The New Day," which is devoted exclusively to the use of this club. Its members are the contributors, and write stories, poems, and editorials, exchanging views, and thus keeping in contact with each other, and learning of the outside world. The object is to give these "shut-ins" something to do that will be of interest to them, and value, and mitigate their loneliness. There are now three hundred members, and a few women among them. Their officers are all life men, and the presidency of the club was offered to Jesse Pomeroy, who had been forty-six years in the penitentiary. He was greatly pleased, and in his letter of acceptance said that he would try to meet the requirements of the office.

This man deserves praise for making the best of a

hard environment. When he was sent to prison, the discipline was very severe, and because of his crime he was placed in solitary confinement for years, where he could not look outside or see his fellow prisoners. But, although quite young, he wanted to improve himself and not lose his mind in this dreary solitude. Prisoners in the dark, solitary cells of the French Bastille, immured there for life, became either raving maniacs or lost the power of speech. By studying some subject he might escape this doom. He obtained books of the chaplain, and by the light of a lamp began the study of languages. All the help he received was during the occasional visits of the chaplain. He saw no one besides him and the keeper. But before attention was called to his close confinement and greater liberty was granted him, he had learned seven languages,—a wonderful result of application and perseverance.

To one desirous of self-improvement and ability to perform his part, education is invaluable. We are born into the world with our faculties undeveloped, and can better accomplish what our God-given powers will enable us to do, with proper training.

"Scorn not the seeds of knowledge,
 However small they be;
For in future time they may grow to the prime
 Of a goodly, fruitful tree."

If, on account of early surroundings and ignorance, the faculties seem dull and dwarfed, they may be awakened by the right stimulus and encouragement. The prison school is admirable in bringing out such a development. The case of the youngest prisoner that ever came to the Iowa prisons illustrates this fact. He was sentenced for life, because he had killed his father and stepmother at the early age of twelve. He was extremely ignorant, and did not seem to realize his

guilt. He was thought to be deficient in some way, but, after he began to attend the night school, his dull perceptions were quickened. He showed fondness for study, and with the aid of the chaplain advanced rapidly in knowledge. This studiousness led to his pardon and release; for a teacher, who became interested in him, offered to take charge of the youth and also send him to college.

Many noble traits of character are revealed when those behind the bars are removed from sinful associations, and scope given to their natural abilities. There have been many striking instances of unselfishness, generosity, and concern for others. Also patriotism and love of country.

Mrs. Booth, who was visiting the prisons at the time when the great World War began, said that the fervor inspired by the excitement and national danger transformed the whole outlook of prison life, and the Stars and Stripes floating from the tops of the buildings were gazed on with reverence and pride. The men exclaimed,—

“Give us a chance, that we may help fight for the world’s liberty.”

Liberty Bonds and war saving stamps were bought by the thousand, and it is estimated that throughout the prisons of the land two hundred and fifty thousand dollars’ worth of liberty bonds were purchased. Fifty life-term men were allowed to take part in a patriotic demonstration with citizens, in a prison town during the war, outside of the prison, and were heartily cheered by those who looked on.

Inside the walls men with clean prison records, and far from being criminals, begged the Parole Boards to let them out to join the Army, and in the early stages of the war scores enlisted under the Canadian flag, and went “over seas,” and fought like heroes. Standing side by side, on the battlefield and the trenches, many

of them paid the last sacrifice, and to-day sleep in unknown graves in France and Flanders, where

"Poppies grow, among the crosses, row on row."

And in that final parade at the close of the Great War, the ex-prisoners who remained also marched in the grand procession. One who was present, describes the scene as perhaps the most impressive that has ever been witnessed. "It was a thrilling sight to see the representatives of all the earth assembled in the name of sacred human Freedom, and know each heart was beating to the theme of a coming world-wide brotherhood. It would be difficult to enumerate all the races of men that passed by, but the population of the globe was very largely represented.

"Among the white-skinned Anglo-Saxons were many dark-skinned people,—from India, Africa, the Islands of Oceanica, Negroes and Indians from America. They came from the many colonies of England and France and our own United States. They intermingled, but kept step in that gigantic world parade.

"With heroic English regiments that had borne the stress and burden of the terrible war came the Highlanders, and gallant companies of Irish soldiers, side by side with Hindu regiments from India, the brave fighting Sikhs of the Himalayan frontier, Naga and Garo hillmen from the foothills, and a regiment of Burmese from Burmah. With the French soldiers were black men from the French colony of Senegal, Africa, also natives of Algeria and Morocco. Behind them came the Alpine French chasseurs or hunters. Then followed troops from Italy and Portugal, and men from China and Japan. The brave Canadian regiments who had distinguished themselves at Ypres and Lens and other places attracted special admiration, and in their phalanx proudly marched the ex-prisoners. Australia and New Zealand had noble regiments, and Boers from South Africa came alongside of black Zulu war-

riors. Another tribe of black men, the Basutos, had walked three hundred miles from the interior to a seaport, where they could enlist in the World War. Even islands that had not so long ago been cannibals sent some of their inhabitants. From Rumania, Greece, and Poland, also came troops.

"And from all the States of our own beloved land—'the home of the brave'—went forth the young manhood of America, to help win the war, and save the cause of Liberty. And with them went the loyal foreigners among our population, who wished to assist in the struggle, and also colored men, one regiment being the 316th Negro Infantry, from Georgia, and a regiment of Indians who did good service as scouts. A company of Esquimaux from Greenland also went 'over seas'."

Thus many nationalities combined and gave their noble sons, until Europe was drenched in blood, to prevent the attempted rule of despotism. We are glad that men from behind the bars could help win the mighty victory.

Let us try to realize that there is good in every one, and seek to find that "better side."

Oh, soul enslaved in sin, thou hast not found thy birthright! Awake from slumber, and view the possibilities before thee! Thou hast an immortal heritage of good or of evil, which should not be lightly estimated. Life is a priceless gift from God, if rightly lived. It is never granted but once, and thy personal identity cannot be shared with that of another. When the time arrived for thy entrance into the world, God's hand struck thy birth hour upon the dial face of the centuries, and thou camest into existence. Countless years may roll onward, but the moment will never come when thou wilt cease to exist, for this is immortality. Then arouse, shake off thy lethargy, and ascertain for what purpose God created thee, and strive to carry out His plan for thy life in His great program.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE WALL

The huge, rough stones from out the mine,
 Unsightly and unfair,
 Have veins of purest metal hid
 Beneath the surface there.
 No rock so bare but to its base
 Some tiny moss-plant clings,
 And on the peak so desolate
 The sea-bird sits and sings.

Believe me, too, that rugged souls
 Beneath their rudeness hide—
 Much that is beautiful and good,
 We've all a "better side."
 Despised, and low, and trodden down,
 Marred by the marks of sin,
 Deciphering not those halo lights
 Which God has set within,—

Groping about in darkest night,
 Poor imprisoned souls there are—
 Who guess not what Life's meaning is,
 Or dream of Heaven afar.
 Brutal and mean and dark enough,
 God knows such natures are,
 But He, compassionate, draws near—
 And shall we stand afar?

In all there is a hidden depth,
 A secret, inner way,
 Where through the chambers of the soul
 God sends his shining ray,
 To lighten all the gloom of sin,
 And lead the wanderer home
 To One whose arms are open wide,
 And bids the weary "Come."

Within gray walls, bedimmed by sin,
 There may be many a gem
 Which God will polish for his crown,
 To grace his diadem.
 In that great day, when making up
 His jewels, He shall own
 And gather all these hidden ones
 To sparkle on His Throne.

What greater privilege than this,
What joy with it compare?
To point these sin-sick souls to Christ,
With them salvation share?
Ah, let us labor while we may,
Through Life's brief fleeting hour,—
In seeming dross the gold to find,
God's Image to restore.

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